APRIL
1937

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

WATERMELONS

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EDWARD ACHESON
FRANK C. HANIGHEN
FRED C. KELLY
HARRY SALPETER
CREIGHTON PEET
LOGAN CLENDENING
DONALD HOUGH
WILLIAM B. POWELL
COLEMAN CLARK
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(COVER)

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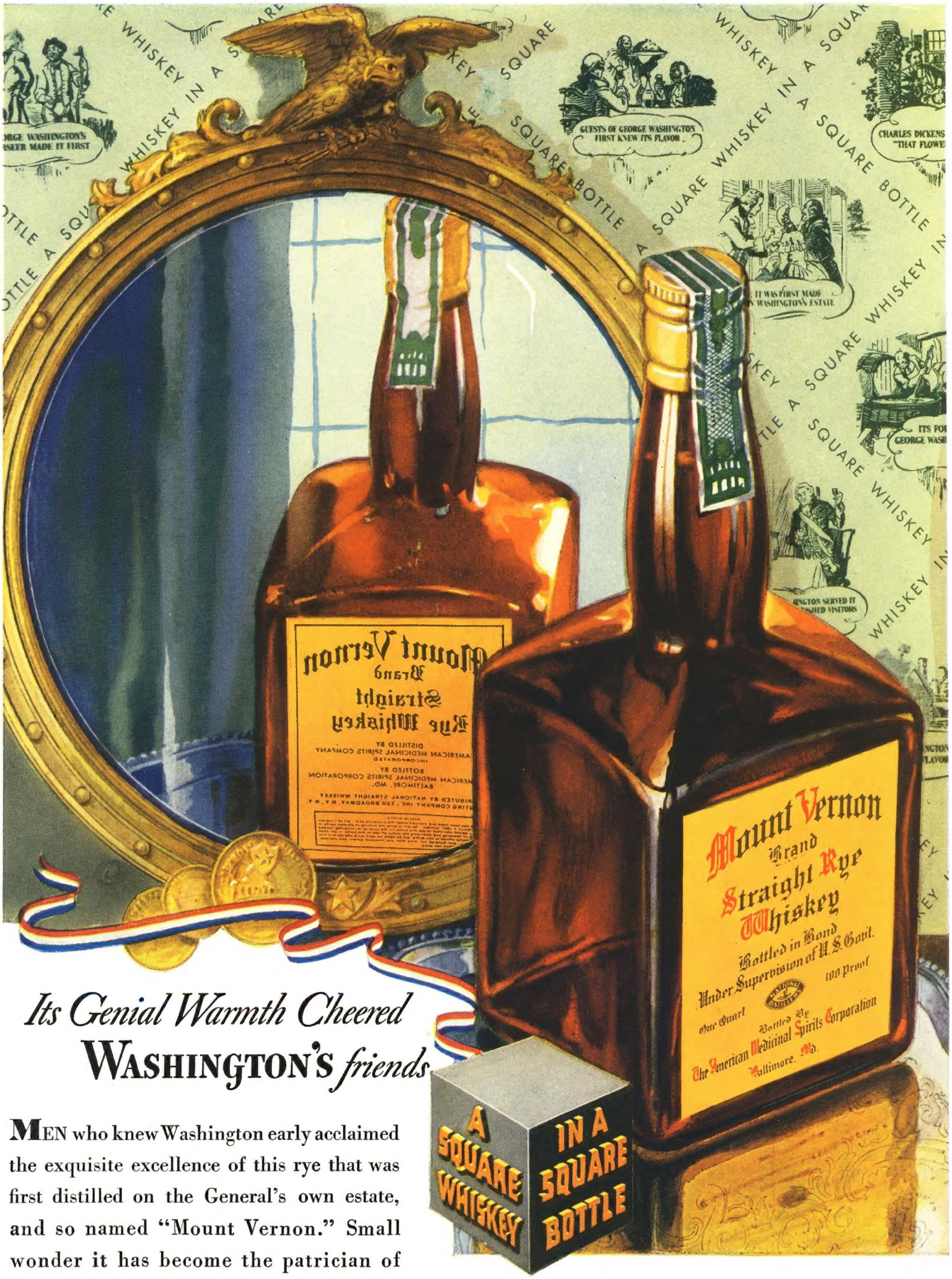
PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

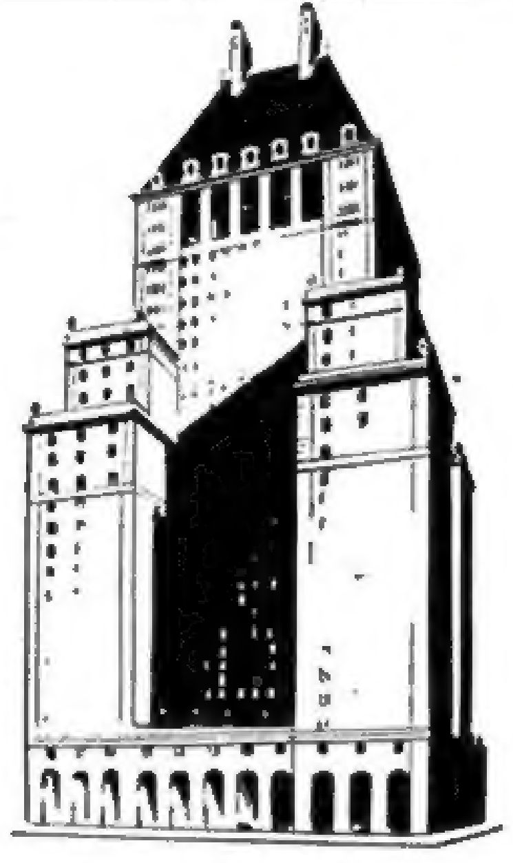

WHISKEY IN A SQUARE BOTTLE
GUESTS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON FIRST KNEW ITS FLAVOR
IT WAS FIRST MADE ON WASHINGTON'S ESTATE
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U. S. Govt.
100 Proof
One Quart
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
Bottled By
The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation
Baltimore, Md.
A SQUARE WHISKEY
IN A SQUARE BOTTLE

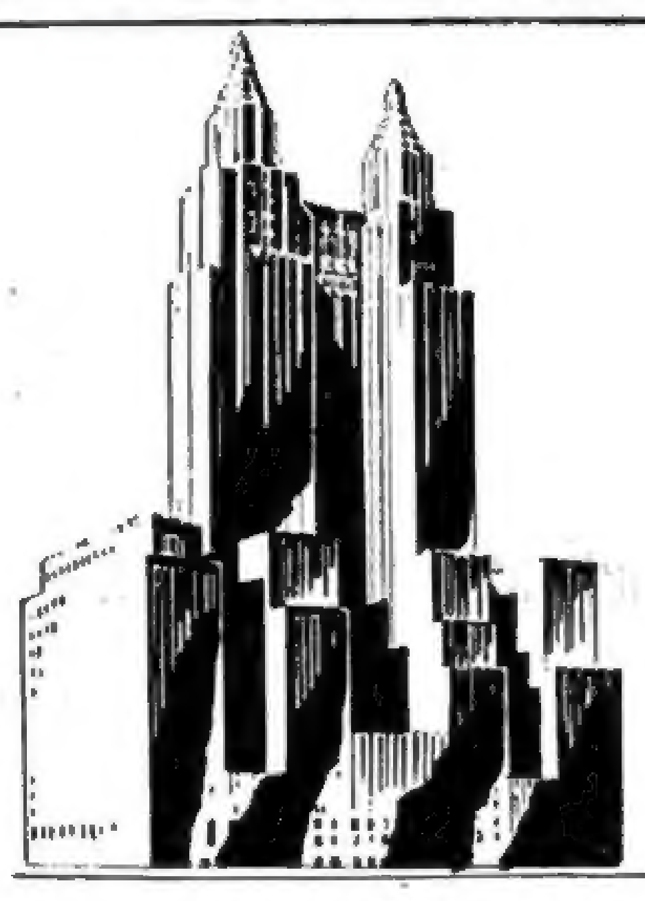
Its Genial Warmth Cheered WASHINGTON'S *friends*

MEN who knew Washington early acclaimed the exquisite excellence of this rye that was first distilled on the General's own estate, and so named "Mount Vernon." Small wonder it has become the patrician of American ryes bottled in bond under supervision *of the U. S. Government — the most rigid standard in the world, calling for full four years' aging in barrels, and bottling at full 100 proof.* You will find it as distinguished in flavor as it is in ancestry, a potion that lives up to its time-honored reputation — *a square whiskey in a square bottle!* Now in plentiful supply at all good bars and package stores.

Your Guide to NATIONAL DISTILLERS Good Liquors

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK


SAVOY-PLAZA HOTEL
5th Avenue & 59th Street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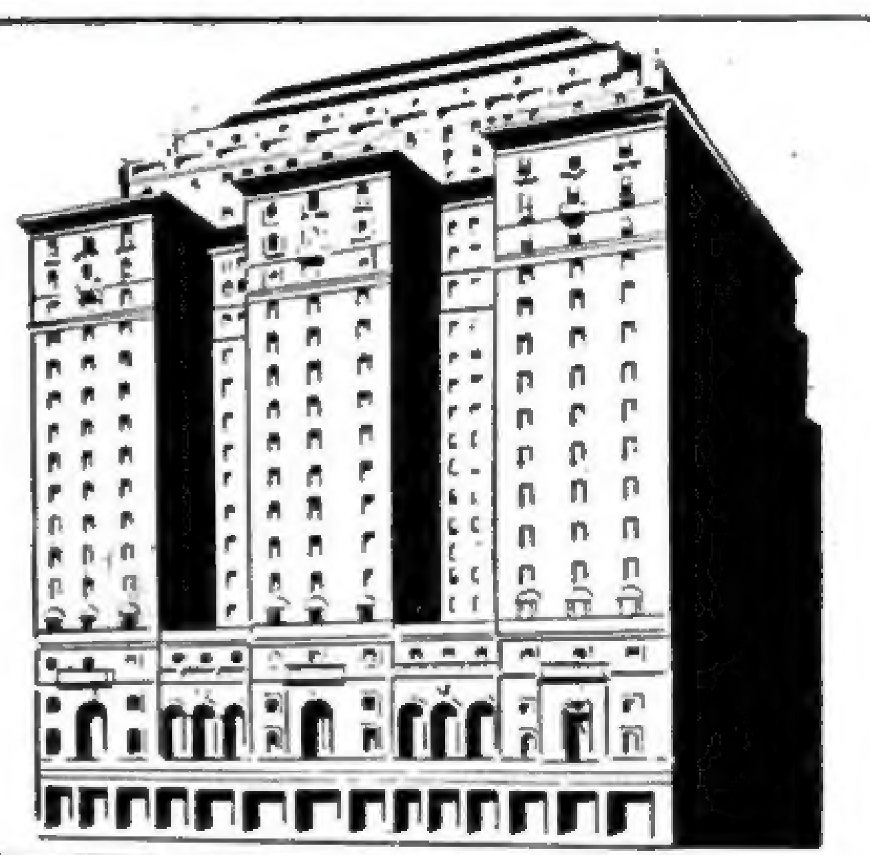

ROOSEVELT HOTEL
45th Street & Madison Avenue

COMMODORE HOTEL
42nd Street & Lexington Avenue

JOSEPH B. SCHUSSER, PRESIDENT

TERMINAL BARBER SHOPS

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
152 WEST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK

DEAR FRIENDS:

One September day some 36 years ago, I landed upon these blessed shores. I came because I had the wanderlust and was working my way around the world . . . as a barber. Having come from foggy London, where I had worked for two years, the sunshiny climate and the unforgettable Indian Summer days of this country fascinated me. So I decided to stay; to become an American citizen, heart and soul, and to forget about the trip around the world. That was the luckiest day of my life!

In 1908, I started a barber shop in the Hudson Terminal with some small savings of my own, and some money which I had borrowed from friends. This was the foundation of the system now known as the Terminal Barber Shops.

I had some ideals and principles that I believed needed to be instilled in the barber business as it was then conducted in America. And I set about, step by step, to convert these ideals into realities. First, I abolished the then prevailing long hours and instituted a 9-hour day for our barbers instead of the 12 to 14 hours they had formerly worked. I believed that barber service could and should be conducted with as much cleanliness as a doctor conducts an operation. With this idea, I developed our present perfected hygienic service which has revolutionized the entire barber business in America. Terminal Shops were the pioneers, and thousands of other barber shops throughout the land have tried to imitate our kind of service. Next, I abolished hair-singeing, which I believed was a fake, and thus saved Terminal customers hundreds of thousands of dollars. Finally, I did away with high-pressure salesmanship in our shops. I believed that each customer should dictate for himself whether he wanted only a shave or haircut, and that he should not be high pressured to buy extra services he did not want.

These ideals and principles have been responsible for what success Terminal has made. The American public has responded by the millions. I promised them a square deal and that promise is continually performed by every Terminal employee. We believe in giving each customer his money's worth—not more *of* your money but more *for* your money—is our principle! That is the American way of doing business! Every service we render must have merit and must be tested. Not until the Sunray Lamp was approved by the medical profession did I permit Sunray treatments. There are no fakes or hokum in Terminal service.

This is why America's finest hotels and foremost office buildings now insist upon Terminal Shops. We operate no others! The managements of these buildings point to Terminal service as one of the advantages they offer to guests and tenants.

Another American ideal—only happy barbers and operators can give this high type of service year after year. My first thoughts have always been for my fellow workers. Their earnings must always be the highest in the profession. I believe in discipline and we have it, but discipline intermingled with the milk of human kindness. My landlords, too, are happy. They receive highest pay from Terminal and they have been mighty kind to me.

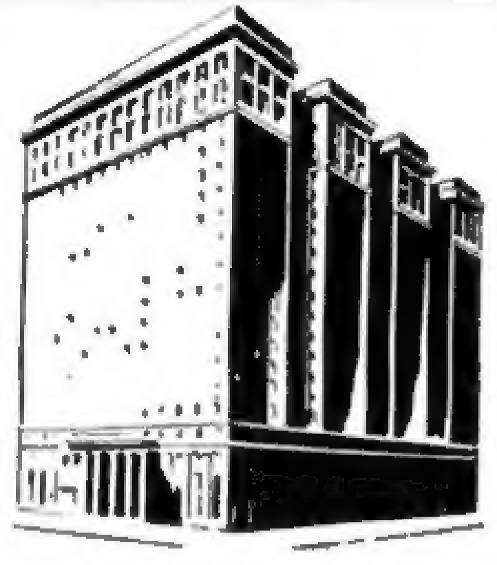
It is a great satisfaction to me to know that when I visit these shops I meet many men who have been customers of mine for 15, 20, or 25 years. Their loyalty is proof to me that the ideals and principles which I founded have been faithfully followed and the promises I made faithfully performed.

And in conclusion, I wish to express my sincerest appreciation to my associates, fellow workers and customers for their staunch loyalty and devotion to me during my illness. Thanks to that loyalty, we weathered the depression and now are speeding ahead anew; striving to better our service every day; modernizing our shops so we may render even greater service to you, the American Public. And now to you, my Unknown Friends, I extend a cordial invitation to discover for yourselves what my promise really means when performed by a happy Terminal Barber—a master at his craft. Put me to the test today.

Cordially yours,

Joseph B. Schusser
PRESIDENT

TERMINAL BARBER SHOPS
"Where the Promise is Performed"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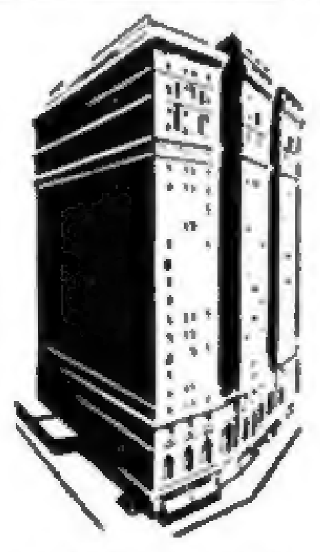
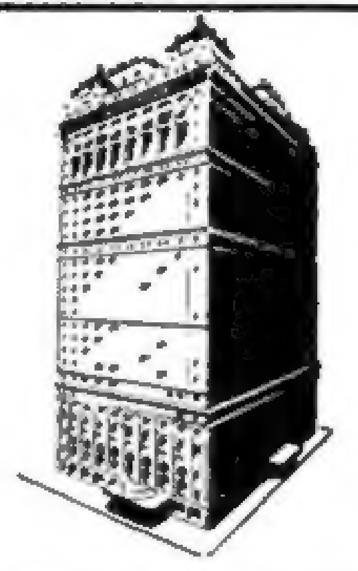

HOTEL McALPIN
34th Street & Broadway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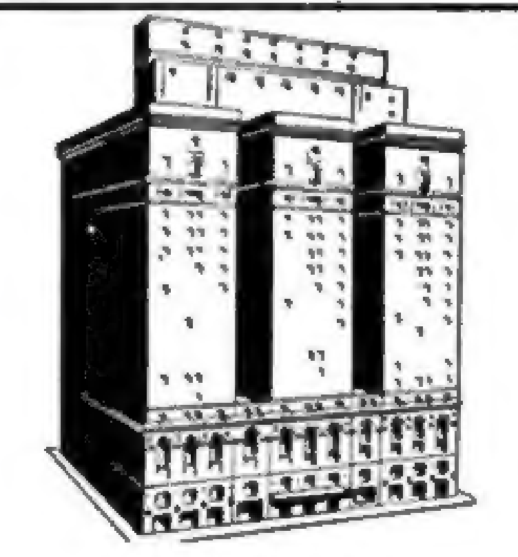
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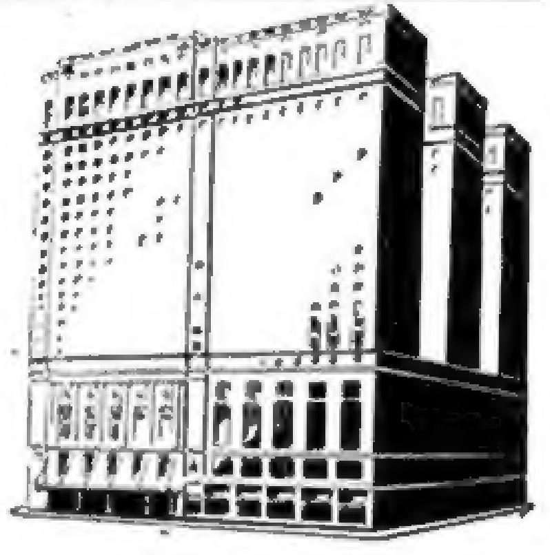
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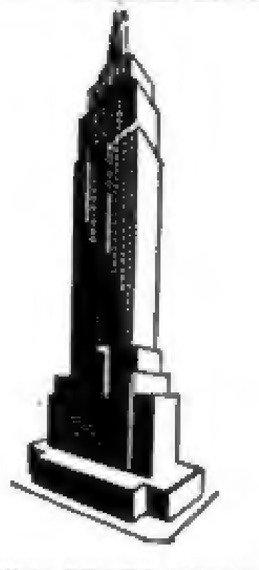
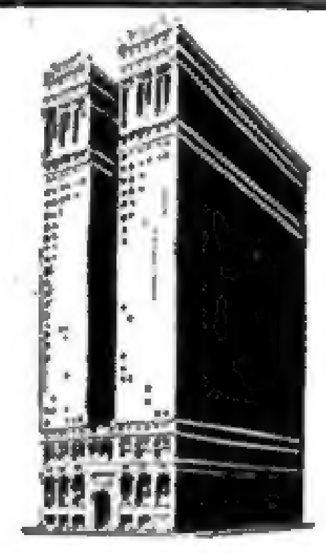

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
5th Avenue & 34th Street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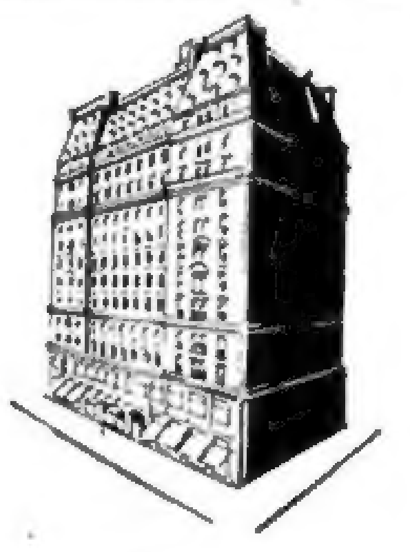
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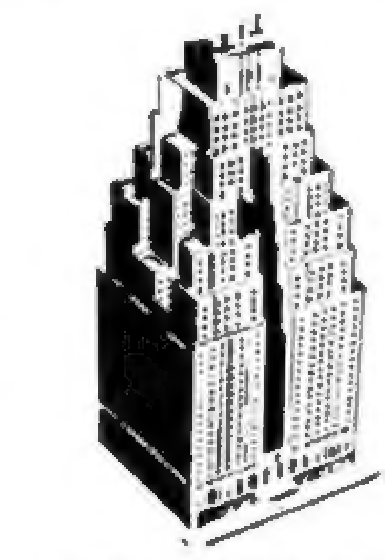
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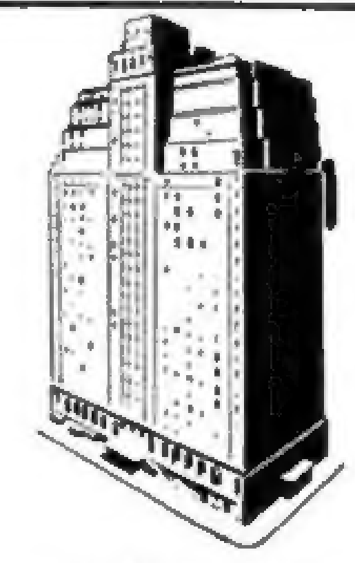
LINCOLN HOTEL
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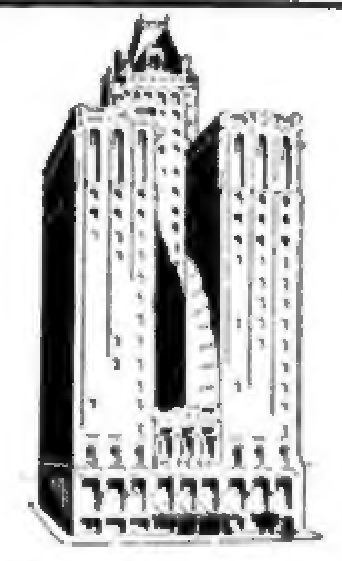
(Where a Terminal Shop will open soon)


LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL
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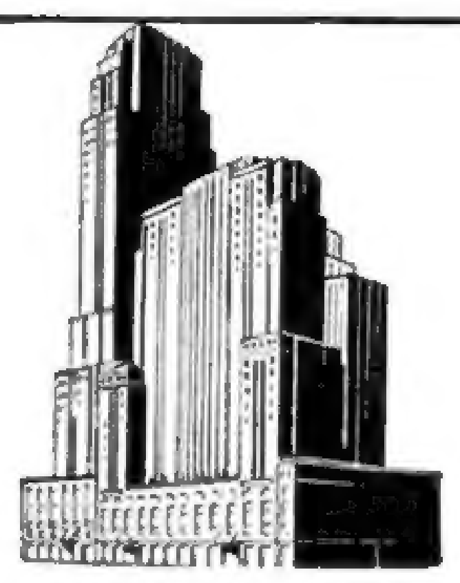
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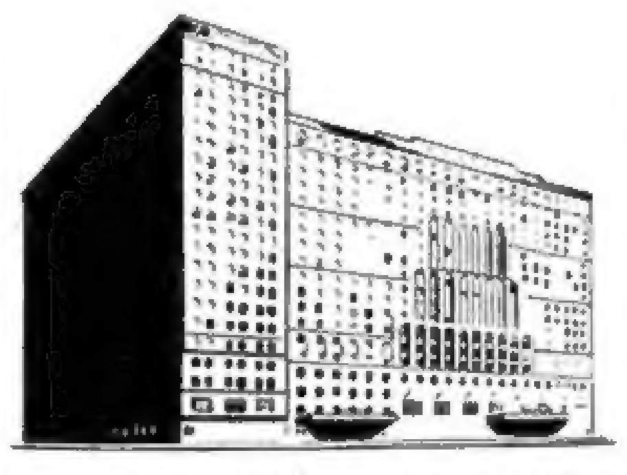
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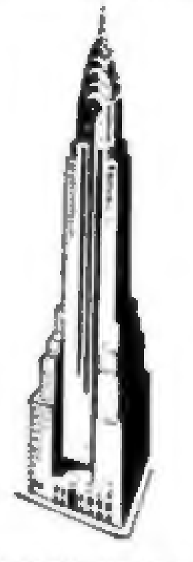
CHRYSLER BUILDING
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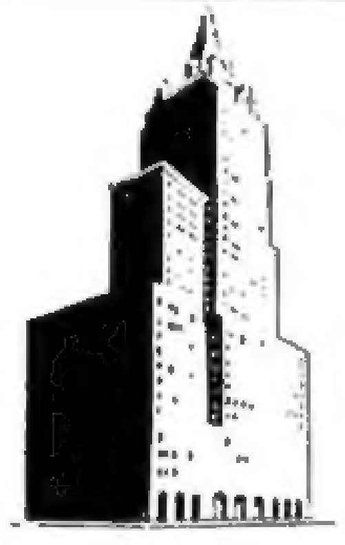
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING
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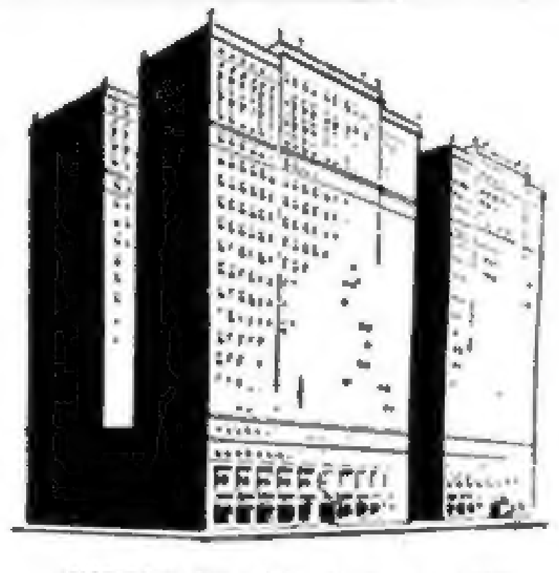
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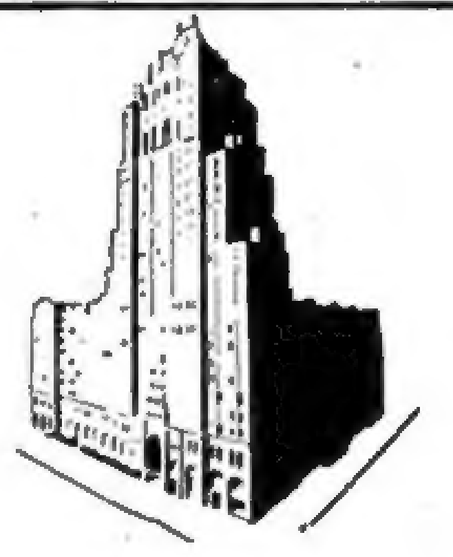
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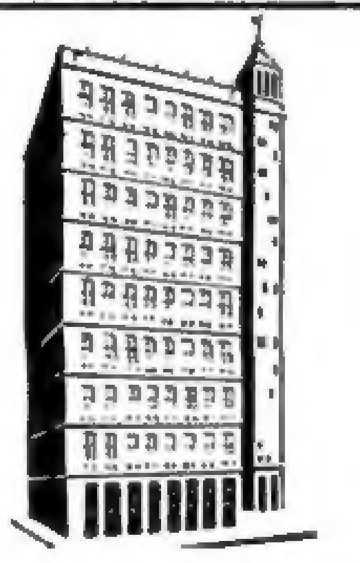
AMERICAN TEL. & TEL. BUILDING
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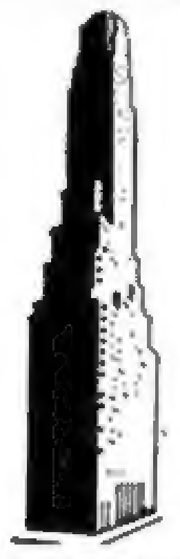
IRVING TRUST BUILDING
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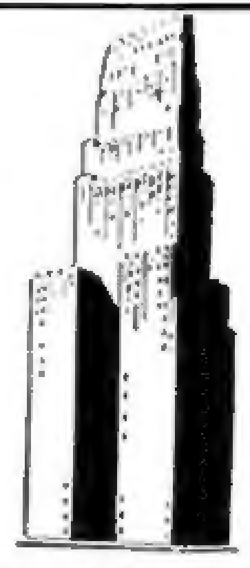
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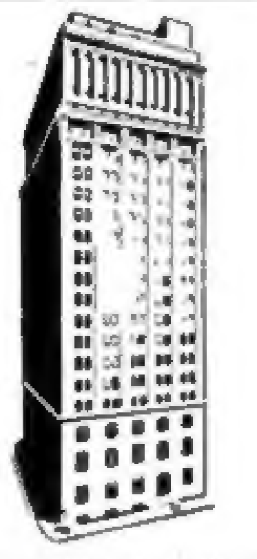
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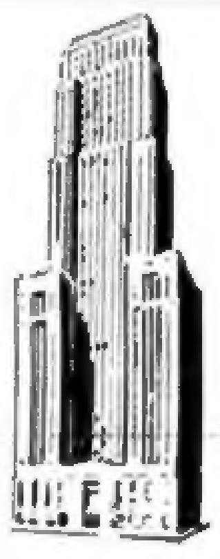
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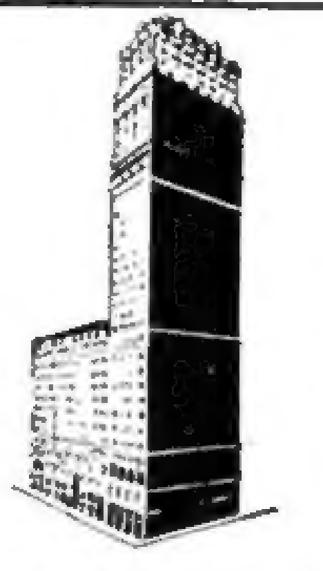

THE BOOK BUILDING
Detroit

SERMONA CONSONA FACTA
FOUNDED LONDON
1880

LONDON *is a* MAN'S TOWN

Britishers take their clothes seriously, and since an art invariably flourishes where it is most encouraged, British weavers and London tailors have long set the world's fashion pace. De Pinna takes its cues entirely from this source and men who are at home on both sides of the Atlantic acknowledge that our men's apparel has the authenticity and cosmopolitan flavor for which you would go to a West End of London tailor. New town suits of fine woollens woven for us in Scotland and England in distinguished patterns of limited yardage are $65, $75 and $85.

DE PINNA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET
NEW YORK

The Sound and the Fury

ADDENDUM

Now I am disgusted! I simmered along with other red-blooded females over Alan MacDonald's *You Can't Sleep With Women* mishap, but, being a conservative creature I thought I would be content to let some more versatile member of my sex avenge our honor with the provincial verbal glove slapping. Unfortunately nothing worthy of print (yes, I saw the Elizabeth M. Fitz attempt) was forthcoming and now I suppose I am too late to ever get this in *S. & F.*, even if you'd take the chance.

I won't even bother to air my grievances against the most common sleep disturbing habits of men, such as the cover-puller-offers, the leg-throwers, the (God help us!) snorers and others that Mr. MacDonald enlarged upon, but I would like to concentrate on what I consider the greatest blight on the bed situation today; the innumerable, unbearable lads with the "backward, turn backward" complexes. Talk about your cuddly blondes, your pouting red-heads, your babyish brunettes, etc.—they are rank amateurs compared to these cuties. These creatures may be shrewd business men during the day, lawyers, athletes, or any number from honorable professions—but put them in bed and immediately Junior has a rival. They have to be petted, humored and assured a thousand things a thousand times before they will succumb to Morpheus, and the hell of it is that they won't let you rest in peace until they are peacefully snoring against your defenseless shoulder. After years of research I am coming to the inevitable conclusion that there is no remedy for this species.

Next, if you have the courage, let's delve into the Romeos with the Sophisticated Man of the World convincement. *They* are never content to simply cover you up and let you lie—Oh God *no*, they have to sit on the edge of the bed and dramatically flick ashes in the dark. If a few happen to land on some of your nakedness—it simply adds to the drama of the thing, you know. Night after night this reoccurs until finally (if you are extra lucky) you grow immune or go crazy . . . it all amounts to the same.

Before I subside, here and now let me warn anybody who might be tempted to try to live with an artist . . . whether he be a musician, poet, writer, or painter. Most of them feel obliged to live up to the age old conception of a genius, nor are they daunted by the boudoir—nay, on the contrary it inspires them and if some night you find yourself dreaming of Niagara in a barrel, don't bother to stir . . . it will only be Milton (Yeah, Milton) weeping ecstatically on your bosom.

Being well-known even among your musty circle, for reasons quite obvious I prefer to remain anonymous . . . but *sincere!*

Earnestly yours,
San Gabriel, Calif. Savoy

THE WENCH IS AMUSING

Poor Anonymous! I should think the *S. & F.* fiends spilled enough blood over *Latins are Lousy Lovers* to keep the wench amused. And still we get more—such vain display of vanity—in vain. It is we, your dear readers, who are amused.

Listen sister, should you be so easy to look at as you are pleased to admit, and yet you are tired of your seven standards, well—it's your own fault. You'll just have to take it the hard way and suffer. Think you it is always the *wench* that is sought after? How lovely. But in actual practice (Godfrey, the adding machine, please) Mr. Man is not such a bad looking specimen himself, and though he may never use either Bath-a-sweet or Ipana he finds himself on the defensive—and how!

It so happens, more or less fortunately for all concerned, that the wench comes equipped with various forms and/or accessories. And are you disappointed if Mr. Man fails to observe whether you are a free-wheeling model, have a good front bumper, or just a soft seat! With a little training you should be able to dictate the terms of combat with a well aimed maneuver or display of certain accessories. Blow your horn, baby, and you order up method One, Six-A, or whatever kind of gas you run best on. It's a cinch! But if you fail to get response you have probably been making too many deferred payments and are behind in your interest.

What nonsense! So tired of it all! Why, damn it, it's your own fault. There are more number 8's than you imagine. Let's reverse your proposition:—I'll meet you on *your* home grounds and if you can inspire a number 8—*you* can take all.

But, ho-hum, I live in California; and besides, I think you need refinancing.

Little Sunshine
Mill Valley, Calif.

MASTER OF THE HOUNDS

I really should begin: "I'm herewith off Esquire for life"—then this would make the column.

Anyway—here's my little piece (attached)—And here's hoping it does make *S. & F.*, because I really don't know the lady's phone number. You see it's just a bit of an answer to the Wench.

At any rate, lower it gently to the basket—the meaning was tender.

Thanx,
In the Pink
New Haven and New York

Race—Irish-American (ranked higher than any Latin, see two issues back).

Color—I hope so!

Previous Condition of Servitude—"Member of the Eternal Chase."

M'Lady:

I am amused—amused enough to query—What the hell are you living for? You know all the answers—you probably wrote the catechism—maybe you're the living "Exhibit A" in "It Can Happen Anywhere" (*if the right approach is used*).

Now, I can understand "Cokey Flo" and all the little women down at the T-Square "Orpheum," but you profess to belong to the ranks of the "Simon Pures." Here's a thought to you as an amateur:

When the fox replies, "Go home—you're ugly" to the well known cry of "Yoicks," it is all very discouraging to the hunters.

Any fox so clever should clear out of the club and let the chase continue.

You can damned well keep that "garter-belt"—(man, I haven't run across one in a beastly long time—used to be rather standard equipment, too —with "pinks"—not with "rat-catcher")—I haven't any eighth approach—in fact yours are jolly well sufficient for the average fox. We of the hunt rebel against such heresy right in our midst—but say: It was jolly of you to submit same to "Esquire." God save us merry *gentlemen* if you had let said piece go to "Vogue" —or the *Ladies Home Journal*—as a sequel to *Marjorie Jones' Twelfth Birthday*—or some other rot. Then surely the little foxes would be all *too* clever.

But on with the hunt—if the fox wants thrills she must play cricket. If not, there's still the Smithsonian Institute to preserve that which should "remain permanently yours" for future generations to marvel at and remark—"clever these Reynards."

Remember too—there are still many more none too clever foxes in the field.

Therefore, be a stout fella—make the beau geste—"Hush!"—lest the chase be o'er!

So—Tally-ho dammie.

In the Pink
New Haven and New York

Continued on page 6

ESQUIRE
April, 1937
T. M. Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.
METROPOLITAN EDITION

Vol. VII, No. 4
Whole No. 41
T. M. Reg.

The Call for Clothes of Quality

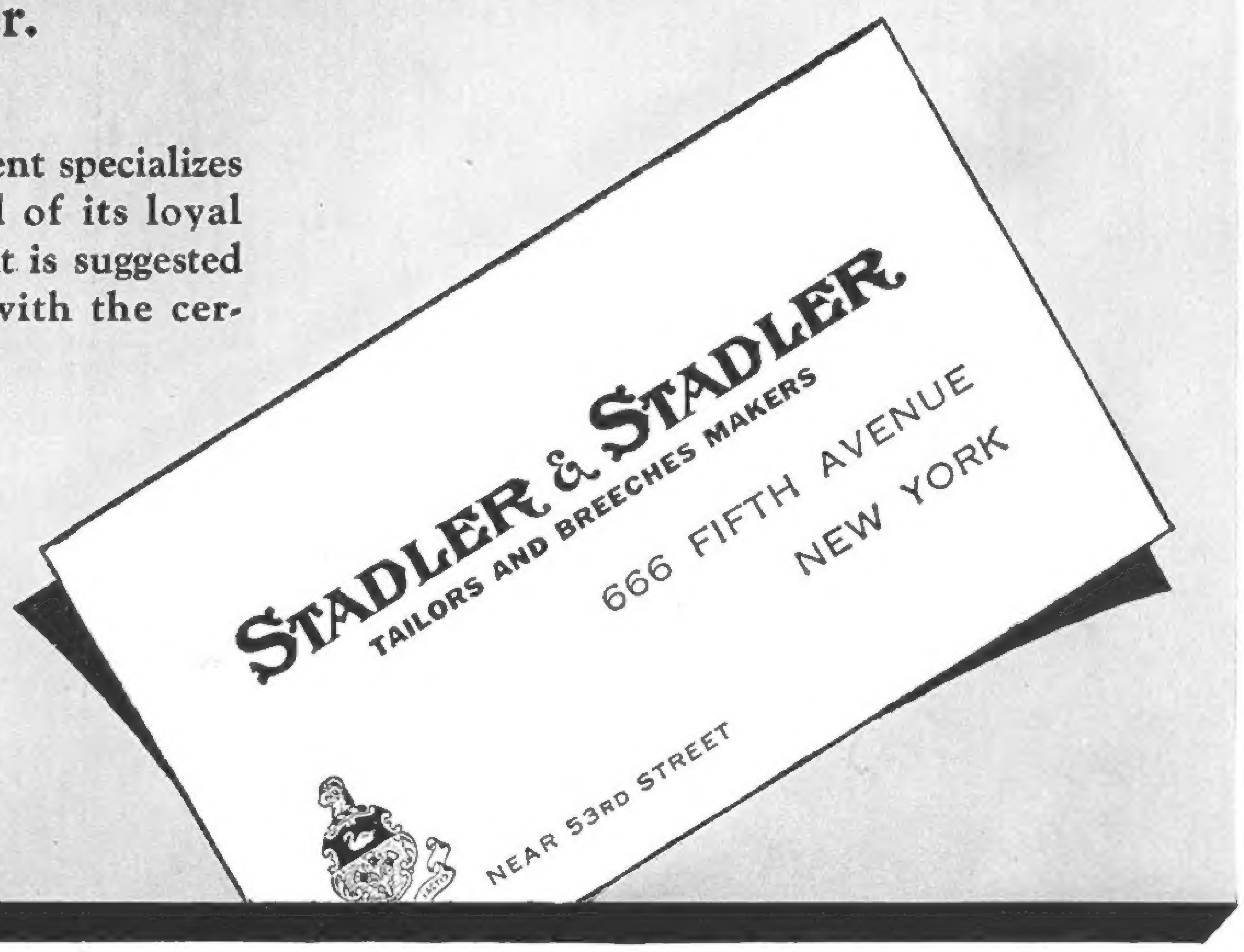
Superior artistry in tailoring fine clothes to order was never so important as today. It is significant that leaders in modern social business and professional life recognize the incomparable distinction therein available.

Fine clothes tailored to individual preference and requirement present the outward expression of inward refinement. The technique of their creation, along flawlessly correct and fashionable lines, has long been the forte of Stadler and Stadler.

The Stadler & Stadler establishment specializes solely in perfection. It is proud of its loyal and distinguished clientele. A visit is suggested as an interesting experience—with the certainty of meriting your patronage.

FAMAM EXTENDIMUS FACTIS

WE EXTEND OUR
REPUTATION
BY OUR DEEDS

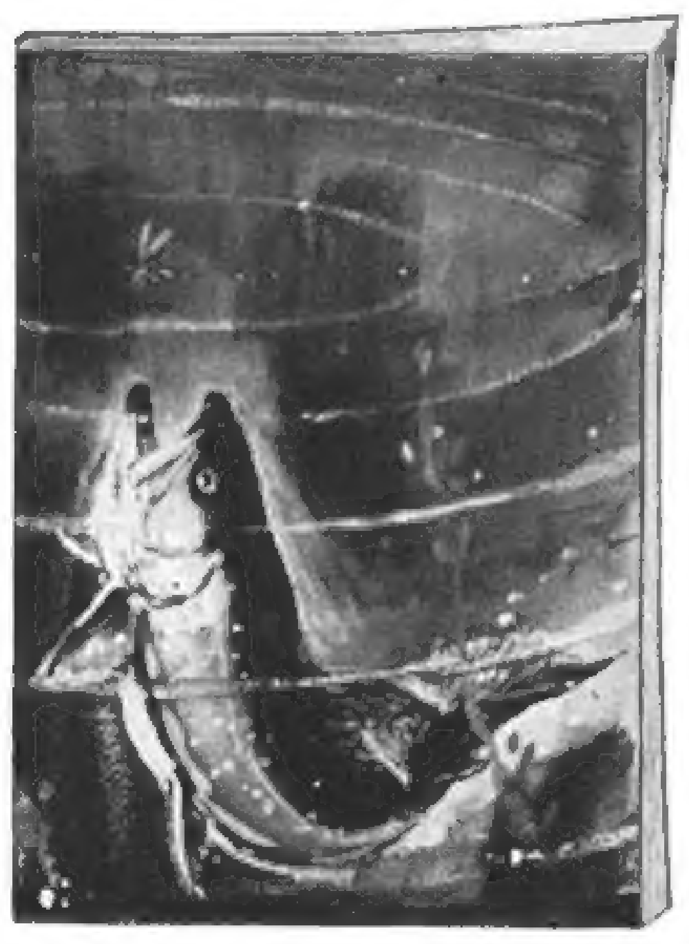


STADLER & STADLER
TAILORS AND BREECHES MAKERS
666 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
NEAR 53RD STREET

Dee-lighted!

Gallant Colonel Chipperhale has a knowing eye that always spots distinction. Now that he's found that this lady comes from Philadelphia, he's off on a favorite theme . . . "Nice town, that, with one of the best hotels I've ever found anywhere. Of course I mean the Warwick. Pleasant rooms and that grand food by George Lamaze. Mighty nice place."

The hotel
Warwick
THE PLACE TO STAY IN
Philadelphia



Whoever caught one!

The angler who has matched his skill against the native cunning of the trout—and won—knows that the greatest pleasure of fishing comes from using the right tackle.

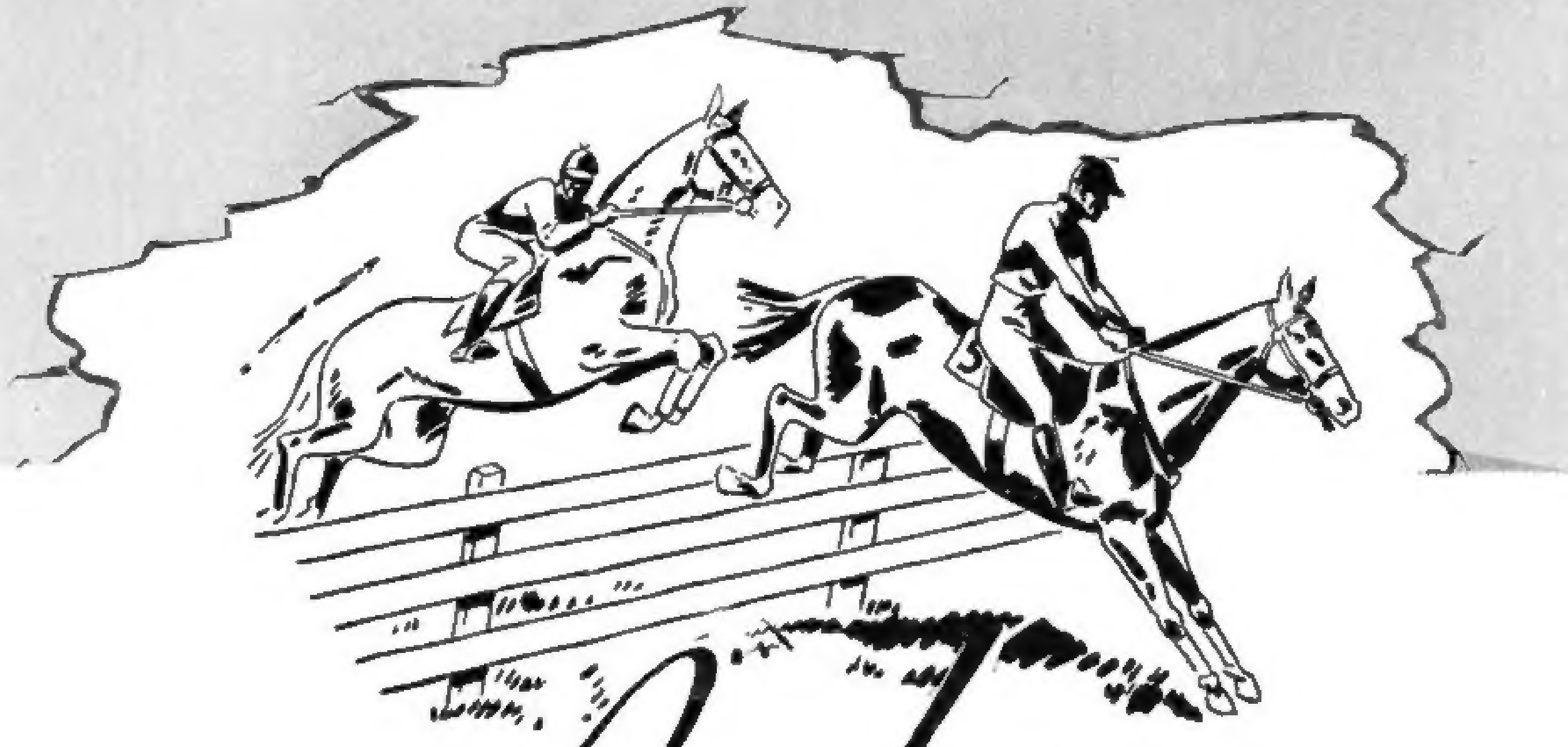
A full creel may be a matter of luck, but the joy of handling fine tackle is a matter of choice.

Visit our Fishing Tackle Room, where experts will gladly talk with you about your requirements.

Send for 1937 "Fly Fishing Catalog"

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH Co.
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

CHICAGO STORE: Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Avenue

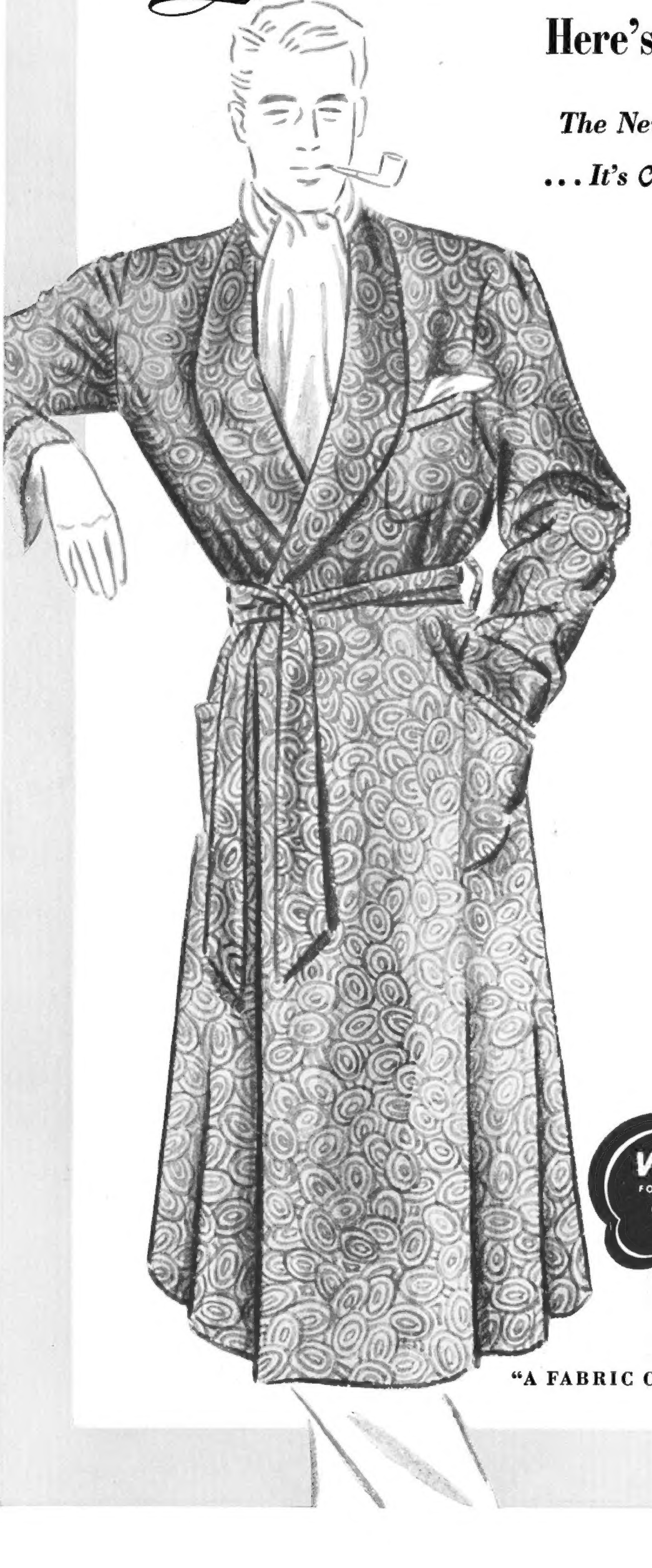


Leisure is looking up!..

Here's BUDLEIGH*

The Newest* ROBE *in town

. . . *It's* CROWN TESTED! . . . *It's* VITALIZED*!



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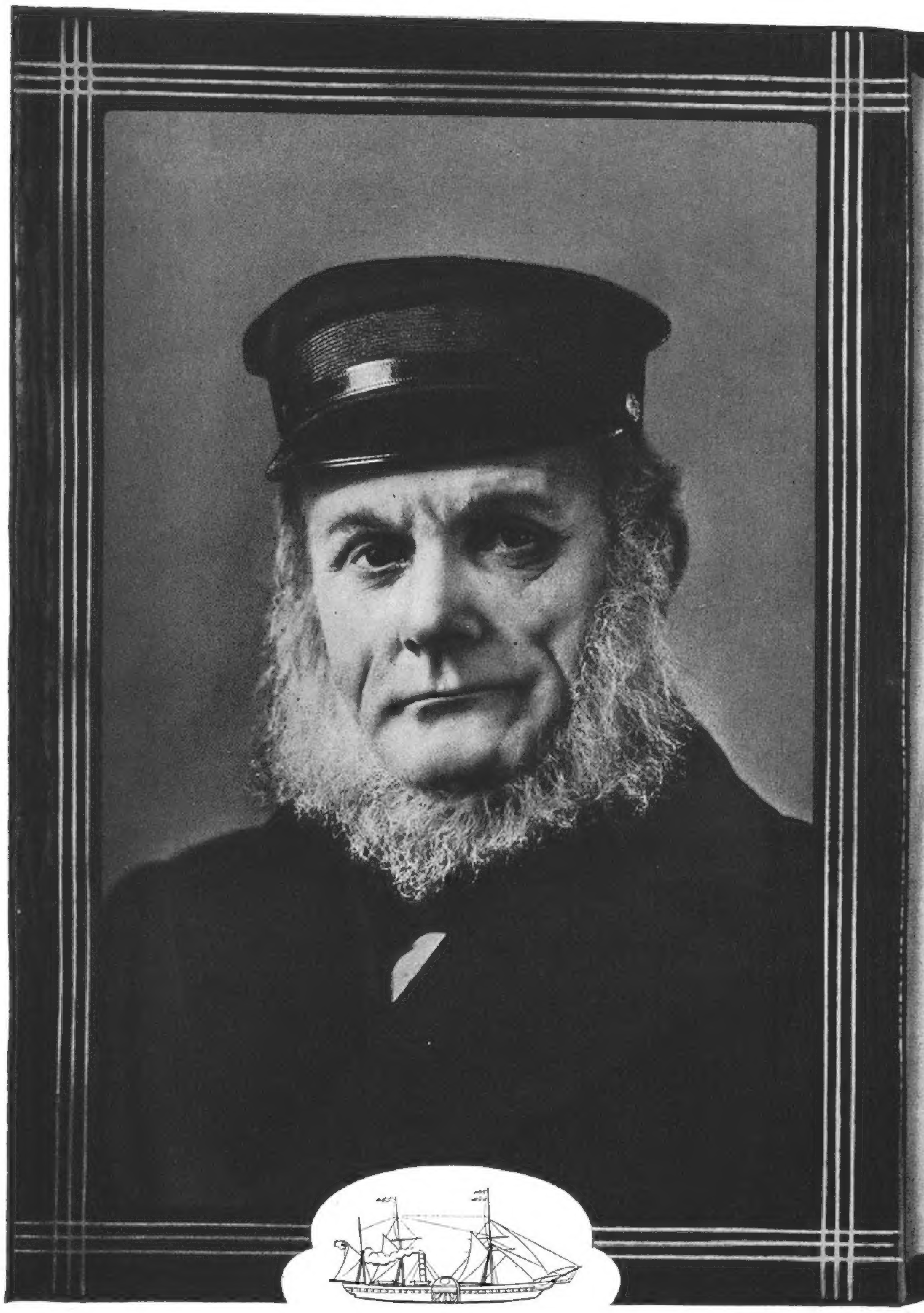

James Bell, of the **"BRITANNIA" 1840** . . . a likeness reconstructed from authentic data. His 36-year career began when this first Cunarder inaugurated regular transatlantic steamship service.

Robert T. Bell . . . **"BOTHNIA" 1880** was only one of the eight Cunarders in which this son of James Bell served as Chief Engineer. He joined the Line in 1869, and was with it for 41 years.

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Berengaria Mar. 18; Apr. 15; May 4, 20; June 19 *Queen Mary* Mar. 24*; Apr. 7*, 21*; May 4†, 26 *Aquitania* Mar. 31; Apr. 28; May 12; June 2, 16

**Calls at Plymouth. †Direct to Southampton.*

To England: Plymouth and London via Halifax March 18 and weekly to April 15: *Alaunia, Ausonia, Antonia, Ascania, Aurania.* To Liverpool direct: *Carinthia* April 3.

To Ireland and England: Cobh and Liverpool via Boston: *Samaria* March 13, *Scythia* March 27. To Galway, Belfast and Liverpool: *Laconia*, via Halifax, April 9; *Scythia*, via Boston, April 23.

To Ireland, France, England: Cobh, Havre and Southampton: *Britannic* April 5, *Georgic* April 13. Cobh, Southampton, Havre and London: *Britannic* May 1.

To Scotland, Ireland, England: Glasgow (Greenock), Belfast and Liverpool via Halifax: *Andania* March 19. To Glasgow (Greenock), Dublin and Liverpool via Boston: *Samaria* April 16 and May 14, *Carinthia* April 27.

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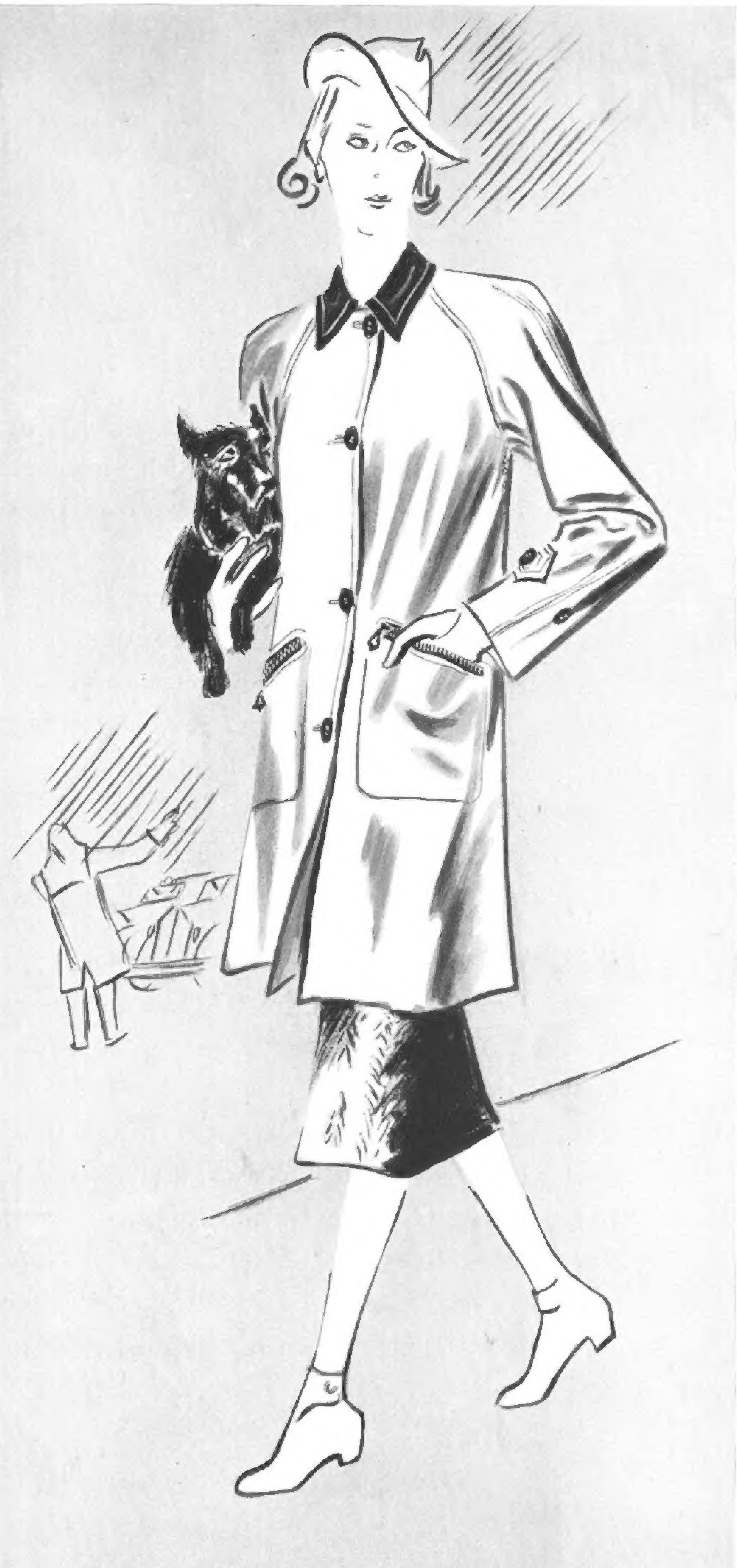
CUNARD WHITE
STAR

GENERATION TO GENERATION . . . *Right:* veteran seaman Robert Dycer teaches young Thomas Simmons the importance of keeping the huge anchor cable of the Georgic free from rust. The way in which the lore of the sea is passed on from generation to generation, is even better exemplified in the family album above . . . one of the many similar instances of direct descent among the officers, seamen and stewards on the rosters of the Cunard White Star Line.

GUISHES CUNARD WHITE STAR



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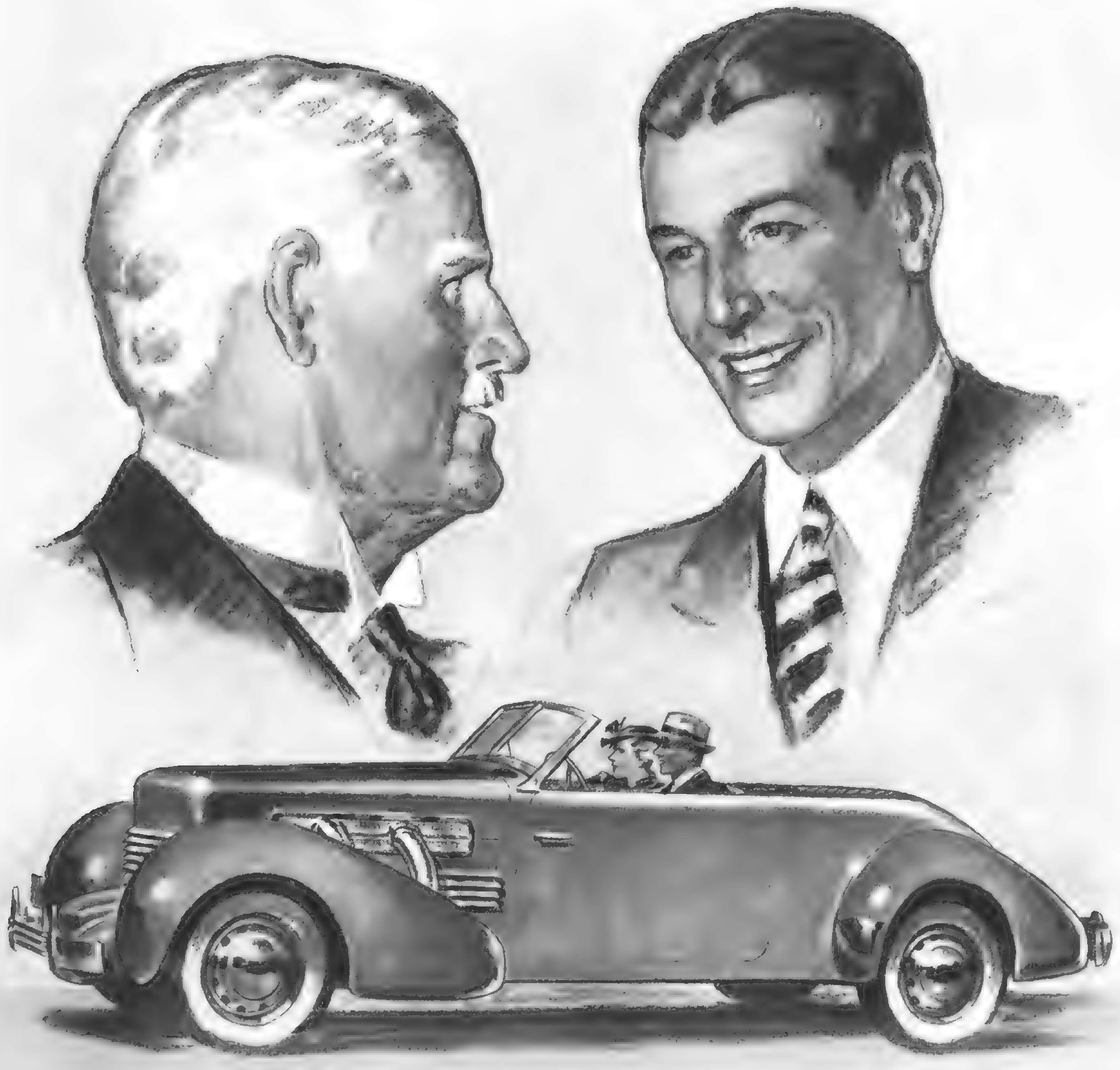
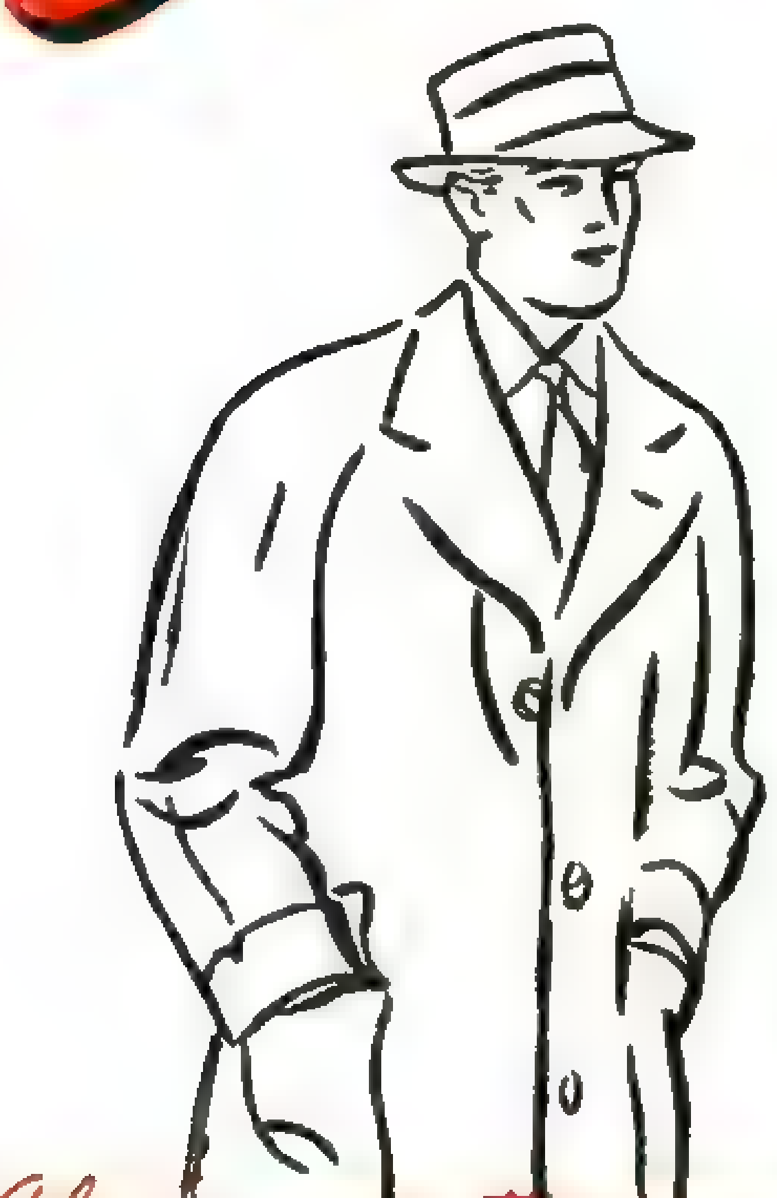


Son, I'm proud you chose a Super-Charged Cord for your graduation present. Your reasons for preferring it increase my confidence in you. Your Mother asked, "Isn't that the car that is so very powerful and fast?" • I used your own arguments. "Yes, but its very power and efficiency make it the safest of cars to drive. In a pinch, there is the priceless safety of hair-trigger action and lightning acceleration. Then, too, the Cord makes you want to drive like a gentleman. As other drivers race alongside of you, and get a glimpse of the Cord's glistening exhaust pipes, they know they can pass only because you permit it." • Your Mother and I will feel safer because, when driving a Cord, you don't feel called upon to drive recklessly, no more than a Champion has to push people around to let them know who he is.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

CORD

Fashion Park



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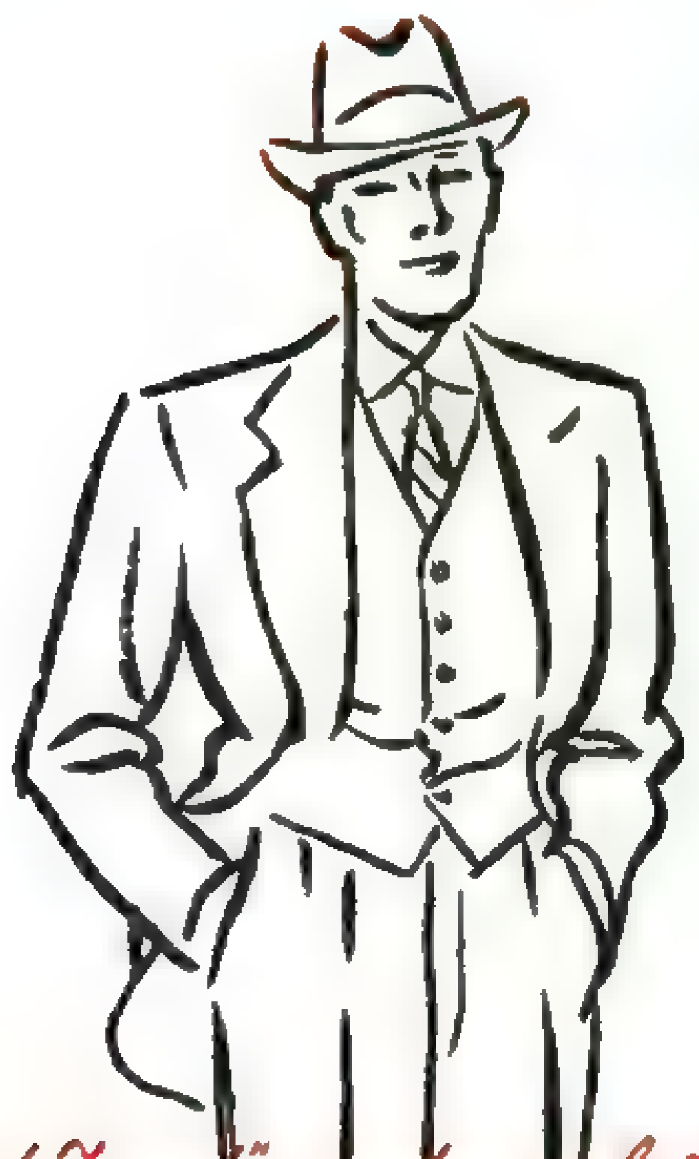

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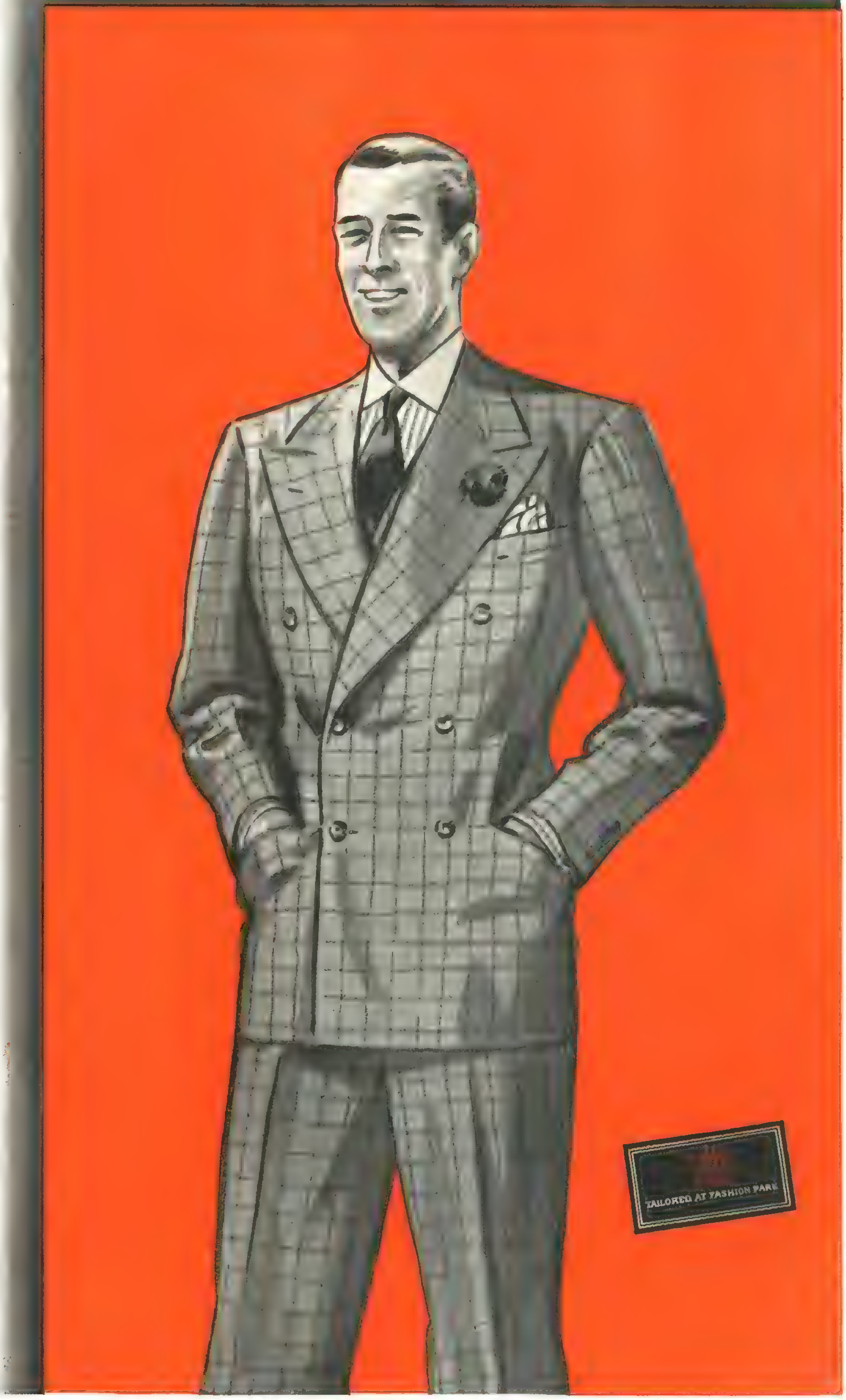

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches ......
by Saalburg, Peters, Goodman and O'Neill beginning on page 132

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Monologue on a night flight

In the air between New York and Miami, with a stub and a piece of Eastern Air Lines paper and nothing but the knowledge that Gus needs this in the morning, to preserve the three-year-old tradition that this space must be filled. Once before one of these was written over this same route. That was the one that recorded astonishment that the circulation was then over four hundred thousand. So this one really ought to record astonishment that it's now over six. We went to Europe and the circulation went up a hundred thousand copies in America. Now we're away again, which ought to be good for about ten thousand more, at the established per diem rate of benefit to the magazine every time we take our hands off it. Everybody's away now but the Boss. And Esq flourishes. It's bad strategy on the part of the rest of us. He may begin to suspect that he's the only one who really counts in the care and feeding of this blessed three year old that pays the butcher and the baker for us all. It's probably true (he picks the cartoons!) but it's not so smart to let him realize it. He won't learn it here, since he reads this no oftener than the average subscriber. Why should he read it? He knows us.

What should this one say? Would you care to hear us tell you how Washington looks from the air? Like black plush on which a cosmic hand has laid an arrangement of diamond-studded dominoes, against whose almost geometric brilliant-on-black pattern the monument and the dome stick up like chessmen of mother-of-pearl, abandoned by some vanished giants who grew wearied of their games. Or don't you care for quaint conceits? Very well, then let us instead remember Europe, before we forget. Remember the Rhine from the air, with its ornate steamers towing barges. When you looked down on their decks and into their stacks you wanted to pick them up out of the bath-water, to see if "Made in Germany" was stamped on the bottom of their shiny hulls. Remember the road in from Le Bourget, looking much more like Hammond, Indiana than The City of Light. But all the lost illusions come back quickly, and you realize you've never really understood a Cézanne until you've looked out over the city from the dining room of the country club at St. Cloud. Nor a Constable until you've seen the landscapes framed by the portholes of the tender coming into Southampton. Nor can history ever emerge more startlingly from its long burial in dusty schoolbooks than when you suddenly realize that the grass-grown mounds on the edge of the Aspern airfield, outside Vienna, are the breastworks hastily thrown up against Napoleon's troops, still standing there. Reminder that Europe will be there a long time while nobody, not Hitler nor Mussolini nor anybody else, can live forever. Let's remember the people then, beginning with Budapest where Americans, including the Southern, should all go for post-graduate courses in hospitality. Sandor Incze, for instance, or Incze Sandor, as the Hungarians reverse our name-order, who combines the best features of Walter Winchell and Grover Whalen, doing the honors unforgettably for the city whose foremost magazine he publishes, who is likely to be feeding you a feast of the gods before he has more than a rough idea of what your name is, or any at all of who you may be or where you come from. And the world's greatest photographers turning out to be amateurs, employed as bookkeepers or bank clerks, like Jenö Denkstein, and Gyula Ramhab, who came to the Hotel Hungaria with a breathtakingly carved and seemingly priceless little wooden box for the American lady, who never ungummed an eye to say Howjadoo or Thank You until after he'd gone. And Lajos Zilahy, who wrote *But For This*, and his wife, completely cosmopolitan, at home in a dozen languages, and Lanyi the incredible sculptor who's coming over here after he learns a little English. And Vienna, city of dreams, where everybody'd give you the shirts off their backs if they had a shirt, where the poverty breaks your heart because the Viennese, with every right to be, aren't downhearted, and where even the Americans, like Messrs. Messersmith Rogers and Clark at the American Ministry, are altogether *gemütlich* and so polite they don't seem real. Where the porter at the Hotel Bristol bows almost to the floor as you hand him a twenty groschen tip (before you've learned that there are a hundred groschen in nineteen cents!) and acts as if you'd given him twenty dollars. And let us remember Herr Hofrat Professor Dr. Stix, the courtly director of the *Kunst Historische* Museum, who hands you a Cellini cup as casually as if another could be bought at Woolworth's, in impressive contrast to certain officials of Paris museums, who act as if the very doorknobs were precious to the point of untouchability. And let us never forget M. Ferraton at the Louvre, who made us talk French every day for two weeks, on the plea that he knew no English, until the day we caught him addressing someone else in a flawless Oxford accent. France is full of Frenchmen. But Louis Baschet of *L'Illustration* was the soul of courtesy and the essence of friendly helpfulness. So was Robert Lang of *Rester Jeune*. So was André Maurois.

Continued on page 36

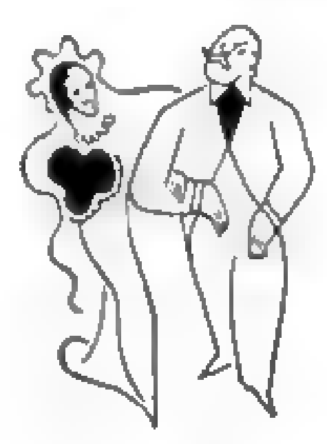
Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VII, No. 4
Whole No. 41
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SUCCESS STORY

No doubt by now you're staggering under the load of letters offering the eighth addition to the Standard Seven Seducing Systems *The Wench Is Not Amused.* Honk your siren while I dash in to add my bonafide tried and true Approach Number 8.



It was on a long and usually boring transcontinental train. She was fresh, vital and, doubtless in the know. I was at least fresh and, doubtless, vital. For 200 miles we looked at each other in the accepted progression—(1) casually, (2) furtively, (3) unabashed. Maybe it was the cool air or the high altitude but anyhow I had one of my rare brain-storm inspirations. In a disinterested but respectful tone she was informed that: 1. I did not love her; 2. In all probability I never would; 3. I would like to-er-seduce her and get it over with as; 4. I felt sure we could be good friends once that was out of the way.

To my amazement, it worked. No nymphomaniac, she was at least normal enough to recognize a rare approach. Now having presented my credentials to Miss Anonymous, I gladly renounce my privilege of-er—"winner take all" (all *what?*) Nor can I honestly recommend the Approach because of four mistaken notions I had: 1. I did, as it appears, love her; 2. In all probability I always will; 3. I, at least, didn't get over it; and 4. We didn't become just "good friends." The incident occurred many years ago and they have been the happiest of my life. You see, in mortal fear that her equal did not exist, I married the girl.

Retreat, Pa. D. R. V.

THE SILENT APPROACH

We always believed that Esquire was a magazine for gentlemen, but the articles *The Wench Is Not Amused* and *L. are L.L.* places your magazine as a mere stercorary. Since the party responsible for *S. is N. A.* seems to have round heels, we as a couple of worldly wenches, feel it our duty to show Esquire and the W. that the latter just doesn't know much.

Gentlemen are a lazy class of humans and never use more effort than just that required for immediate purposes. If the wench is unfamiliar with approach number 32, she had better visit the first available bootery. Space will not permit a complete dissertation upon all methods employed by males, but here is approach Number 8.

The "villain" who is so damned attractive, who never tries petting and never suggests anything. He takes her out, invites her to parties, never says how bright her eyes are, never sends flowers, but always treats her as a man. Finally, the suspense becomes unbearable and the woman asks him if he is a man. He replies very gentlemanly that that is the hell of it. That ends the conversation for a week or so. Then, any night just after a thunderstorm the woman just "up and rapes him."

Galveston, Texas Two G-gals

P. S.—We aren't bad to look at either. We wager we can take any man from his wife ten times out of ten tries. Charm, my dear, charm.

NO

I've seen what they thought of *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, but may I remind them, that there are a lot of lousy lovers in the world (Ref.: *The Wench is & Etc.*) and the nearest some of them ever got to being Latin was doing the rhumba. But merely for the sake of showmanship and what not, I expect I must admit that the article was a shade mucky, but evidently in spite of all they thought and answered and said, they undoubtedly read it, is that something or isn't it?

Now, may I join your rank of aspired *S. & F.* authoresses? Did the same sweet thing who wrote *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* write *The Wench Is Not Amused?* Perhaps you and she didn't realize, but you damned near directed a line of cannon fire at this country for that *L. are L. L.*, can't help but wonder what this newest thing will cause. But to get back to the wench, for some reason or two, I forgot to get my copy right on the dot of publication, and consequently had to be told about the article. And what a sensation it did make.

I spent part of last week-end at Yale, and did they rave!! And believe it or not, I've got a few new slants on the many so-called approaches. So I guess the authoress (if such is the case) better start packing her trunk, looks as if she might have to meet a few men on their own home grounds. But please, a thousand times please, write them with a little more strength on the soft peddle. It's bad enough with the ideas some of these guys have now, what with "Won't you come up and see my etchings," (with emphasis on the etchings). For heaven's sake don't start furnishing formulas. I'm sure they can't go wrong in thinking those things out for themselves. Aren't you even interested in the younger wenches' morals?

Best of luck to you Esky, you're all right.

Hartford, Conn. B.

APPROACHES (Continued)

(8) THE STAYING ALL NIGHT METHOD (THE RUDEST)

The gentleman comes to call, bearing under his arm a bottle of wine. An evening at home seems to appeal to him. He imbibes most of the wine himself, and after an hour or two is sound and blissfully asleep. You think "My God—my virtue is saved!"

The insidious part of this method is that he has not only fallen asleep, but has completely passed out, and it is impossible to awaken him. Therefore he stays all night. After several repetitions of this experience, you become so accustomed to seeing him in his morning whiskers and uncombed hair that you almost imagine yourself married to the guy—and there goes your VIRTUE!

(9) THE SILENT METHOD

The young man seems novel to you because he has no line. This, incidently, is not a carbon copy of the "Big Brother Act." And so, when he talks of acetylene and the chemical properties of acetone, you are led to believe that his mind is far above the physical properties of *you.* Therefore when during a pause in the conversation his hand slips, you attribute it to a mere accident. However, this type of man is not to be trusted. (Are any of them?) By his very reticence he prevents you from chiding him, and when you do protest ever so slightly, tells you indignantly that you have a low mind. (N.B.—We cannot make any definite statement as to the outcome of all this, because we are still working on the case.)

(10) THE UNROBING ACT (THE NUDEST)

The gentleman removes his pants. A tactful and taciturn way of suggesting impropriety. No female except one who is paralyzed in both legs will fall for this approach, because by the time the trousers have completely descended, the young lady will be out of chasing distance.

Chicago, Ill. Amused Wench

DIAGNOSIS

I'm proud of my mother. She's 71 and she's still expanding (mentally I mean—no pun intended). Two years ago Esquire didn't so much horrify—it annoyed her. Last night she giggled at cartoons in the December issue which had been purloined for me, along with a Coronet from a $35 per day suite in a local hotel.

"The trouble with Esquire," said my Mother, "is that you can't tell what to take seriously." "Yes," says I, "that's the delight of it. It never gives your mental muscles a chance to sag."

I'd been trying to classify my reaction to Eskie. I guess that hits it.

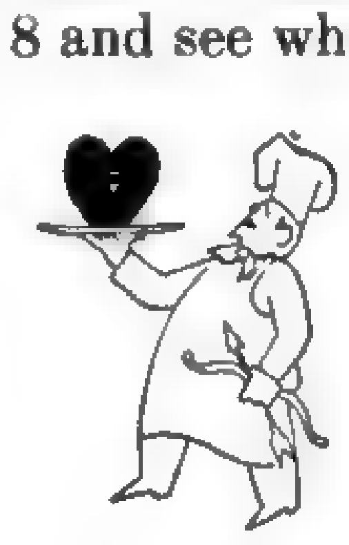
Very truly yours,

Mary D. Hudgins

Hot Springs, Ark.

IN SEARCH OF NUMBER EIGHT

Being a "bachelor girl" (pardon me I mean boy) of thirty, home is any boudoir where I can hang my hat, said permanent occupant of course having all that could be desired, and have yet to use any of the seven approaches listed or variants of same. So, let's get on to No. 8 and see what



we can work out for this beautiful and shapely you-will-want-me-when-you-see-me-girl. It has been said "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." It's my motto to. However I change man to girl (past twenty-one) heart to stomach, his to her, stomach to heart, and there you have it. It works swell. Three out of five, actual count. Oh I don't mean falling in love. Simply making a girl feel that the price of the purchase was in keeping with the value of the goods received and not wanting to return the merchandise after the sale is made. Now, what do you do and what do you say to get these results? I think I've said enough already, besides, people get paid for that kind of stuff and, sometimes sued. However, just in case Miss Annie Mouse (anonymous) is interested on my home grounds, she won't be, the name is below, the address is above and I am yours for better seducers and your continued success, Esquire.

Ashland, Ohio E. Koons

P. S.—I still think a man wrote that damned article.

P. P. S.—I still think so.

'37 VERSUS '40 FIGHT, FIGHT

There little Esky, don't you cry. Even if "Princeton '40" doesn't appreciate you, "Randolph-Macon '37" does. Course Esquire is a magazine for men, and I'm one of the sex you can't sleep with, but my Esquire is dogeared before my friends get through with it. (Sometimes I wish they would buy their own.)

To meet his objections point to point:—

1. Maybe "She's No Longer Faithful If . . ." isn't the height of artistic expression but it was darn amusing, and then too I'm three years up on the complainer.

2. Maybe he could do better than Dos Passos. If so you'd probably like to see it. I would.

3. Did it ever occur to Princeton '40 that life isn't all an eider down quilt and drawn shades in the morning? If he likes happy endings why doesn't he read some of the cheaper magazines for women. (I do when I get a Cinderella urge.) Probably his trouble is that he hasn't gotten around to studying modern short story trends and doesn't know the short story of today doesn't attempt to cover all the territory of a novel leaving them living "happily ever after" but is a slice out of life which really has no ending (or am I too technical for him). As to *happy* endings, I haven't wrinkles from hardships of life but I know and I'm willing to bet my next month's allowance (less the 50c for Esquire) that not one person out of ten is really happy. And that one is usually a day-dreamer or a bench-holder-downer.

4. I've heard a lot of things called naive but it's the first time I ever heard it applied to Esquire. Pardon me while I let down my hair and laugh. Poor boy. So he can't get thrilled over sex. Maybe Esky's love life is simpler than that of Princeton '40. Bet he got a prom refusal from a girl the day he wrote that one.

5. This seems to cover the ground pretty thoroughly too.

If Princeton '40 just buys Esquire for the cartoons why doesn't he try the comic section of a few daily papers. They're much cheaper. It makes me mad when Esquire isn't appreciated for it's one of the best and I couldn't use that $5.50 (from the stands. I can't get $5 together at one time, but you get more that way) a year in a better way or for more enjoyment.

Before I forget—as to knowing what's tattooed below a man's navel—the only men who are tattooed in such places (so I'm told) are sailors, and who'd expect a sailor's sweetheart to be true? Princeton '40—and by the by, why isn't he man enough to sign his name; I know some Princeton boys, and I'd hate to think he was one of them—is pretty childish. So to Princeton '40—try fairy tales—they always end happily, and leave Esquire to those who appreciate it.

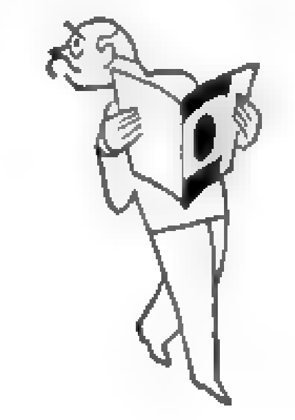
Diane Ward

Lynchburg, Va. *Randolph-Macon '37*

P. S.—I'll be more surprised than he is if you print this but I wanted to get it off my chest.

AH SWEET MYSTERY OF ESQ.

Don't you think, dear Esquire, that you are just a trifle harsh on us when you call us semi-literates in your *Backstage With Esquire?* I credit you, with all sincerity, for any article or any story that you print provided it is worthwhile reading. But do you honestly think that the bulk of your trash will ever be read a second time or ever be reprinted elsewhere?



However, I do have this to say for you; there must be something magical in those slippery sheets that makes us addicts to you, or is it the fact that we have to pay 50c a copy that makes you so attractive to us fools. Do you know that I actually spent $8.00 for two subscriptions and then I had to make all sorts of excuses to my grocer because I had run up a large bill? He threatened not to supply me with any more food if I didn't pay up. What have you got, dear Esquire?

And do you know that my landlady is a rabid W.C.T.U. woman and a thin-lipped holier-than-thou church-goer? No, I suppose you don't. And do you know that her husband reads all that you have printed on your pages from cover to cover? That wouldn't mean a thing to you if I didn't tell you that my landlady most definitely wears the pants in that family. Gawd, oh Gawd, if she should ever catch him with you in his hands! No, he doesn't dare to subscribe to you, Esky; we give him our copy of you when we finish.

Still I must revert to my first paragraph: you certainly do contain a helluva lot of trash to be so damned expensive.

Truly your,

Denison, Iowa Addict

Continued on page 8

"I never knew *that* about champagne!"
"And I, M'sieur, never knew it about your whiskey!"

Natural color photograph taken at Avize, near Rheims, France

AMERICAN: It's the most interesting thing I've learned in France—that your champagnes and my own favorite whiskey, Four Roses, are achieved the same way.

FRENCHMAN: Ah, but, M'sieur, *all* champagnes are not blended. It is to achieve the truly great champagne that one *must* blend various champagnes together!

AMERICAN: Why do you say "must"?

FRENCHMAN: Because, M'sieur, no two champagnes as they flow from the wine presses are exactly alike. Nature endows each with some special virtue. It is only by blending several fine champagnes together that we get the truly magnificent champagne with *every* virtue.

AMERICAN: Well, that's the very way they make Four Roses. They take several fine straight whiskies—each selected to contribute some outstanding virtue. Then they blend these fine whiskies (and *only* these whiskies!) together, so as to produce *one* liquor with *every* whiskey virtue at its best. The result is that, like your finest vintage champagne, Four Roses has *everything* you could hope to find in one liquor.

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FOUR ROSES

We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey, regardless of age or price

A blend of straight whiskies—94 proof

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

YES, SIR, THAT'S OUR MEYER

As long as your too too fashionable publication has gone to the trouble of giving one contributor, in the form of Van Wyck Potter, the air, I think it would be a very excellent move for you to follow up this priceless act by dispensing with the services of that erstwhile defender of the oppressed people and the propagandous cinema, that destinktive, delousy, and de limit—Meyer Levin.

Think of all the renewals you would get if you had Robert Benchley, instead of that fugitive from an ash can, for your cinecritic. Why even the proudest Cuban might break his New Year resolution by peeking within your covers if you had Benchley. If your only reason for suppressing from this wise and profitable action is personal, give it not a thought. Think of what a success Meyer would be writing for the Hollywood *Romance & Confession Stories Magazine* under the caption of —*The Canned Cameraman.*

At first I thought his criticisms reached mediocrity, but after a little investigation of back copies, I found that most of the pictures he approved of were spectacular, propagandous trash within which entertainment value was entirely nil. According to Levin be sure to see *Fury*, all about the horrors of lynching; be sure to see *The President's Mystery*, it's good propaganda; be sure to see *Things To Come*, horrors of War and Fascism portrayed —horrors, horrors, horrors; propaganda, propaganda, propaganda.

Come now Esky, don't tell me you're going to let that guy run amuck much longer.

Gesundheit, Esky,

Howard Schonberger
Omaha, Nebr.

FILE UNDER TRUISMS NOTED

Every editor has a great responsibility towards the building up of the character of young people.

Every article and picture printed will dwell on some person's mind, and through that mind—help to build a character for a nation.

There is so much that is of fine quality in Esquire and so much that cheapens the whole magazine.

The responsibility is yours, Mr. Editor.

Faithfully,

A Lover of the Best
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

CROSS-EXAM

But you wouldn't rib us, would you, Miss Anonymous? You wouldn't be that buck-toothed and thick-lensed panter who posed for the "Before" exhibits? Anybody would look twice at her face. You wouldn't be that wife's-delight model who drooled and squeezed at pictures of men on horses or beaches or anything? You wouldn't be a tenor gone mad with frustration? You wouldn't have read more than one book, gaspingly adventurous under a bedlamp, writhing with Frank Harris? You wouldn't be another marriage club correspondent sending borrowed photographs? You wouldn't be another Kipling hank uncaressed, another cobwebbed portal, with hope eternal? You wouldn't be leading us on with your pseudo-boredom over those sissies with their sickly seven; the craved eighth; winner take all; I never knew it could be like this; you're so wonderful?

You don't ring true, darling. Theory without practice. Sound without Fury. Zazu Pitts as Dorothy Parker.

So many short cuts are bred of exigency. The results, after all, not the gestures, go down on our scorecards. Off the tees, we count our holes and strokes, not the waggles. Only the dub never aspires to make his birdies by sinking his approaches.

Sex should be fun, you protest. Sex *is* fun. You haven't learned your party lesson. You haven't comprehended that too long anticipation ruins realization; that the unexpected hot dog tastes better than the seven course culmination; that ecstasy is in spontaneity.

Have you, Wench, ever danced with a tall and slim Englishman who could translate his steps so delicately into incendiary enticement that you clutched at him and your breath while your quivering knees yawned eagerly for cumulative fillips?

Have you—But let us regard some of the integrity of Esquire. And my 'phone just said, "Have you read the first article in the February Esquire? Why don't you tell her—the gormorel? Or had you rather come over for an hour or something?"

Other approaches? Don't chafe so, child. Callow morning-after conscience begging stronger excuses. You always can brush off the dust, pick up your scattered vanities and try again. Hitch your little pushcart to the stars of Venus and Cleopatra. Casanova didn't know his way around, wearying himself so with approaches that he couldn't enjoy the fruits thereof.

I'm sorry. This wasn't intended as an eighth.

Appreciatively,

Philip Cavettiss
Bennington, Vt.

SOBERING THOUGHT

What is happening to those erstwhile clever, spicy, appropriate cartoons which the reading public has long associated with Esquire? Are your artists drawing salaries which are too low to warrant anything but slipshod efforts, or is the editorial staff becoming more lenient in their acceptance standards? Or are you not aware of the fact that your cartoons are becoming increasingly crude and vulgar, and decreasingly funny. They are. Take the word of fifty-one actives and pledges, most of whom have volunteered the information upon the perusal of one of the several Esquires which come to the house.

And who does Petty think he is? Does he think that those ravishing masterpieces of femininity are the be-all and end-all of the artist's skill, so that they require no background? The guy must be both lazy and conceited. His women are still grand, but I got quite a kick out of his clever color schemes in the backgrounds of his first few pictures. He may not know it, but his ability to color her surroundings had a lot to do with popularity of the Petty girl.

Esquire, you are slipping just a teeny bit. And don't quote circulation figures to prove I'm wrong. You know and I know that the American Public is a herd of sheep, quick to follow the general trend and slow to realize when it has gone sour on them. Your magazine is supposedly directed toward the more intelligent. These people demand that a joke or cartoon must be funny as well as spicy. Spice alone does not suffice.

Your reading matter remains OK for the most part. I hope Hemingway will be back soon to supply the touch it seems to lack.

H. Brooks Ely
Beta Theta Pi House
Pittsburgh, Pa.

DON'T WE

Youse guys sure have one helluva time, don't you?

Sagely yours,

Ernest Fruhbauer
Humboldt, Nebr.

RIPOSTE TO RASCOE—I

1937 FEB 14 PM 5 17
NA1124 208 NL 1-148-UD NEW YORK NY 14

EDITOR ESQUIRE MAGAZINE

919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE CHGO—PAGE 197 FEBRUARY ESQUIRE YOUR MR RASCOE TASTEFULLY DESCRIBES MY FRIEND AND EDITOR HENRY R LUCE AS QUOTE THE GET OF DOWN AT THE HEEL PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARIES IN TENGCHOWFU UNQUOTE STOP NO OBJECTION YOUR ATTACKING MAN FOR POVERTY OF HIS PARENTS IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT BUT EVEN SO ACCURACY IS DESIRABLE STOP ANY WESTERN EDUCATED CHINESE COULD HAVE TOLD YOU ELDER LUCE WAS ONE OF FOUNDERS MODERN EDUCATION IN CHINA AND MAN CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR CONSTRUCTION YENCHING UNIVERSITY STOP SAME CHINAMAN MIGHT ALSO HAVE CORRECTED SOME OF MR RASCOES OTHER FACTS STOP I HAVE WRITTEN FOR FORTUNE OFF AND ON FOR SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT HEARING LUCE CALLED IL DUCE OR RUNNING ACROSS EMPLOYEE WHO REFUSED TO MEET HIM SOCIALLY WHATEVER THAT ELEGANT PHRASE MEANS OR DISCOVERING MANY WRITERS WHO HESITATED TO TELL HIM HE WAS WET WHEN THEY THOUGHT SO WHICH WAS NOT INFREQUENTLY STOP SOME OF LUCES HIRED HELP ARE RADICAL ENOUGH TO SCARE MR RASCOE SILLY AND SOME ARE REACTIONARY ENOUGH TO MAKE MR RASCOE LOOK LIKE A BOLSHEVIK BUT NONE SO FAR AS I HAVE OBSERVED LOWER THEIR VOICES WHEN THEY HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY STOP IN THE INTEREST IF ANY OF TRUTH I REQUEST YOU PUBLISH THIS CORRECTION IN FULL.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

RIPOSTE TO RASCOE—II

1937 FEB 14 PM 10 38
NA1440 191 NL-UD NEW YORK NY 14
EDITOR ESQUIRE MAGAZINE

919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE CHGO—REQUEST YOU PRINT FOLLOWING COMMENTS ON GRATUITOUSLY FOUL MISSTATEMENTS PAGE ONE NINETY SEVEN FEBRUARY ESQUIRE CONCERNING TIME MAGAZINE AND ITS PUBLISHER STOP THE FATHER OF HENRY LUCE RENDERED DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC SERVICE TO THE CHINESE PEOPLE FOR MANY YEARS AS ANY EDUCATED CHINESE WILL CONFIRM STOP TO HIS ORGANIZING LEADERSHIP CHINA OWES THE CONSTRUCTION OF ITS MODERN YENCHING UNIVERSITY STOP THIS WAS BUILT BY JOINT AMERICAN AND CHINESE GIFTS AND IS TODAY ONE OF THE FINEST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS IN THE FAR EAST SERVING CHINESE STUDENTS OF ALL CLASSES PARTICULARLY THOSE OF THE MASSES FROM EVERY PROVINCE IN VAST CHINA STOP TO HAVE DESCRIBED THIS GREAT EDUCATOR AND CHRISTIAN TEACHER AS A DOWN AT THE HEEL MISSIONARY AT THE TIME OF HIS SONS BIRTH IS NOT ONLY FALSE BUT DEEPLY RESENTED BY ALL WHO KNOW HENRY LUCE AND HIS FATHER STOP SINCE THE FOREIGN AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT OF TIME HAS BEEN IN MY CHARGE FOR THE PAST TWELVE YEARS I HAVE MANY MEANS OF KNOWING THE WIDE ESTEEM IN WHICH MY FRIENDS LUCE AND HIS FATHER ARE HELD IN THIS WORLD AND I ASK THAT ESQUIRE PUBLISH IN FULL THIS CORRECTION OF GROSS ERROR

LAIRD GOLDSBOROUGH

METHOD OF A MASTER

I have just read the article *The Wench Is Not Amused* in your February issue. Apparently the anonymous lady who wrote this article has never met a real master in the ignoble art of seduction because no real master would ever employ such crude and obvious methods as those listed in her seven point program.

The technique of the master is based on his expert knowledge of human vanity and how to use that weakness to accomplish his ends. Your lady writer admits that she is vain and I must therefore conclude that she would be just as susceptible to his finesse as most other women are.

When a master seducer meets a woman who arouses his animal nature, the very first thing he does is to wound her vanity. This gets him fixed definitely in her mind. As their acquaintance develops she gets the definite impression that he dislikes her. And that is exactly the impression he wants her to have. After that first meeting he manages to get invited to everything she attends. They are friendly enough, yet she notices that he seldom asks her for more than one dance while he dances with other girls often.

He is popular with all her girl friends now and they all wonder why she has failed to register with him. In her little chats with him he never compliments her on her beauty or her lovely gowns and he never joins the group of admirers who always flock around her. Furthermore, he is always doing or saying something to jar her feelings—nothing positively rude, mind you—but none the less effective in wounding that vanity of hers. For instance, when she tried to force a compliment on a new gown he gave her a criticism instead. Why, he hasn't even accepted her invitation to call, although she has seen him calling on her friend just a few doors away.

Now there is no woman—or very few at best—who can stand this subtle punishment from a man they like, especially if he is popular and attractive.

Pretty women are accustomed to adulation and flattery from men and when they meet a man who fails to dish it out he instantly becomes an object of curiosity worthy of emotional research and dissection. The time arrives when the lady responds to the natural impulse to find out why this man—whom she likes—seems to dislike her; why his attitude toward her is so friendly and yet so unfriendly. For instance when she was ill he sent her a gorgeous bouquet of roses but later, after she had recovered, he excluded her from a party to which he invited all of her girl friends.

The lady in the case is now mentally prepared to assume the role that the master intended her to assume—the role of huntress.

From now on, as she continues to pursue him, he will keep backing away from her. The master never advances. He is always in retreat. The day (or night) comes when she backs him right into his bedroom. But even there he makes no advance until she flings herself desperately into his arms. At this point in the proceedings gallantry compels him to respond.

The master never chases women. He makes them chase him. Equipped with superb self control and infinite patience, he plays on a woman's vanity like a master musician playing a musical instrument. And he seldom fails. Why? Because she won't let him. Curiosity killed the cat and it will also bag the wench.

Anonymous Varlet
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIX-TIMING THE WENCH

The gal that wrote *The Wench Is Not Amused*, really burned me up. Why didn't she finish the article and suggest some new approaches?

It appears as if a man has *seven* different ways of making a woman, but please show me the woman that uses anything but sex to make a man.

The wench admitted this when she said, quote, "I don't want to look at Russia. Blouses and smocks? Not with my torso."

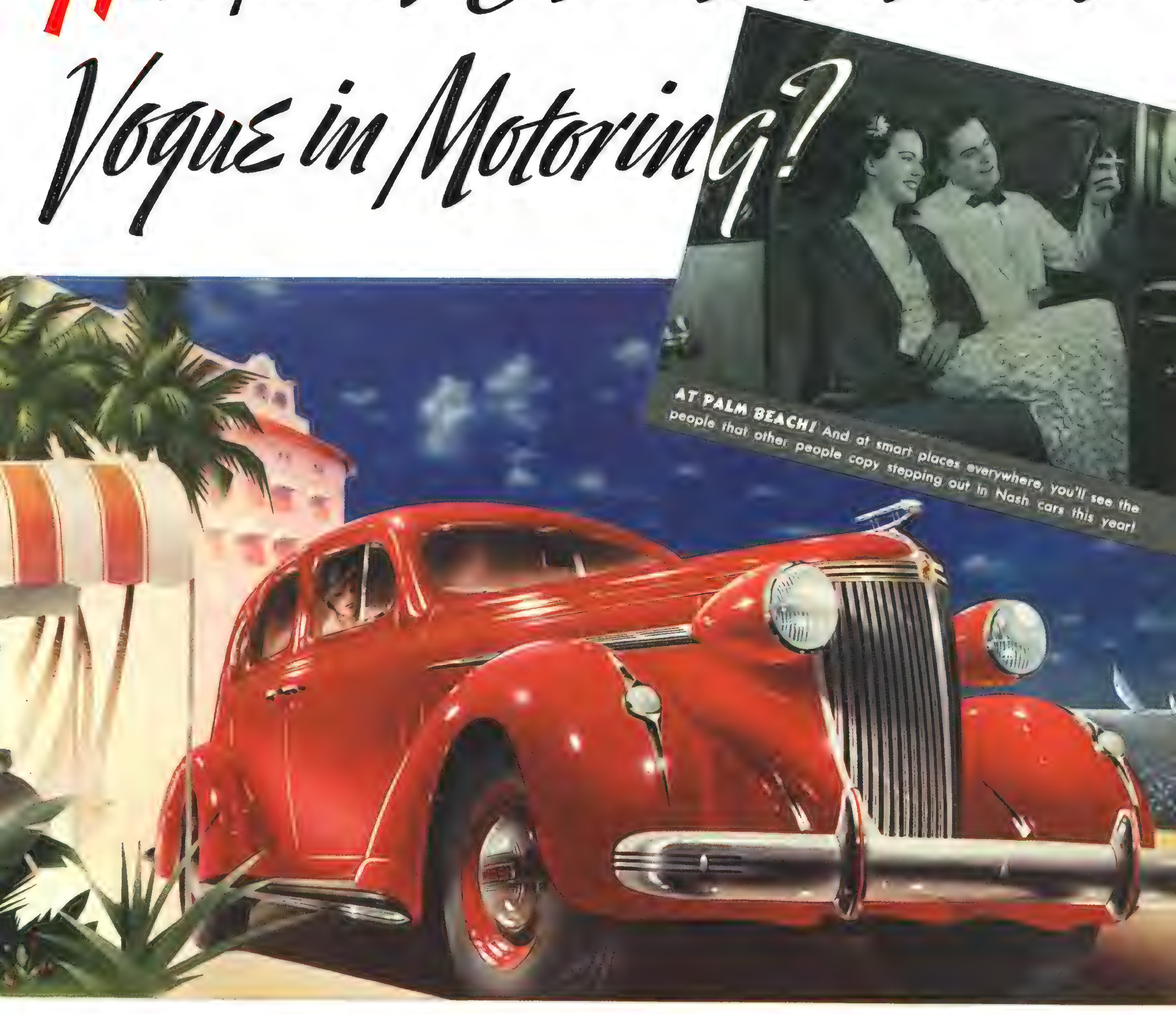
Well, I guess we men are still *six* times better than women.

Sincerely,

Frank S. Painter
Millersburg, Ohio

Continued on page 187

Has Nash Started a new Vogue in Motoring?



AT PALM BEACH! And at smart places everywhere, you'll see the people that other people copy stepping out in Nash cars this year!

From Actual Photograph of Nash Ambassador Six 4-Door Sedan with trunk

The swing to Nash grows stronger . . . thousands realize it's no longer smart to be too thrifty . . . when you can get such big cars for so little more than small cars cost!

● A few years ago it was the "style" to scrimp and save on the family automobile. But not this year. Thousands are getting out of the "small car" class. They are changing to Nash . . . stepping out in style again!

And never before have such big cars cost so little. The Nash LaFayette-"400" is a great big 117-inch wheelbase car . . . much bigger than any of "all three" small cars. But compare prices on the 4-door sedan models. *You'll be astonished!* This big Nash costs just a few dollars more.

The Nash Ambassador Sixes and Eights are the last word in luxurious motoring. They're powered with "Twin Ignition" engines. And all Nash cars give you oversized hydraulic brakes, strong steel bodies, wide seats, extra headroom and legroom—*plus* those vital engineering features that make Nash cars run smoother and "sweeter" for years.

Go to your Nash dealer. See how much more Nash gives you for your money. Then you'll *know* why thousands are changing to Nash.

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121-inch wheelbase

NASH AMBASSADOR EIGHT
125-inch wheelbase

NASH

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1937 X-RAY SYSTEM NOW READY!

The first complete summary available to the public of all the facts about all the new cars. Reveals some astonishing differences in cars of the same price. See it at any Nash showroom. Buy with your eyes open this year!

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"REBELS MOVE ON MADRID"... and there it was in detail on the exact duplicate of the map Rebel leaders are using for their campaign. We were assured that this shop carried the largest assortment of maps in the country. Here one can plot a motor route from Cherbourg to Vladivostok with detours up to date. Here is found a marine atlas showing soundings and lights for over 90,000 harbors throughout the world. Maps of London, Sauk Center and San Francisco's Chinatown. For historians... a chart in contemporary graph form of the world's history from 2000 B.C. through 1933. This particular job struck us as the most compact and inexpensive piece of valuable information we've seen since a seventh grade note from our blonde girl friend said "amo te". Let Napoleons of today ask for further information.

A VERY LITTLE SHAVER... if midgets were the manufacturers we could readily understand why this safety razor has a one inch blade and a one and a half inch handle. An obliging clerk set us straight..."you know"..."the dainty fairer sex"..."their own property"..."no swiping your favorite shaver", etc. We bowed and also bought. Passing thought—ideal for the close cropping and border work of fastidious moustaches. Score: Female ... 2, Male ... 1.

BIG "GAME" HUNTERS can rest awhile—as we've found for them a colossal one. An old friend is chess, but this particular set of men was stricken with elephantiasis. Myoptic (near-sighted to you) chess maniacs will relish these four and five inch figures carved of ivory. May we also report that domino doters who want to dote to the tune of over a hundred bucks for a set may obtain spots before their eyes on solid mother of pearl at this same store. They're black-eyed beauties—and should be for their price!

NO TOY, BUT THE McCOY! It grinds, drills, cuts, polishes, saws, carves, sands and engraves. And you hold it in the palm of your hand! Not a dentist's tool, but a neat trick for home tinkerers is this high speed electric multi-purposed machine. Amateur Cellinis or Duncan Phyffes will go mechanically berserk with this buzzer that clicks off no less than a cool 25,000 revolutions per minute, thus qualifying in the Central American Bush League. If more statistics are desired, it uses two hundred different accessories, operating with equal efficiency on DC or AC.

FOOTPRINT FOULARDS in heavy silk are the newest note in neckwear design. The pattern depicts the pedal positions of "side car" sippers around a bar. Hence, these good-looking ties are called cocktail cravats. This same shop for cruise and warm weather wear carries a natty array of extra-heavy, natural-color linen ties with stripes and figures in cool clear colors.

NEEDLEPOINT as far as we are concerned has always applied to that strictly feminine mummery which produced a stool covering or in finer detail a rather choice petit-point purse. Now we men are to be given the needle—and to be candid the result is not too tough to take. House slippers with the conventional patent leather heels present a toe cap covered with a solid color yarn. The big attraction, however, is the contrasting color initials or monogram. A Gotham "shoppe" where we have an "inne" will supply your wife or secretary with all the makings and then after she's done her "pointing" return it for mounting and lining by a custom bootmaker. And page Ripley—they're a knockout.

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Apricot Nectar Liqueur
MR. BOSTON
BOURBON LIQUEUR
OLD MR BOSTON
Rock & Rye

YOUR LIQUOR TASTE NEEDS A CHANGE, TOO

Do you sometimes feel like a machine — all wheels and gears inside? Don't blame it on "this machine age" . . . it's your routine drinking. You don't have to limit yourself to Dry Martinis or Rye Highballs. This is a free country. Have a mind of your own and be individualistic in what you drink. Treat your weary liquor taste to something new and see what a beautiful world this really is. Here are three new starting points . . .

OLD MR. BOSTON APRICOT NECTAR LIQUEUR — 80 Proof

Here's the taste of luscious ripe fruit with a twinkle in its eye Old Mr Boston Nectar Liqueurs are delicious both as a before-dinner or after-dinner drink. Four flavors for zesty variety — Apricot, Blackberry, Wild Cherry and Peach . . . Pour straight or serve in a highball.

OLD MR. BOSTON RYE OR BOURBON LIQUEUR — 90 Proof

The same good old flavor brought up to modern conceptions of subtle smoothness . . . authority plus diplomacy. Designed for drinking straight but it's also a good mixer. Try it this way . . .

WHISKEY SOUR — use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Rye or Bourbon Liqueur
¾ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake and strain. Add piece of ice and fill with seltzer. Decorate with half slice of lemon.

OLD MR. BOSTON ROCK & RYE 80 Proof

The old standby for that chill. But this delicious drink doesn't need any excuse. Your best companion at the fireside or the window as you watch the snow falling.

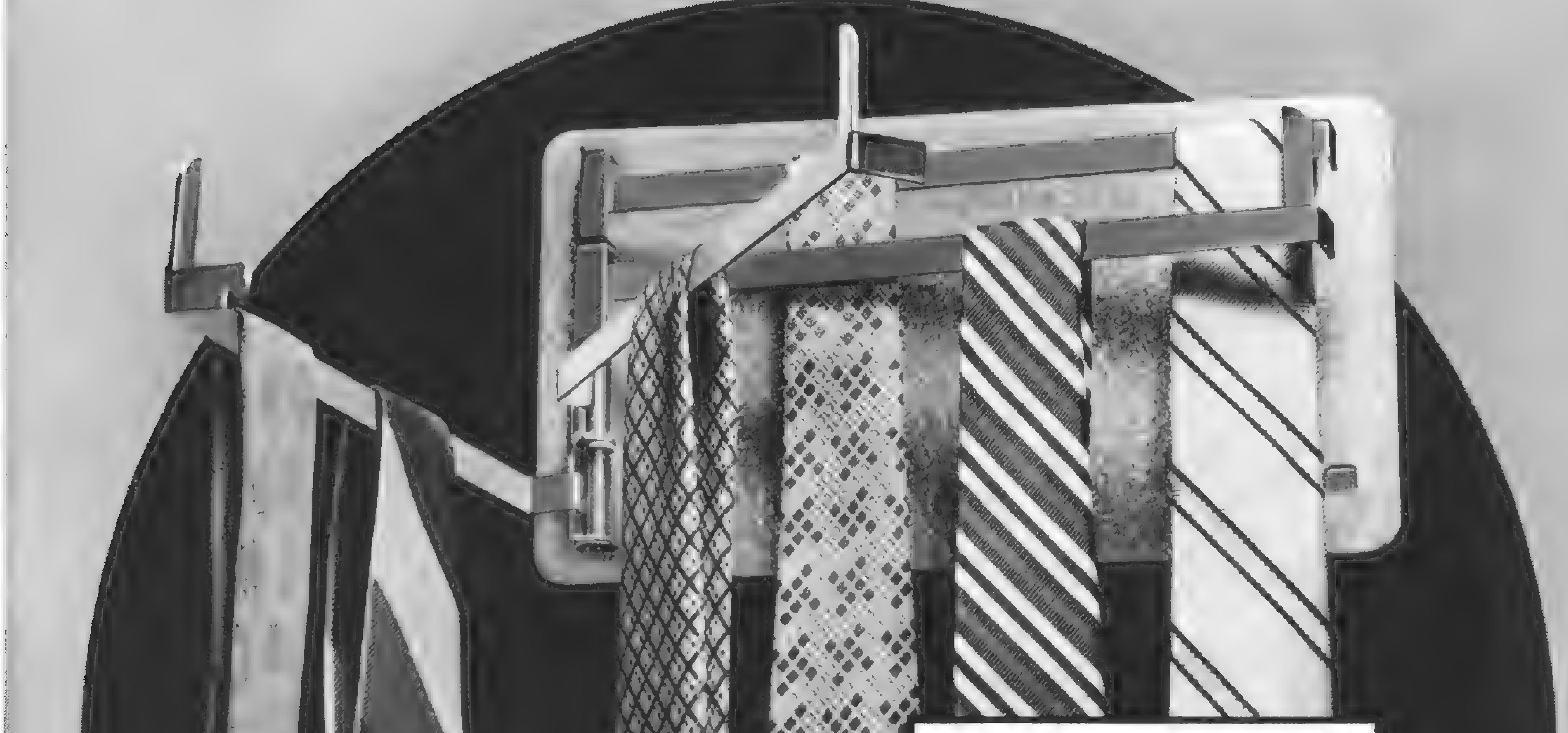
Drink it straight or in a highball. On a cold night try adding a half jigger of hot water to a jigger of Old Mr. Boston Rock and Rye.

OLD MR. BOSTON
Fine Liquors
BEN BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

Try Something Different

COPR. 1937 BEN BURK, INC.

JUST THE RIGHT TIE . . . IN Six Seconds FLAT!



No more hanging favorite ties on door knobs and chandeliers . . . and then wondering where in blazes you put them! No more scrambling through a drawer, rumpling all your ties to find the right one! Your every-morning, time-killing game of blind man's buff is over!

★ There hang all your ties on the four plated bars of the Campbell! A flip of the finger unlatches the lower bar—all four swing wide. You see every tie full length—a choice in six seconds is easy!

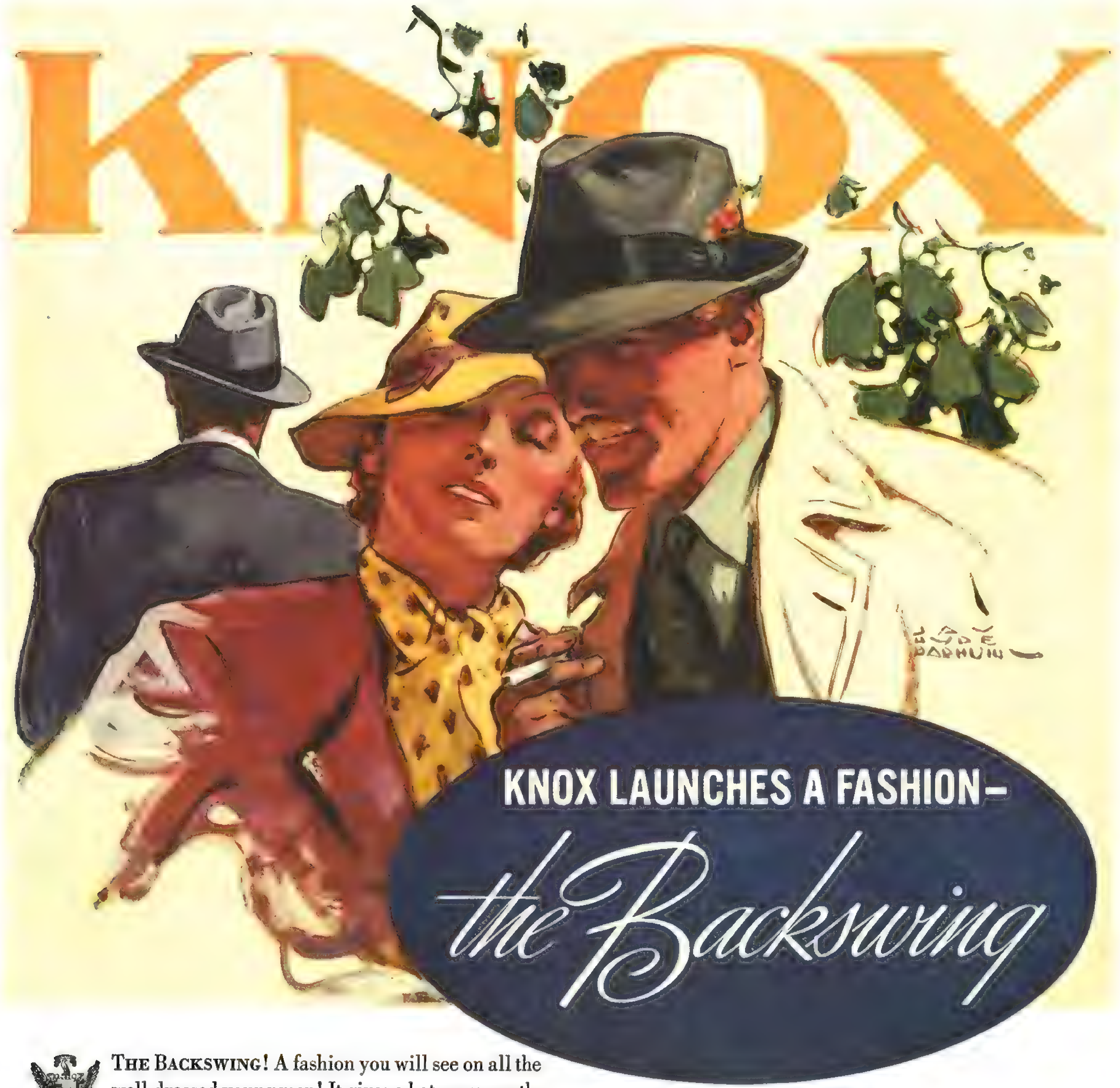
★ The bars are staggered . . . each farther out than the one above . . . a *patented, exclusive Campbell feature!* It provides for 32 ties without overlapping, or 64 by doubling up . . . all hanging straight, unwrinkled. Measuring only 8¾" x 4⅝", the Campbell Tie Rack fits snugly on the inside of a closet door, or other handy place. Its streamlined back is smartly finished in a choice of three colors—Black, Ivory or Red.

★ LADIES! Everything said about neckwear also applies to your BELTS, SCARFS, RIBBONS and WHAT-NOTS. So hang them on a Campbell!

★ Ask at leading department stores, gift shops and men's stores for the Campbell Tie Rack. If unable to find it, send us check or money order for $1.00 ($1.25 outside United States and possessions). Be sure to specify the color you prefer.

★
Campbell
TIE RACK

CAMPBELL PRODUCTS CO.
287 No. Allen Ave. Dept. E-4 Pasadena, California



The Backswing! A fashion you will see on all the well-dressed young men! It gives a hat more youth, more grace, more snap. It sets the pace for the entire trend of hat design.

The Backswing! A sharp tilt in the back which gives graceful sweep to the wider brim...balance with the lower crown.

New! The Backswing is the fashion note of the year. It is accented by a novel welt on the underbrim.

Youthful! The keen style of the Backswing appeals to young men. It suggests the modern spirit...freedom...vitality. You will find the Backswing in the new Knox Hats. The illustration shows two. In the foreground, the Knox "Fifth Avenue Special." In the background, the Knox "Premier."

The Backswing is the fashion success of the season. In colors fresh as spring! Ask for it at any Knox shop.

KNOX HATS $7.50 TO $40

Here's the Backswing in a rough mixture hat correct with country clothes...for active outdoor life.

The Backswing adds spirit to a smooth-finished hat for town wear, for travel, for business.

These thoroughly new, semi-sports hats have the Backswing for style...lines built to stay.

KNOX THE HATTER, FIFTH AVENUE AT 40th STREET, NEW YORK · · · AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Built for those who would be missed in the community

To provide the utmost in safety General has developed the Dual 10 tire. The unusual tread design of flexible ribbons of rubber makes it possible to stop a car quicker at 60 in the rain than ordinary tires stop at 50 in dry weather. One experience in preventing an accident that might have been fatal to you or others will make you quickly forget the somewhat higher cost of this remarkable tire. Property damage as well as human damage are further removed from reality when you ride on these tires. From the standpoint of year around safety everyone should have the protection the General Dual 10 provides.

The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

$20,000,000 WAS PAID FOR ELECTRIC RAZORS IN 1936

Packard Lektro-Shaver now has 45,000 retail outlets . . . Packard reached 12,000 daily production in 1936 . . . in one year Packard reached largest daily production of electric razors in the world . . . Packard is world's largest user of steel drill rod . . . Packard used more than 150,000 miles of wire (more than 3 times around the earth!) in shaver motors in 1936.

BERT LAHR (*in tails*) TO REGGIE GARDINER (*in lather*):
"WHAT A QUAINT OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM"
U. S. Pat. 1,970,518. Other Patents Pending

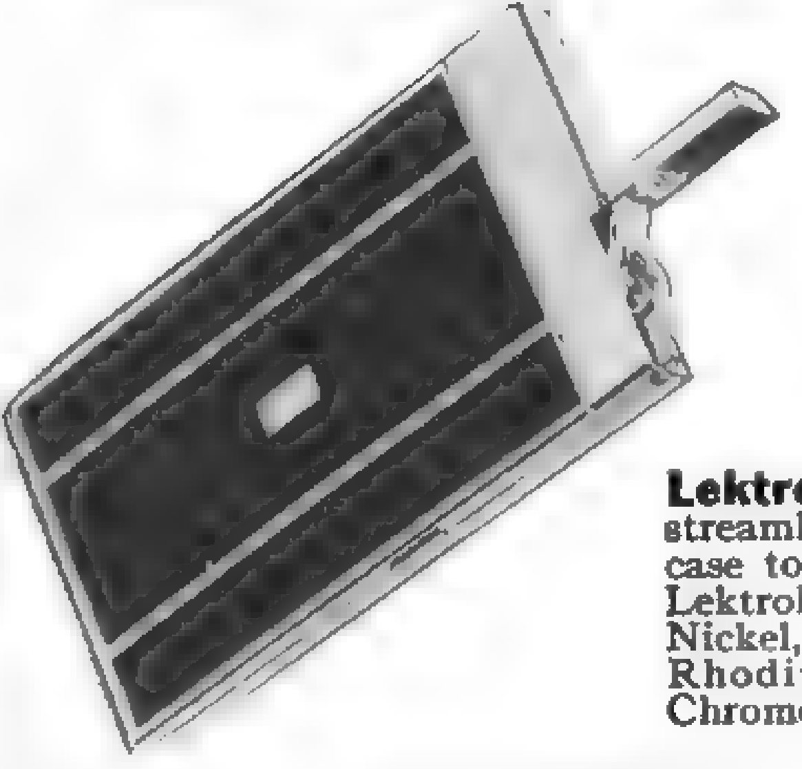
"THE SHOW IS ON"
at the Winter Garden, N.Y.
Starring
BEATRICE LILLIE
BERT LAHR
REGINALD GARDINER
And Featuring
Mitzi Mayfair
Gracie Barrie
Vera Allen
Paul Haakon

PACKARD
LEKTRO-SHAVER
THE ONLY SHAVER WITH THE ROUND CUTTING HEAD

The Packard Lektro-Shaver gives the world's best shave . . . quickly . . . painlessly; without brush, lather, creams or lotions. It can't cut, nip or scrape your skin. Only the Packard offers the patented smooth, round, four-motion cutting head. If your dealer cannot supply you, you may order direct, using the coupon below.

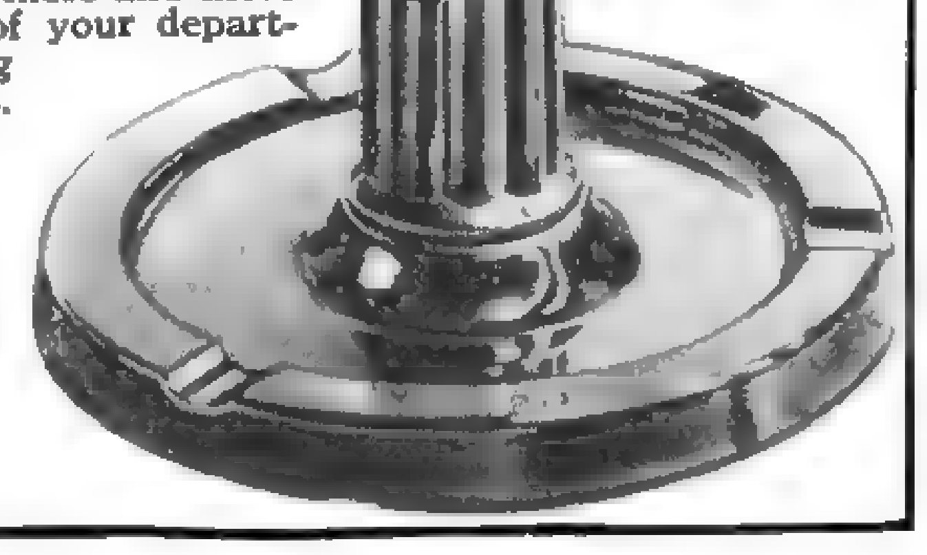
Made by Dictograph Products Co., Inc. World service through Dictograph—150 Acousticon-Dictograph service points in the United States alone.

THE PROGRESS CORPORATION, 1 E. 43rd STREET, NEW YORK



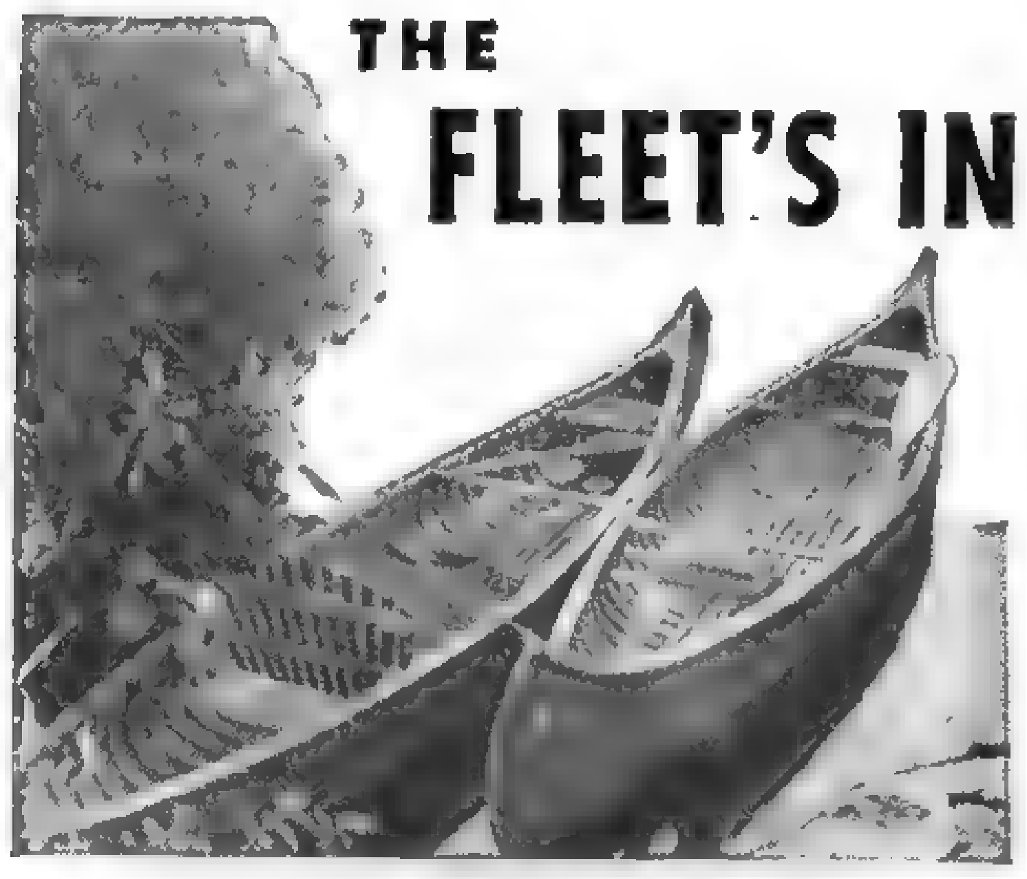
Desk Lektrolite with Tray: You'll always have a light because the lighter goes *at least six months* on a filling of Lektrolite fluid. No wheels, no wicks, no flints. Flameless. Windproof. Satin Chrome, $7.50—Enamel, $17.50. See all of these and more at the Progress Counter of your department store; in principal drug stores; in many cigar stores.

Lektrocase . . . is new, slick, streamlined. A good-sized cigarette case topped with built-in quarterly Lektrolite (fills only four times a year). Nickel, $7.50—Chrome, $10.00—Rhodium engine-turn, $12.50—Chrome and Enamel, $15.00.



PROGRESS CORP., DEPT. N-1, 1 E. 43rd ST., N.Y.
Please send me Packard Lektro-Shaver. Enclosed is check (money order) for $15 (or send C.O.D.)
Please send me items checked:
☐ Lektro-Shaver ☐ Lektrocase ☐ Desk Lektrolite
*Name*______________________________
*Address*______________________________
DEALER'S NAME______________________________

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

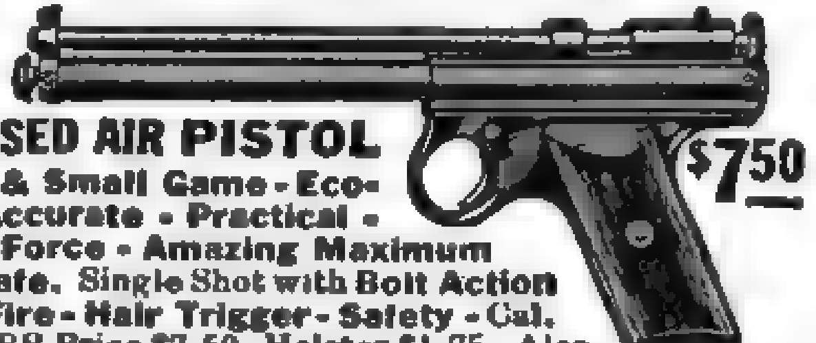


THE FLEET'S IN

An Old Town Canoe will take you to pleasure . . . discover the quiet, cool spots. You can picnic and camp on the water's brim. Live the wild life of the Indian. Old Towns are twins for the birchbark craft. They're sturdier, though, and safer. Balanced to bound at the dip of the blade. Strong to last through many seasons.

Paddle your own Old Town Canoe. Inexpensive to buy and to keep. Write for a free catalog showing many models for paddling, and sailing. Sponson and square-stern types. Also a fleet of outboard boats, including big, fast Oceanboats for the family. Old Town Canoe Company, 384 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"



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SAFE

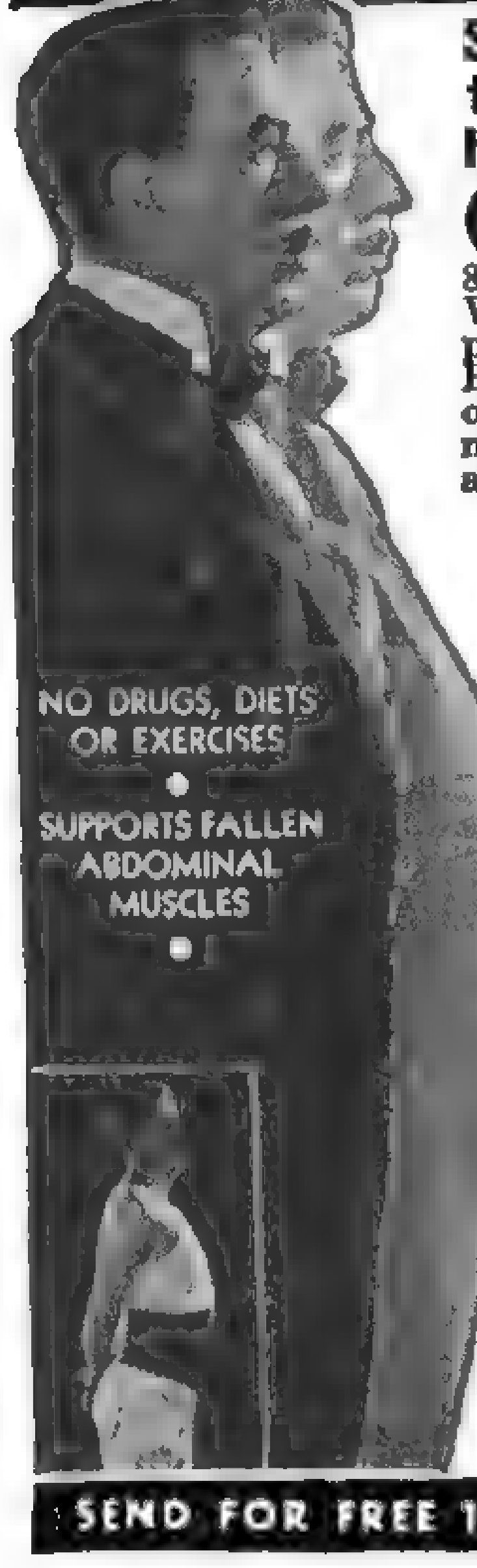
COMPRESSED AIR PISTOL $7.50

For Target & Small Game - Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50, Holster $1.75. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. The Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistols & Rifles On The Market. Full Details - Targets - Free - Write for Introductory Offer. Benjamin Air Rifle Co. 699 N. B'way, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.

GOKEY BOTTÉ SAUVAGE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850

Water-Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. Write for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

GOKEY COMPANY
Dept. E. St. Paul, Minnesota



"*I have* **REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"**
...writes George Bailey

NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES
SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

SMART CLOTHES CEASE to be SMART if you have a "BAY WINDOW"

GET rid of it the Weil Belt way! "My waist 8 inches smaller", writes W. L. McGinnis; "Lost 50 pounds" says W. L. Anderson. Experiences of thousands of other men justify us in making you this unqualified agreement:

IF YOU do not REDUCE YOUR WAIST 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
it will cost you nothing!

You will appear inches slimmer at once and will be completely comfortable as the gentle pressure and the massage-like action of your Weil Belt persistently eliminate fat with every move you make! Gives an erect, athletic carriage, keeps digestive organs in place . . . and with loss of fat come increased pep and greater endurance.

Send for illustrated folder and details of 10-day FREE trial offer!

THE WEIL CO., 584 Hill St.
New Haven, Conn.

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

"LITTLE SQUIRT MAKES GOOD...cocktails better." Perhaps you've never realized that those Houdinis of the Bar are oiling your Martini when they twist the lemon peel over the glass. A new "gat" gadget for home use now performs this professional rite with a G-Man touch. Insert the small strip of peel in this aluminum pistol, pull the trigger and the surface citrus oil shoots directly into the already poured drink—and not along with "the mud in your eye".

THOSE CIRCULAR STAINS on the coffee table never came from Java. Nor do these new wafer-thin coasters that are little more than circular blotters, enlivened by a waffle-iron embossing (to prevent skids) and "Scotties" in different colors (to prevent plainness). The secret of their success is two-fold, First—they *do* absorb glass-sweat and secondly—they come nearly 200 to the box, and are cheap. The manufacturer even throws in a neat chrome holder that can be a suitable living room source of supply as the extra guests drift in for a "touch".

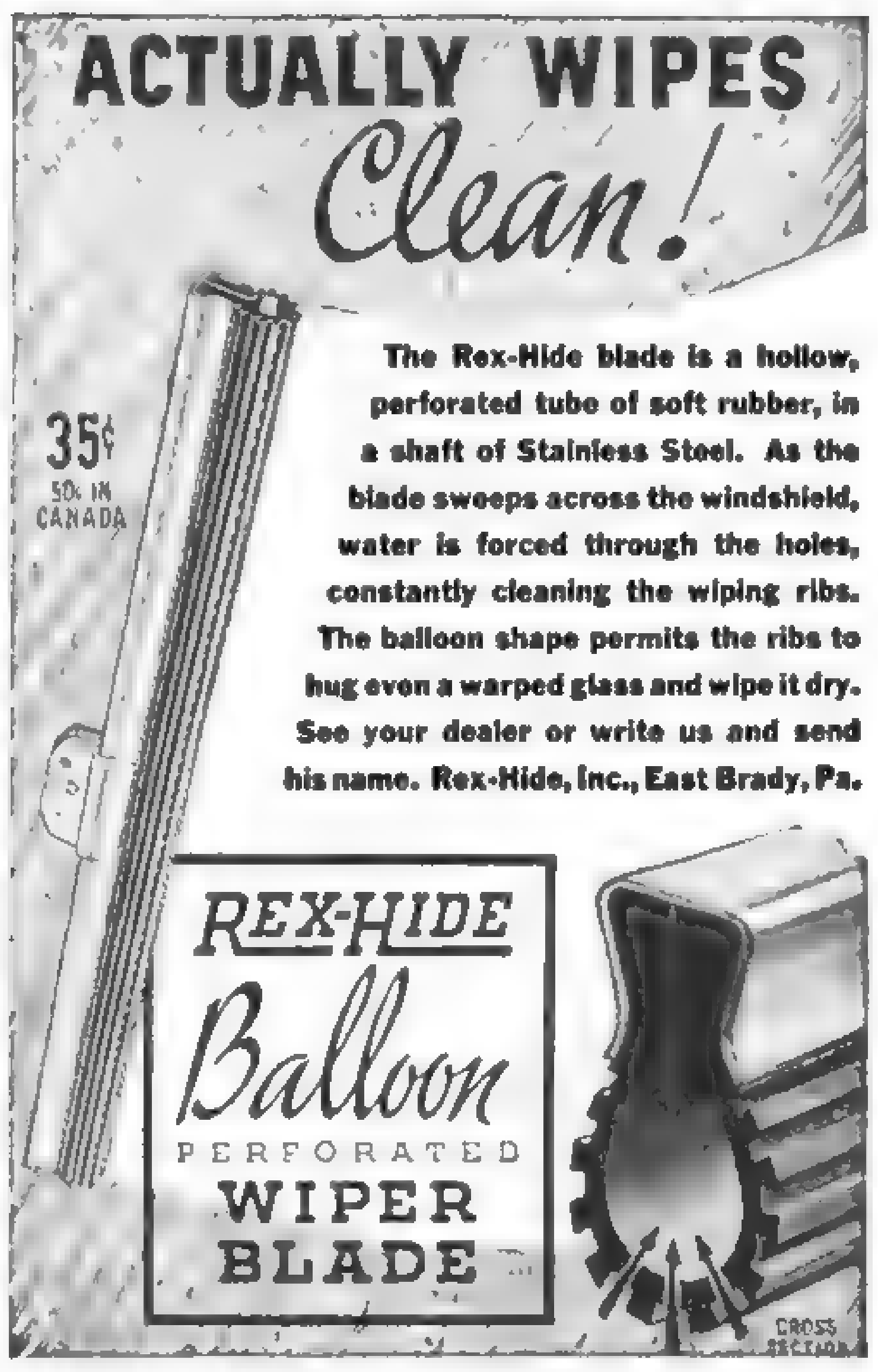
AS A GENERAL RULE peanuts are not sold by the foot. However, as a gag and a grand gesture as well, we've dug up a rare-foods dispenser who offers a yard long cellophane tube of these tubers for a shilling. We can't forget the comparison a usually reserved English friend of ours made when this particular parcel was handed him as booby prize after an evening of bridge. Sorry that postal regulations won't allow us to pass it on.

FIE ON FIREPLACE FIENDS who kindle their hearth logs with old newspapers! Not that we recommend the woodsman stunt of rubbing two Boy Scouts together—but wish to point out the newest and neatest trick. Neatest, because these very small oil-impregnated brickettes come wrapped in cellophane. You merely touch a match to one of the little cubes under the logs and away it merrily blazes for fifteen minutes. Easy to carry, these are a sure-fire proposition for campers and autoists, the latter using them as warning flares while changing a flat at night. Their price per dozen is ridiculous, as you usually tip a waitress as much.

TO KEEP THE MERCURY FROM RISING we've invested in a desk thermometer of new design. The mercury can't go up because this temperature guide bends round in a circle, reading like a clock or speedometer dial. There is no hand, like other circular models, as the mercury itself travels a circuitous route in the bent tube with the figures marked alongside. It really gives us the heebeejeebees, because it reads counter-clockwise and we find ourselves turning up the thermostat.

MAN OVERBOARD! But undaunted would he be if under his jacket he wore a new vest we spotted recently. Safety with no bulk, as it weighs slightly over a pound. Two short "rip-cords" at either hip when jerked release twin cartridges of compressed CO_2. Instantly the air-tight vest inflates like a pouter pigeon and you float like a duck. Foolproof because of two emergency-valved tubes at the neck where you can huff and puff it up yourself. Approved by the Government for its naval aviators and priceless for sea-going comfort, mentally as well as physically.

IF YOU HAVE TOO MANY PIPES, here's another you'll want to own. For true tobacco flavor nothing approaches a small clay bowl. England now sends over these earthenware furnaces with a conventional hard rubber bit and silver band. No more lip-sticking on clay stems—a memory you may recall from soap bubble days.



ACTUALLY WIPES *Clean!*

35¢
50¢ IN CANADA

The Rex-Hide blade is a hollow, perforated tube of soft rubber, in a shaft of Stainless Steel. As the blade sweeps across the windshield, water is forced through the holes, constantly cleaning the wiping ribs. The balloon shape permits the ribs to hug even a warped glass and wipe it dry. See your dealer or write us and send his name. Rex-Hide, Inc., East Brady, Pa.

REX-HIDE *Balloon* PERFORATED WIPER BLADE

CONDITIONS LEATHER Without Rubbing In

Good leather needs care—*but not hard work.* Treat it with LEXOL, the self-penetrating leather conditioner. LEXOL, spread on the surface, goes deep into the fibres of the leather. No Rubbing. No Grease. Send 25c for 2 oz. trial size . . $1.00, full pint.

MARTIN DENNIS COMPANY
855 Summer Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Welta Welti
36 SHOTS WITH F:2.8 TESSAR LENS $48.50
at
CANDID CAMERA HEADQUARTERS
BASS CAMERA CO.
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FOR **SMART APPEARANCE** AT **LOW COST**
BUY WHERE YOU SEE This Sign

THE ROYAL TAILORS
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HAVE YOUR CLOTHES *Tailored to Measure*

IT COSTS SO LITTLE . . . THE *Royal Way!*

Yes, it's hard to believe—unless you have purchased "Royal" clothes yourself—that so much value, service, and smart styling can be had for such low prices. That's why we urge you to visit your "Royal" Dealer and *compare values!* You'll marvel at his display of all-wool fabrics in the newest Spring shades and his LOW PRICES for *tailored-to-measure* garments will be a pleasant surprise.

Write today for our new folder, "The Royal Road to Smartness"—it's FREE.

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The "Royal" franchise is still available in many excellent territories. Write for details.

Nobutton Shirt
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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

★Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Enjoy new freedom and comfort with the exclusive John David "Nobutton" Shirt. No Buttons, no mechanical fasteners, no tricks. Smart-looking, well-tailored and fits correctly. No more annoyance from missing buttons, nor frayed, torn button-holes. Slip it over your head and it adapts itself to your individual comfort. To wear a tie, merely adjust the collar with the tie and that's all there is to it. Correct tailoring assures that front opening will not gape or bulge. For active sports, it looks trim and neat worn open at the neck, because it's tailored that way, too. Choice of White or Medium Blue Oxford Cloth. Made with half-sleeves only for utmost comfort.

$1.95 Each 3 FOR $5.75

Address Mail Orders
1271 Broadway,
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With Bow-Knot Tie

With Four-In-Hand

For Tennis

For Golf

For Riding

For Boating

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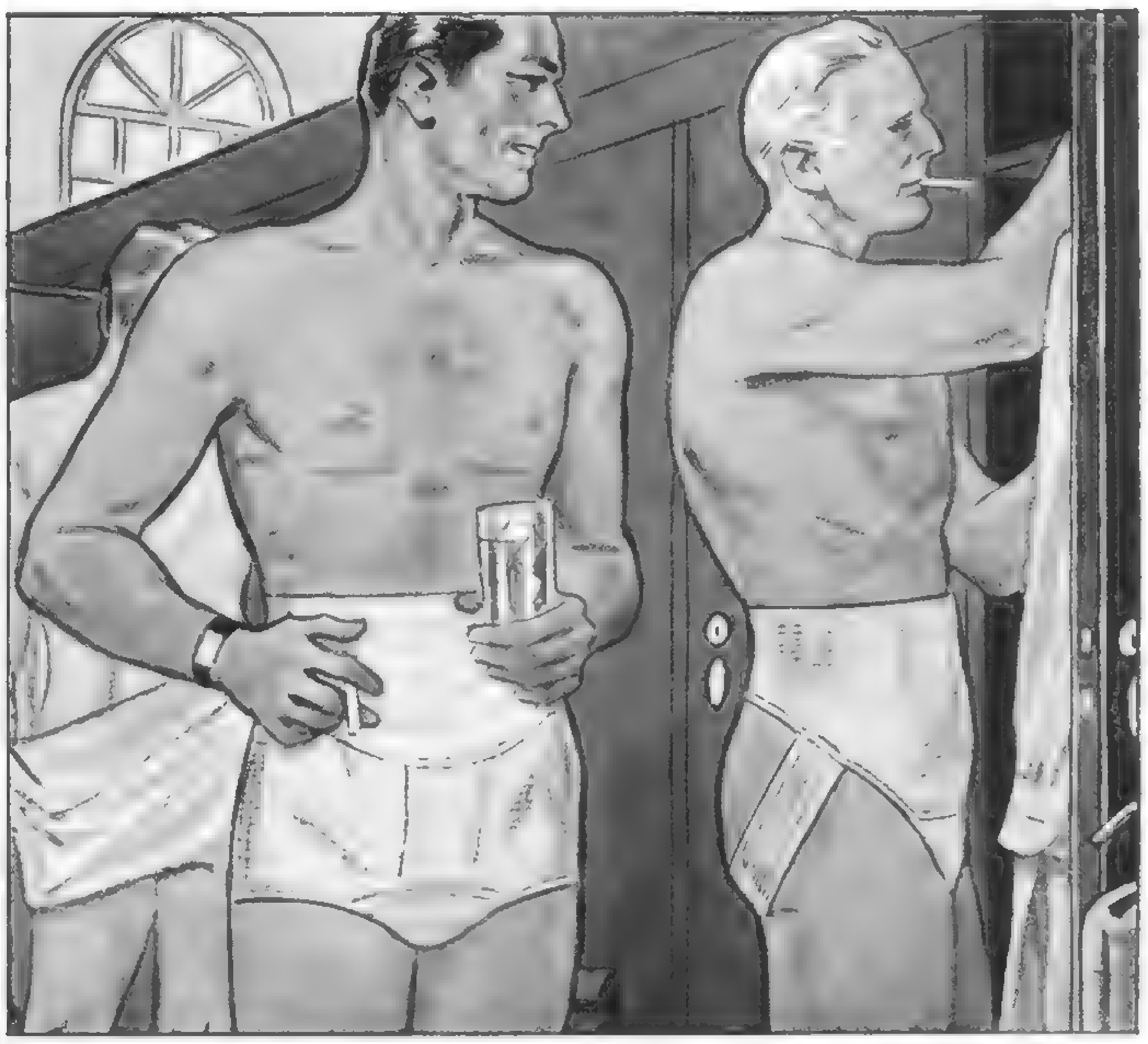
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
Fashions For Men

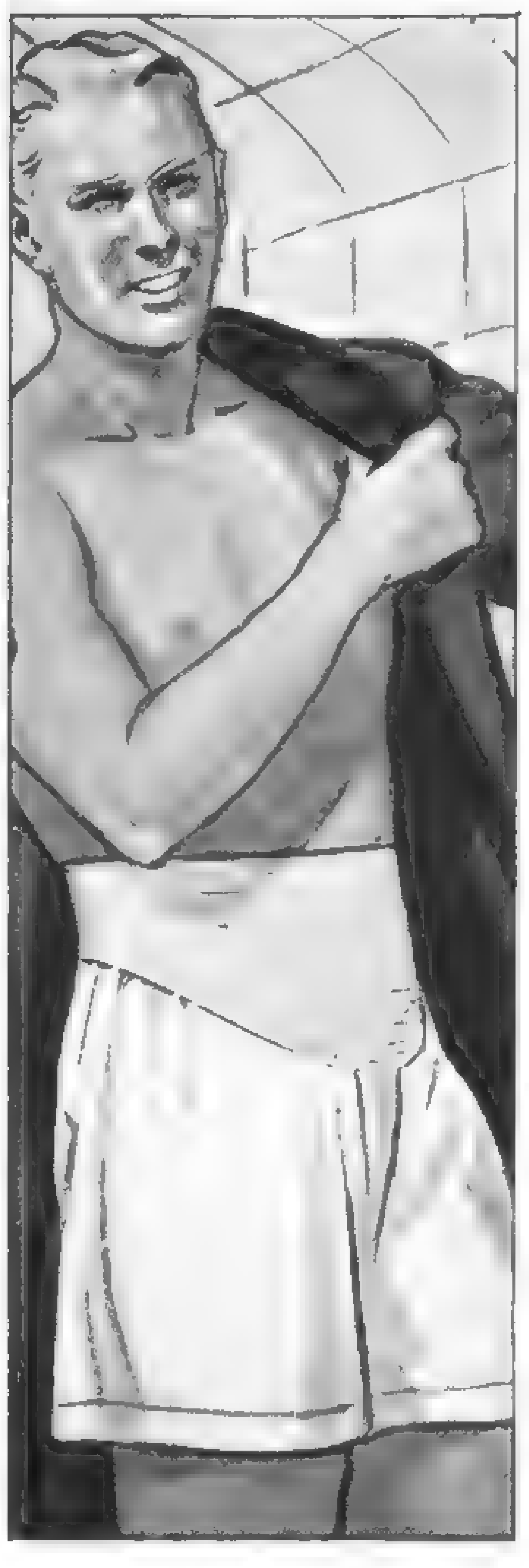


Keep Your Athletic Figure!

Wear The John David NEW ★"MALE-GIRD" $1

A Man's Ideal Supporter

Thousands of men are grateful for the comfort the ★"MALE-GIRD" gives, because it offers extra support where needed most—for the abdominal muscles. It is made with Lastex to permit necessary stretch. Its action is firm, but resilient to every move of the body. It helps reduce the waistline and improve the posture. Three practical models, either of which can be worn comfortably at all times—at work, at play, or with evening clothes. When ordering please give your waist measurement and state if the Broadcloth Shorts *(lower left)*; the Knitted Type Drawer *(upper left)*; or the Sports Model *(upper right)* is wanted.



Five Sizes—30 to 48 Waist
To Fit You Correctly

Small	Medium	Med. Large	Large	Ex. Large
30"-32"	34"-36"	38"-40"	42"-44"	46"-48"

*The "Male-Gird" Is Patented—U. S. Pat. 2,059,820

COMPARE!

John David, Inc., Mail Service Department
1271 Broadway, New York

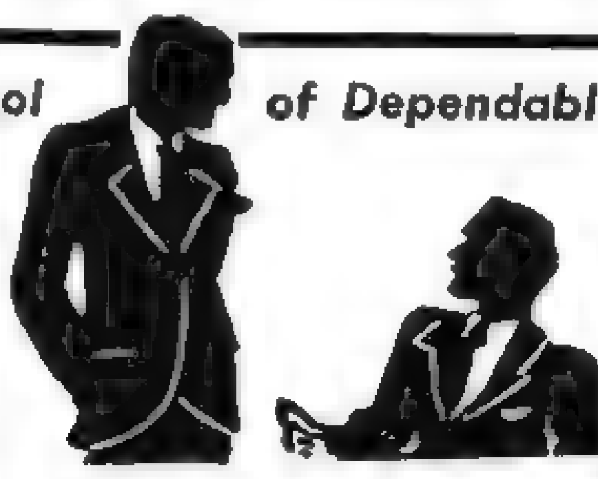
Kindly send the following as advertised in "Esquire"
Charge My Acct. ☐ Check or M. O. ☐ C. O. D. ☐

ARTICLE	MODEL	SIZE	AMOUNT

Name

Address

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



The Symbol of Dependable Quality

★SIMPSON CLOTHES

In the Esquire Manner

Choose your fabric . . . choose your style . . . and then have the satisfaction of knowing that the completed garment will have been tailored for you . . . specially and individually! The Simpson selection for Spring and Summer of 1937 is larger and handsomer than ever. Simpson clothes are sold direct by responsible men skilled in measuring. Write for name and address of a local representative or interesting fashion Brochure E.

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

Display Rooms in Many Cities

★ EUROPE ROUND TRIP ★

ONE CLASS RUN OF THE SHIP

TOURIST CLASS $170 MINIMUM RATE

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ARNOLD BERNSTEIN ★ RED STAR LINES

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GENUINE Orange Blossom

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS

by Traub

you will find them featured by quality jewelers everywhere. Ask for your copy of "Orange Blossoms," our beautiful new book for brides

BALD!

GO AFTER THAT SPOT WITH GLOVER'S!

Fight baldness by helping your scalp perform its natural function through regular, persistent use of Glover's Mange Medicine. Millions have done it this way. Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. Sold at all druggist's. Or have your Barber give you Glover's.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

GOOD GUARD! Perhaps you've never had a quart crack in your valise and then filtrate through shirts and shorts into the Pullman aisle. We hope you haven't. Good insurance against lost spirits through bottle breakage now is issued in a highly absorbent and moisture-proof cushioned case, closed by Talon and easily opened the same way. SHE may purloin this bottle bag for lotions, parfums or baby's breakfast (when bottled of course). In colors and three sizes—quart, half of that, and half again.

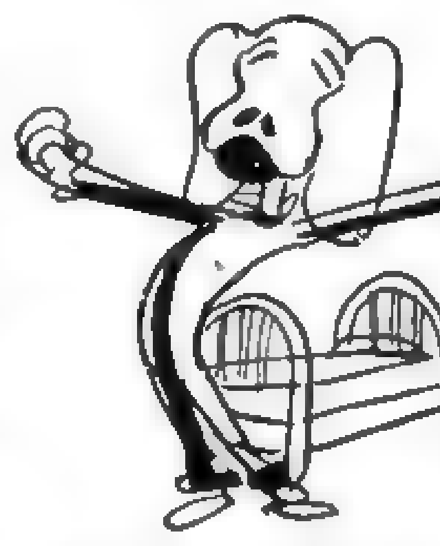
HOT STUFF for its weight (1½ lbs.) is a new gasoline stove, designed as "no burden" to any white man camper. Small and compact in its own aluminum case which opens to form a good-sized pot rest over the flame. Surprising too is the high thermal heat of its wick-fed flame. Its price is about equal to a theatre ticket.

LOOKING AT THE WORLD through rose-colored eyelids is usually the result of sun glare. We're also told intense sunlight takes away from true color. Some ingenious I-man now produces 3-ply glasses that take away the sun, bring back the color and don't conventionally distort every evergreen with a rosy hue. Developed for skiers who needed clear vision free from glare. Palm Beach reports their popularity with sand sitters and sun worshippers.

EXTRA! NOTED DESIGNER, Lester Gaba, who whittled those snow white figures out of soap for national advertising a few years back, now cleans you up with new ideas. For those on sit-down strikes, *i.e.*, stand-up showerers, a big ball of soap, strung on a soft cord to hang around your neck. No blind groping, no bended back retrieving, but now a handy sphere of scented castile (the pine and mint odors are swell) always on your hip. Gaba genius also carves with modern finesse bas-relief stallions' heads on a dozen cakes of soap in three sizes, all smartly boxed as a gift, or at least its swank would make it a perfect gift to your hostess. No more expensive than a pound of chocolates.

ROMANCE RUNS RIOT in Florida! Reports filter North to us of palm-banked lagoons where canoes drift silently by under the well-publicized moonlight. Innovation this year is a new outboard motor, ideal for this nocturnal maritiming in that it is two decibels quieter than the beating hearts of the boat's occupants. Weighing no more than the heavy shot used in track meets, this gas-motored midget gets there at about 5 miles per hour and operates all day (or all night) on less than a gallon of fuel. In purr, price and pounds, it compares evenly with a portable typewriter.

WHEN YOUR DOGS ARE TIRED . . . and this time we speak literally about actual canine curfew, put your pooches in the new doggy pajamas. These terry cloth numbers zip closed down the back and are elastically snug around the ankles. Dog devotees see healthy reason in protecting their pets thusly after a tub-scrub or where the pup may sleep in a draft. Various sizes, of course. We tried on the St. Bernard size for personal use, but were bothered by a tail breeze.



YOU SUPPLY THE HORSE . . . while we report on a riding glove you'll relish on cool Spring mornings. The best features of string and leather models unite. In other words . . . a regular capeskin glove for warmth and thickness, on which string mesh is sewn only where the reins are gripped. If you know the proper grip, no more detailed explanation is needed. If you don't know your grip, you won't need the gloves.

TEAR GAS

THE MODERN Defensive Weapon

"A Tear Gas gun is just as effective in protecting a person against attack and it's much safer for the average motorist or private citizen," says the head of one of the country's largest law enforcement agencies.

Truly the modern defensive weapon, the CAMERON TEAR GAS MACHINE GUN is an always ready ally in business, home or auto. It discharges non-toxic and non-lethal DUNCANITE (latest development in tear gas) in a steady stream for fifty feet, thoroughly incapacitating in effect but wearing off in about 30 minutes with NO HARMFUL RESULTS.

Simple enough to be operated by any adult or child and kept anywhere. Of rugged steel construction, 10 inches long, 2½ inches in diameter, weighing 32 oz. it contains enough DUNCANITE for 50 discharges.

Due to quantity production, price is now $15 complete. Refills, $5. Order today, or write for booklet, "Tear Gas, the Modern Defensive Weapon".

CAMERON PROTECTIVE DEVICES, Inc.
114 East 32nd ST. New York, N. Y.
Telephone: AShland 4-6458

Slump Ahead In Bonds

A critical examination of the outlook for bonds (and stocks) under managed money.

by L.L.B. ANGAS

Internationally known Investment Consultant Author of "The Coming American Boom" 1934

Order now from Somerset Publishing Co., 461 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C. Price $1

$2.95

New HULL AUTO COMPASS

Saves miles of travel in wrong direction. This handsome, STREAMLINE Airplane Type Compass keeps you on the right road. Easily installed. 3½" high. Bakelite case, sapphire bearing. Built-in compensator. Only $2.95 POSTPAID. Satisfaction GUARANTEED.

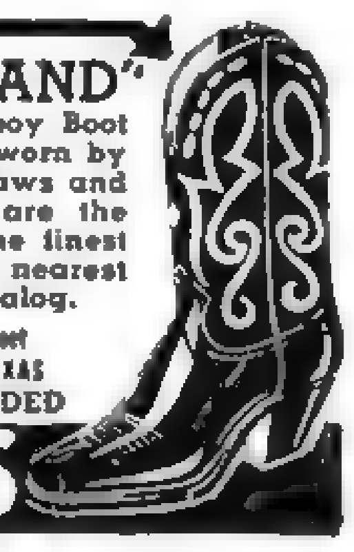
MODEL A Airplane Type. 1⅛" diameter. Sticks to windshield. Guaranteed. With separate compensator, only $1.95 postpaid. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

$1.95

HULL MFG. CO., Box 246 G, Warren, O.

Half the Trip is Dining Enjoy Every Meal··· Use

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY



For "DUDE" or "COWHAND"

For over 58 years the Justin Cowboy Boot has been the standard of the West—worn by presidents, cattle kings, sheriffs, outlaws and just ordinary "cowhands." These are the original and genuine Justin Boots, the finest you can get. Write us for name of nearest dealer and special Cowboy Boot catalog.

H. J. JUSTIN & SONS, Inc. 326 South Lake Street FORT WORTH, TEXAS

BE SURE YOUR BOOTS ARE BRANDED

JUSTIN BOOTS

Don't Lose YOUR Clothes

USE CASH'S NAMES

It's no joke to have somebody else appropriate your belongings. Mark everything with CASH'S WOVEN NAMES. Easily attached with thread or Cash's NO-SO Cement. Order from your dealer or us.

Trial Offer: Send 15c for 1 dozen of your own first name and sample tube of NO-SO Cement.

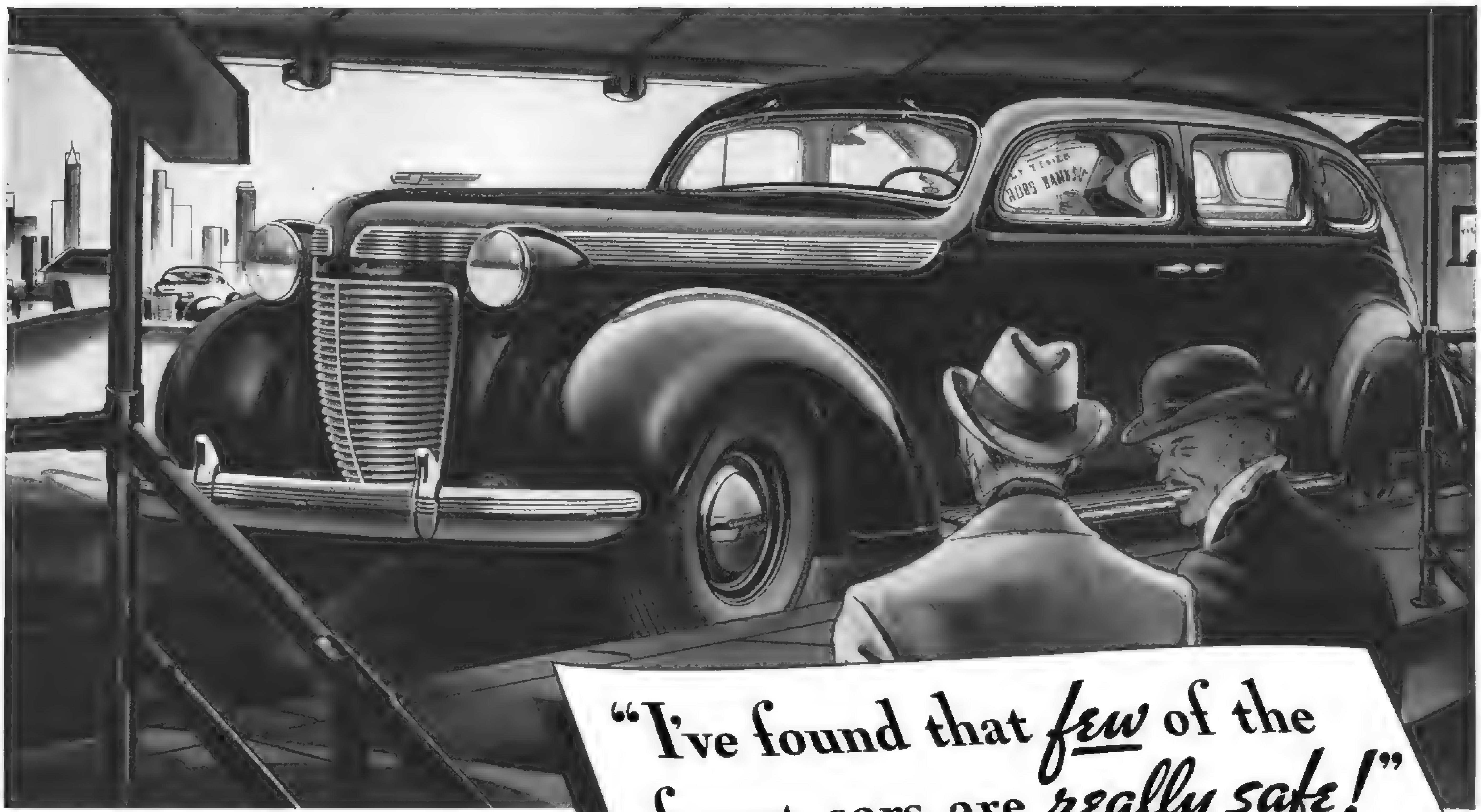
CASH'S

187 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn.

CASH'S NAMES } 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. 9 " 2.50 12 " 3. NO-SO Cement } 25¢ a tube

CHRYSLER—

AMERICA'S ONLY CUSTOM CAR WITH A SAFETY ALL-STEEL BODY!



"I've found that *few* of the finest cars are *really safe*!"

CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL SEDAN, $2060*

If you pay $2,000 or more for a car, be sure to ask about its safety features! If you plan to buy a car of the custom type, you'll be interested in the comments made to a Chrysler dealer by a well-known New Yorker.

"I wanted a new limousine," he said. "I thought, of course, that the more expensive cars would have all the modern features incorporated in smaller cars I had recently purchased.

"I was appalled to find that this was not the case. And the features that were left out were *safety features!*

"Some makers, for example, who offer hydraulic brakes on low and medium-priced cars, still build costly cars without this protection.

"On top of that, I went to dealer after dealer looking for a fine limousine with an all-steel body. Until I came to Chrysler, I couldn't find one. I was told, strangely enough, that steel bodies cost too much . . . that they couldn't be built for custom cars.

"I'm sure of this: I don't want my family riding around in today's traffic in a car of composite construction. The Safety *All-Steel* Body on my Chrysler Custom Imperial is worth everything in the world to me."

* * *

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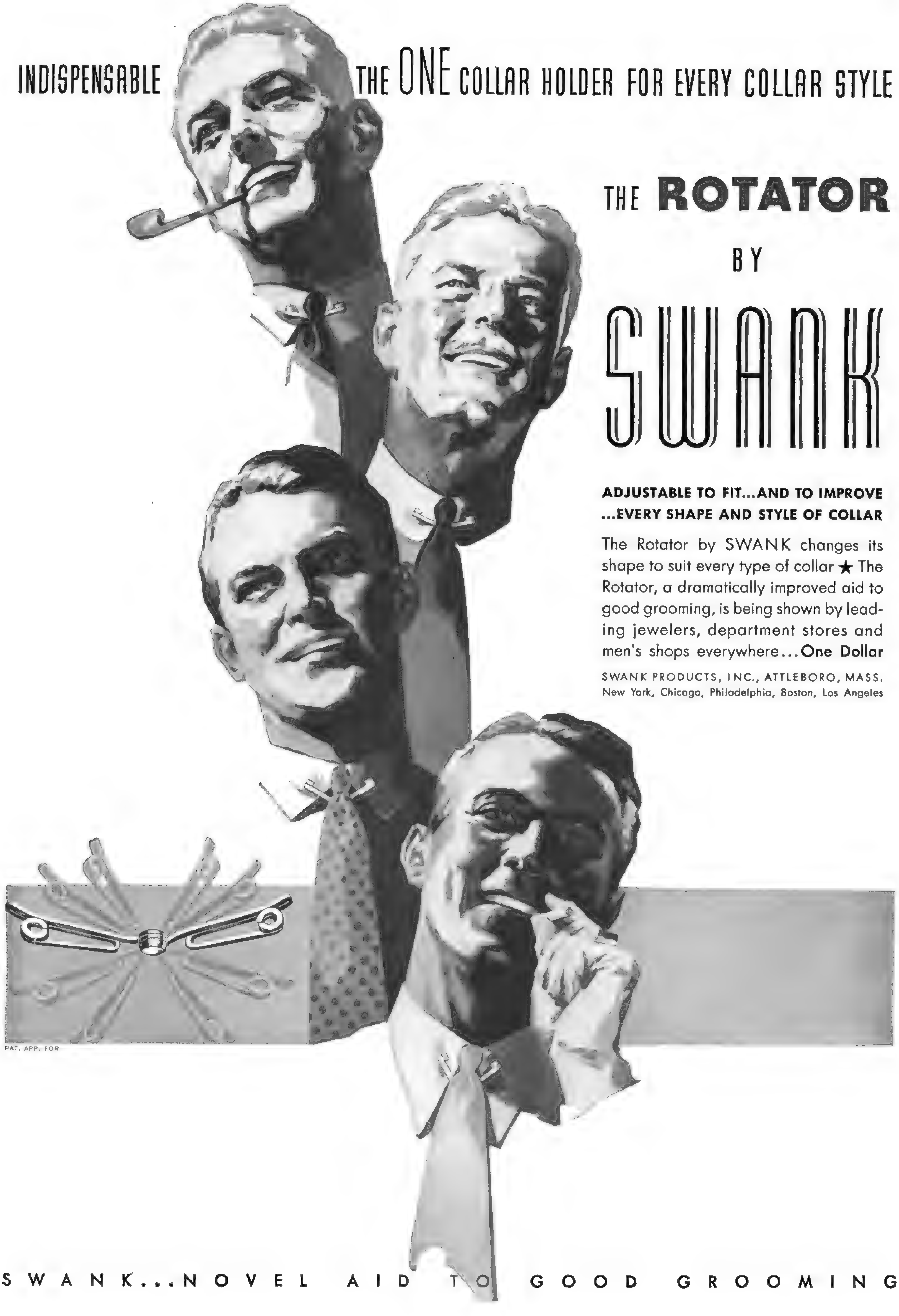

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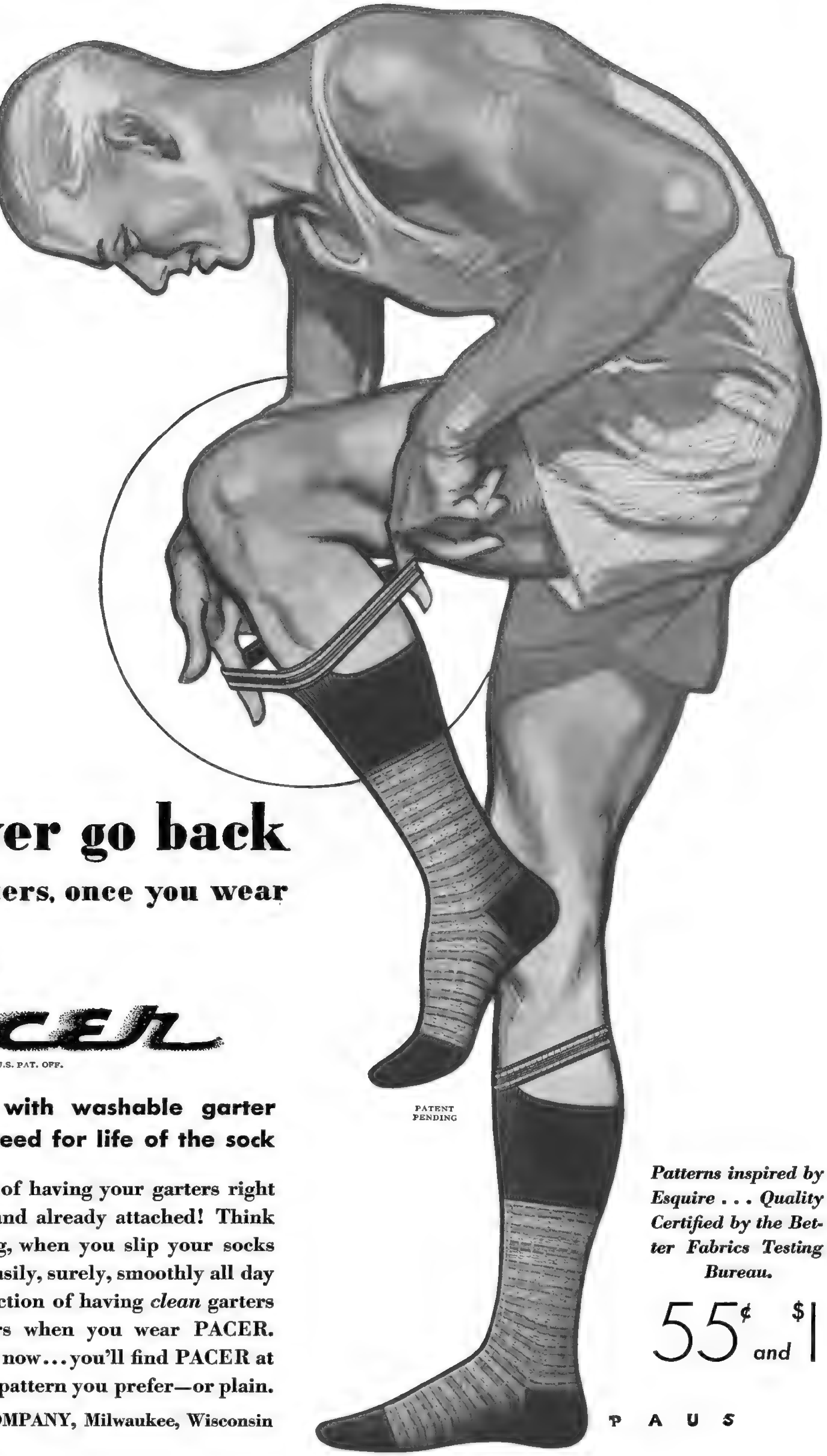

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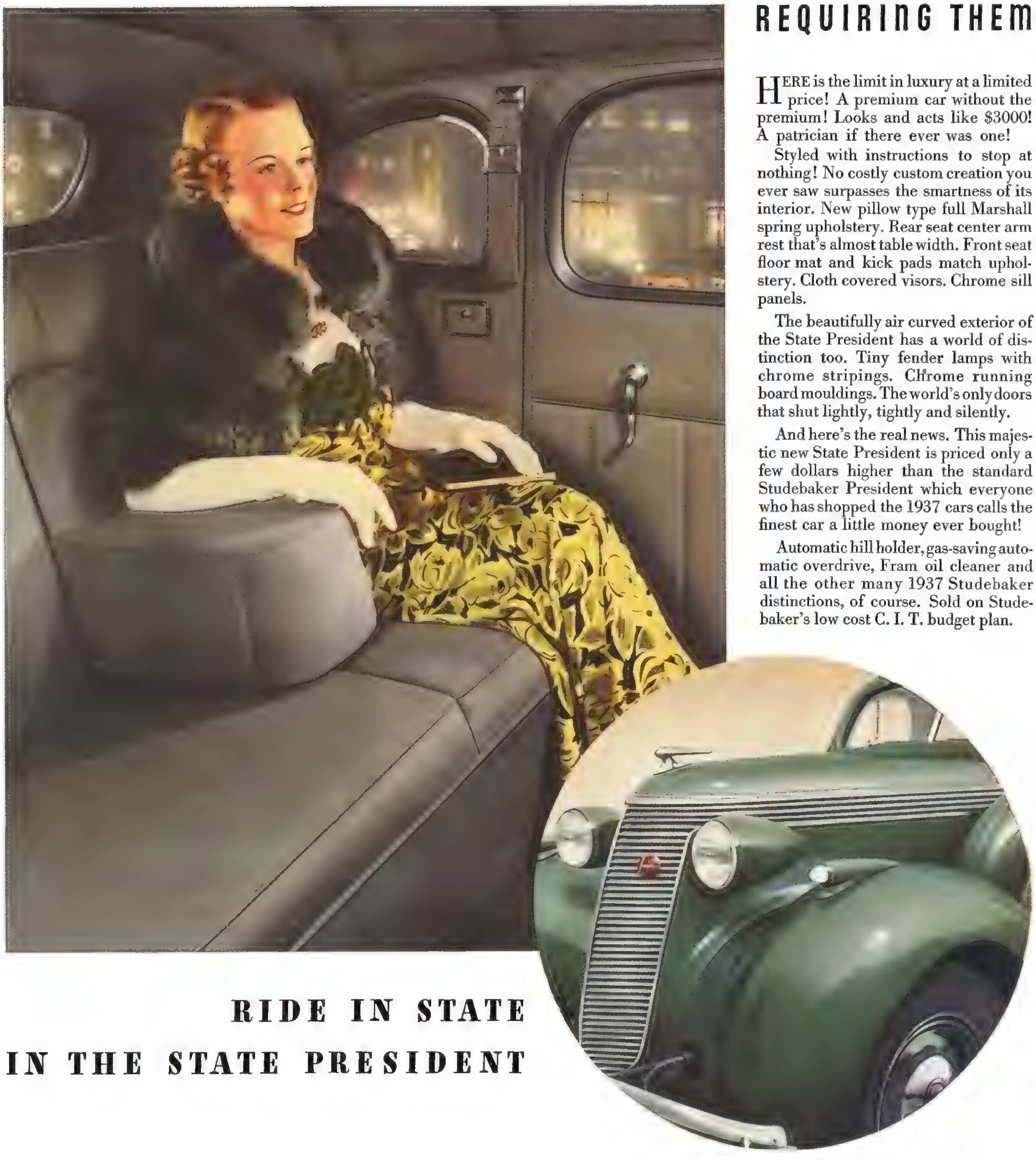

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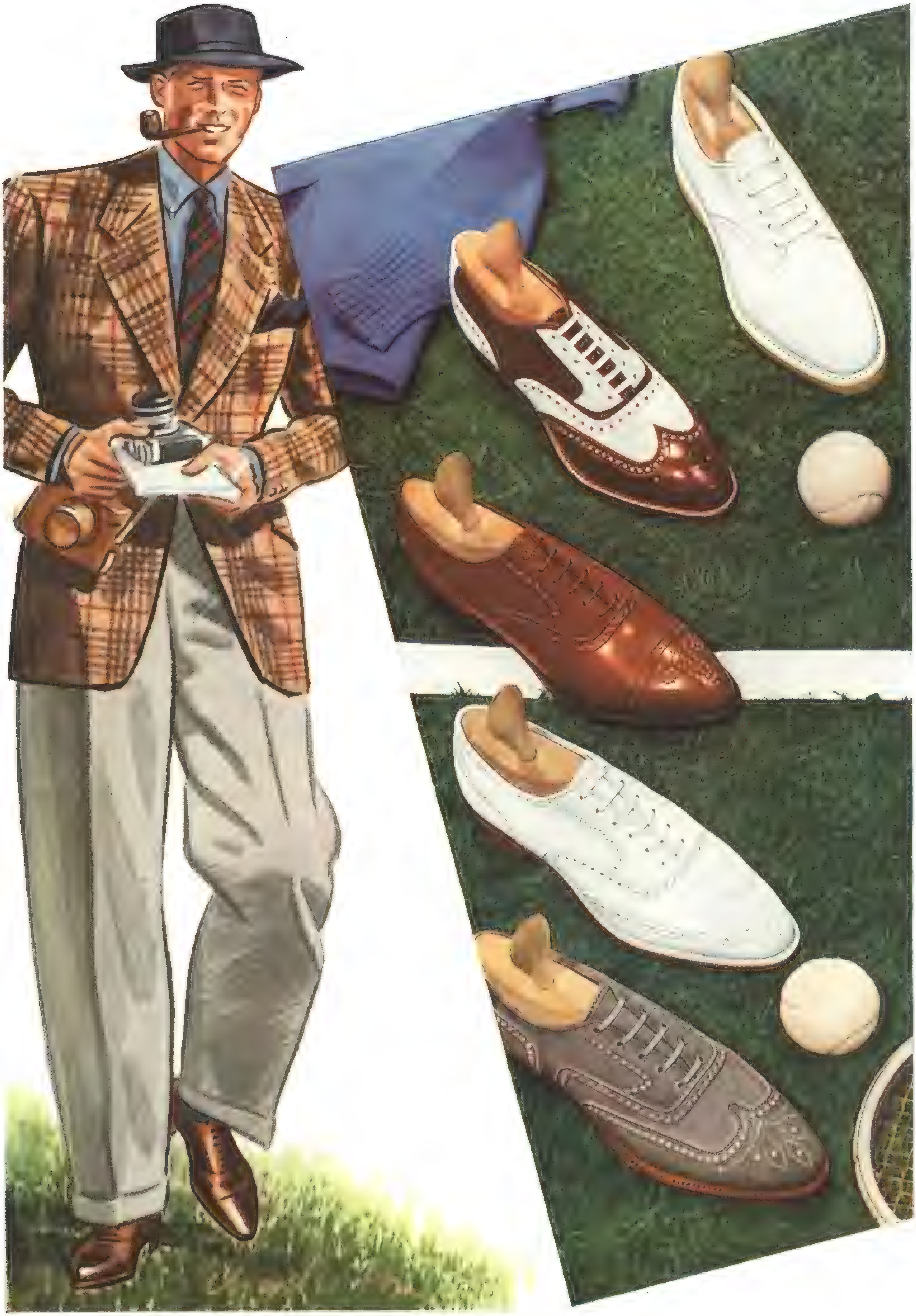

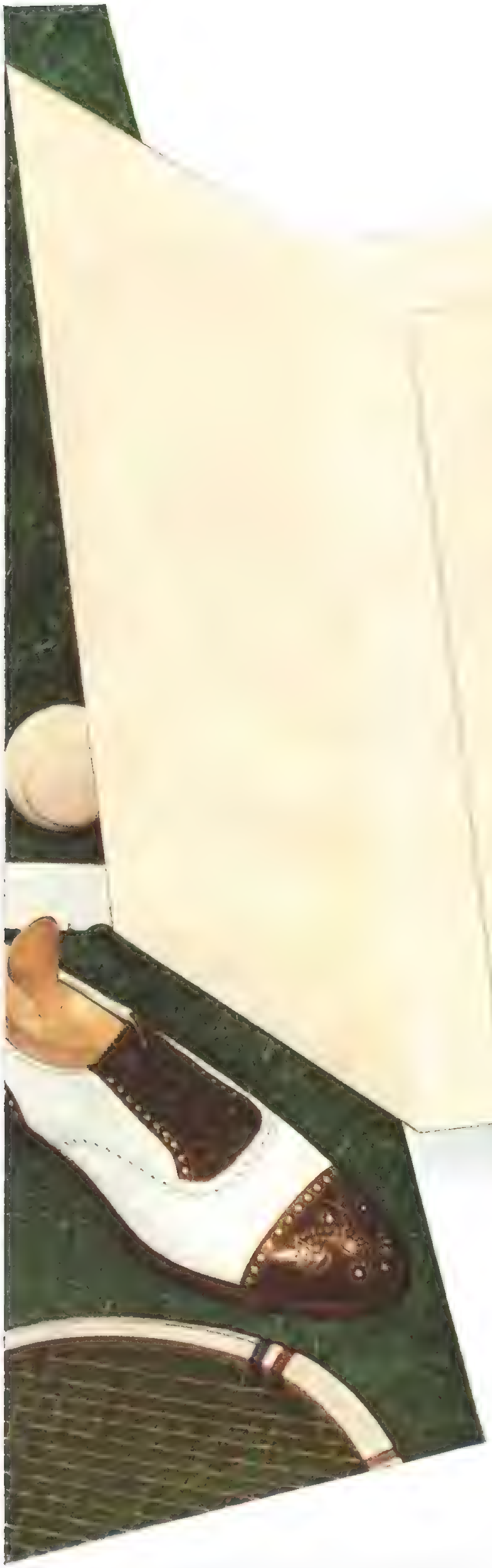

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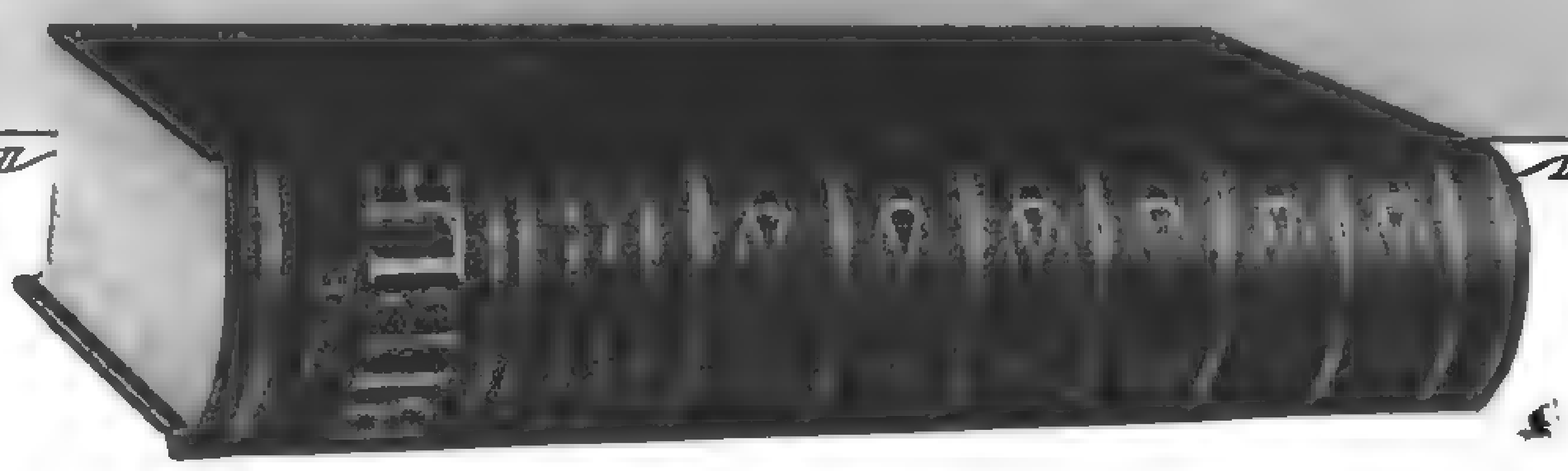

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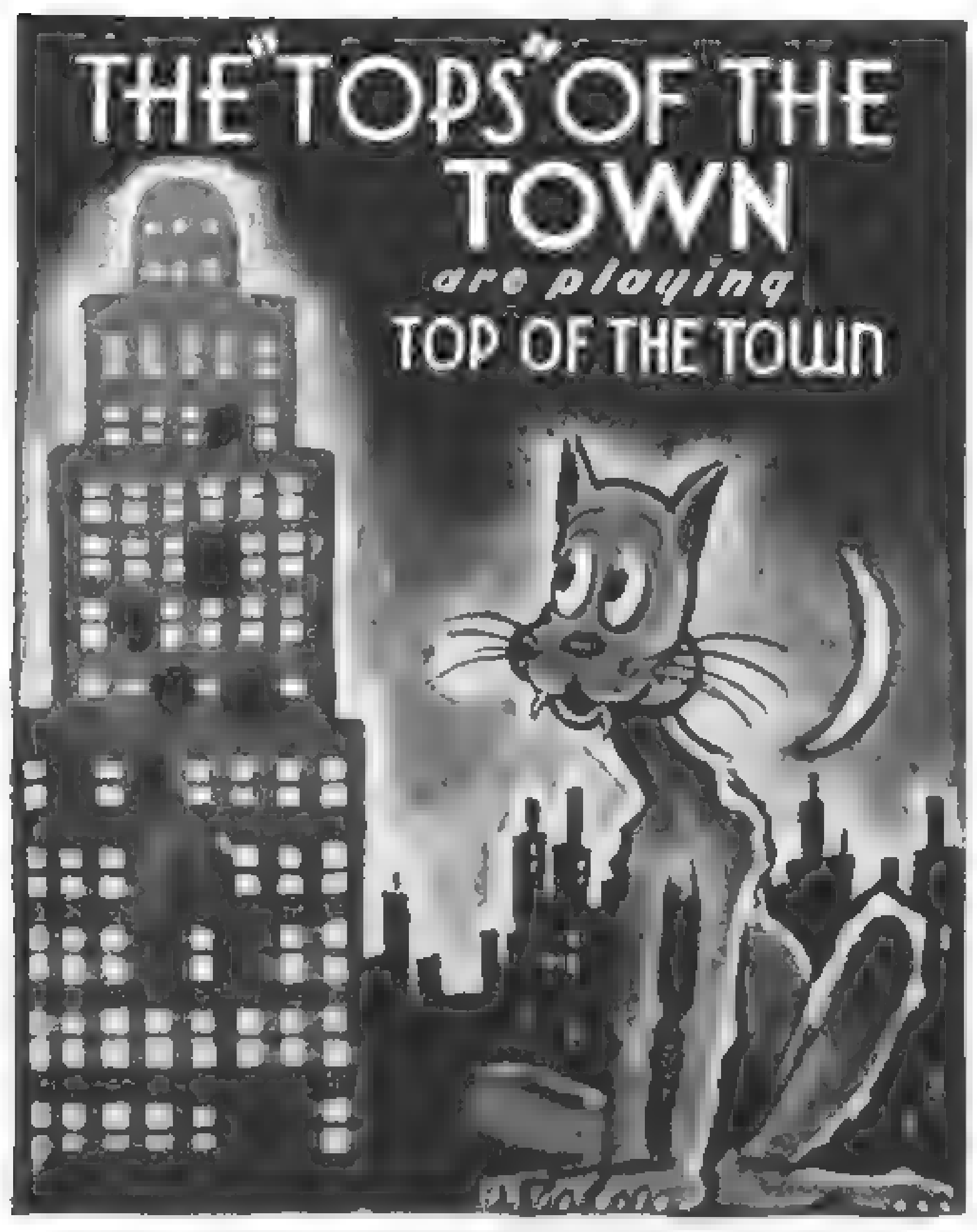

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1900 EAST 24TH • CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fortune telling has moved up from the twenty-five cent tea rooms to the cafes. Many of the higher class bars have gone in for seers this season, to snare the women trade. We were at the Chanticleer, near Milburn, N. J., one night when an astrologer put on her best stuff in hopes of landing a job. She gave us a sample, about 99% right, and we urged Bill Naue, the suave proprietor, to hire her on the spot. But he was not interested. For one thing, she had predicted that the orchestra leader would take his bands to fresher fields. The band had been a fixture for seven years, so Bill was not worried. Some weeks later we met him and he ruefully recounted the fulfillment of all of the lady's prophecies: the band had gone, on the date she set, so had his headwaiter.

A prominent space must be reserved in any diary of a town painter for the graceful gestures of Sherman Billingsley. As your corresponding thirster we have been recipient of various and sundry courtesies but those of the Stork lead the town. Billingsley's holiday party was Romanesque in concept and execution: long tables of viands, an open kitchen and carloads of jeroboams of champagne. Every about-towner was there with full capacity. Not even the hat check girls were permitted to take tips.

Trade shifting to the east side from Broadway, which was once the centre of night life, the Times Square section is making its best effort. One of the more interesting new places is Club Yumuri, Fifty-Second Street and Broadway, gathering place for the Cubans and lovers of the rhumba. Two of the best Cuban bands in town give the music and the floor show is sure to include one of the hottest rhumbas you have ever seen outside of a stag party.

Speaking of stags, we heard Trent Patterson in her debut at the Picadilly Hotel. The young lady, just out of Baltimore, sings naughty songs without shame or favor. She is the spiritual child of Gladys Bentley and Dwight Fiske. But coming from a shining blonde, it all seems all right. We predict a vogue for her, once she is known.

The boys who had so much fun with the American Music Hall in the old Church at 141 East Fifty-Fifth Street, are at it again. This time it is a gay charade on life at Yale. Customers' Choruses are encouraged and the Beachcombers' Bar in the basement supplies the incentive.

The Club Bali, 161 East Fifty-fourth Street, comes to life with a revue done with some taste by Stanley Raeburn, known heretofore for his achievements in the musical comedy field. Along with Roger Steele and his orchestra, there is an amazing man, John Beck, fresh out of the west, who holds a night club audience with an imitation of Edna St. Vincent Milay reading her own poems.

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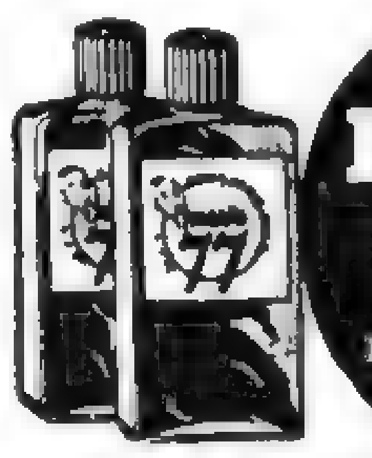

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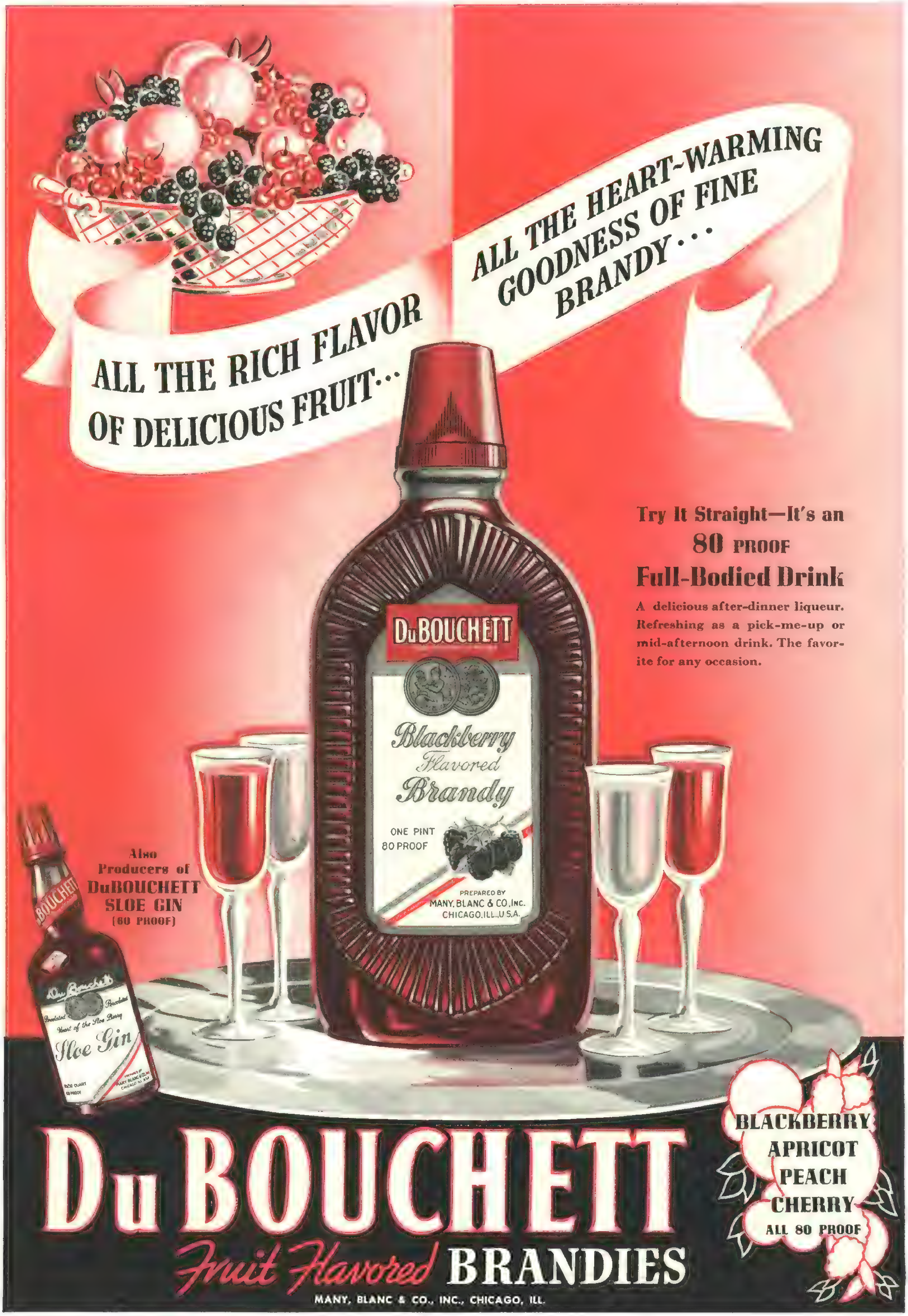
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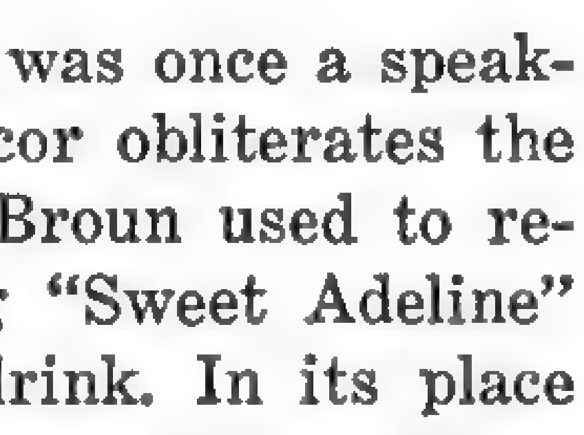
Abbott's AGED BITTERS

Maxwell Anderson, who after his "High Tor" and "Winterset" is acknowledged a leading American playwright, writes all his scripts in long-hand. His plays, when completed, are very neat compositions in old-fashioned copy books; great collector's items some day, if not now. Anderson does his writing in a little shack up in the woods back of his house near New City. His home was built for him by his near neighbor, Henry Varnum Poor. In addition to the designing and much of the actual building, Poor designed and fired all the tiles in the baths, fire-places, etc. Poor just now is completing twelve panels in the Department of Justice Building, Washington, a two year job. Experts say they are the best murals in America. Poor would rather paint than do anything else though at times he builds houses and fires plates and tiles in his own kiln

The Integrity Boys are all aflutter over one of their number endorsing a brand of whisky, lending his name to a sales letter on the merits of the product. One of the ex-literati became so incensed that he 'phoned the liquor concern, saying that he for one, would never use their brand; he would not encourage artists to prostitute themselves. The protestor, by the way, once edited a newspaper that was the last metropolitan bulwark for fake patent medicine ads. What none of the incensed knew, or seemed to consider, is that Alex Woollcott, the endorser, uses such fees to send several deserving youths through Hamilton College.

Arnold Friedman, former letter carrier, has had a show of his paintings in one of New York's major art galleries. During the twenty-five years of his service Friedman painted on Sundays and became known to a few connoisseurs. Now he spends all of his time at his easel and is rated as one of the first ten Americans. Being in the postal service he was invited to submit designs for the new post office murals in Washington. So Friedman sent in his cartoons. But they were dropped like hot cakes; they represented postmen weary after work and weighing in their heavy mail bags. The committee felt a little less realistic treatment was indicated for a building in a democracy.



Chris Morley had a pretty thought around the holidays. He would take his old cronies and their wives over to Hoboken where life was still simple and they would all sit in an old-fashioned cafe and celebrate decently in the old manner. But when Chris got to the Meyers Hotel he found that things had happened since the nostalgic days when Chris and Cleon Throckmorton ran a stock company in that alien seaport. Morley walked into a room, once festooned with steins, stags' heads and German mottoes, now all blazing with mirrors, chromium and the worst of the modern decor. As his friends carried him fainting to the walk he was heard to mutter "I should have been told."

We miss the old air of Tony's, that was once a speakeasy on Fifty-Second St. The new decor obliterates the famous fireplace where, as Heywood Broun used to report, three tigers came out and sang "Sweet Adeline" every time the proprietor bought a drink. In its place are twice as large, and half as funny murals where Tony is depicted next to George Bernard Shaw. The drinks remain as before, if you know what that means, and the food worse. Tony has grown a beard, cut after the manner of Italian nobility. The beard, one cynical customer explained, is to give Tony something to occupy himself with while he wonders what became of the celebrities that once frequented his place.

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OF THE
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● **LEON & EDDIE'S**
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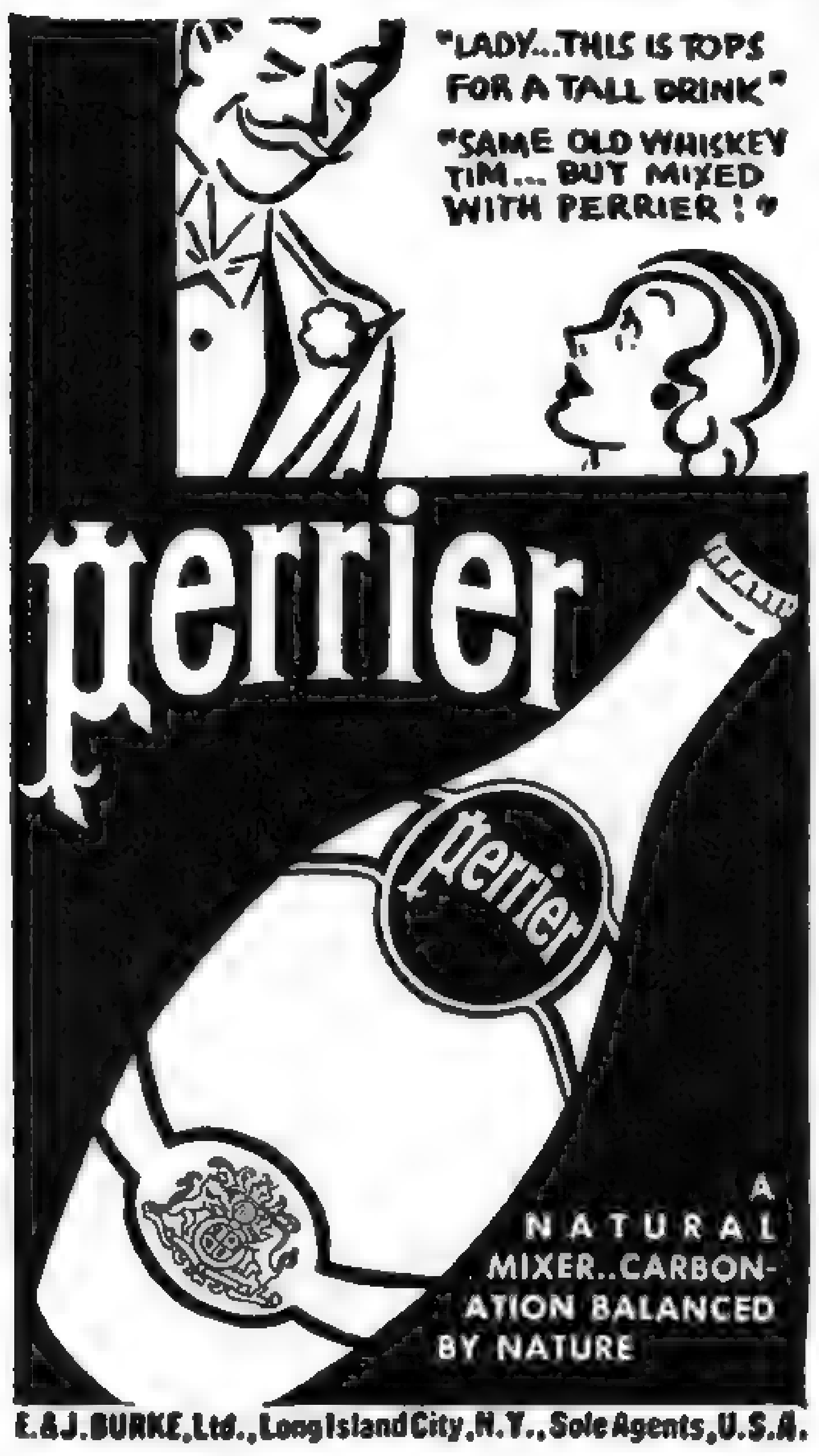
"LADY...THIS IS TOPS FOR A TALL DRINK"
"SAME OLD WHISKEY TIM... BUT MIXED WITH PERRIER!"
perrier
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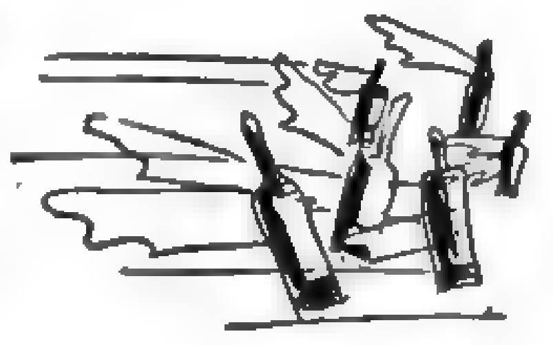
A NATURAL MIXER..CARBONATION BALANCED BY NATURE

E.&J.BURKE,Ltd.,Long Island City,N.Y.,Sole Agents,U.S.A.

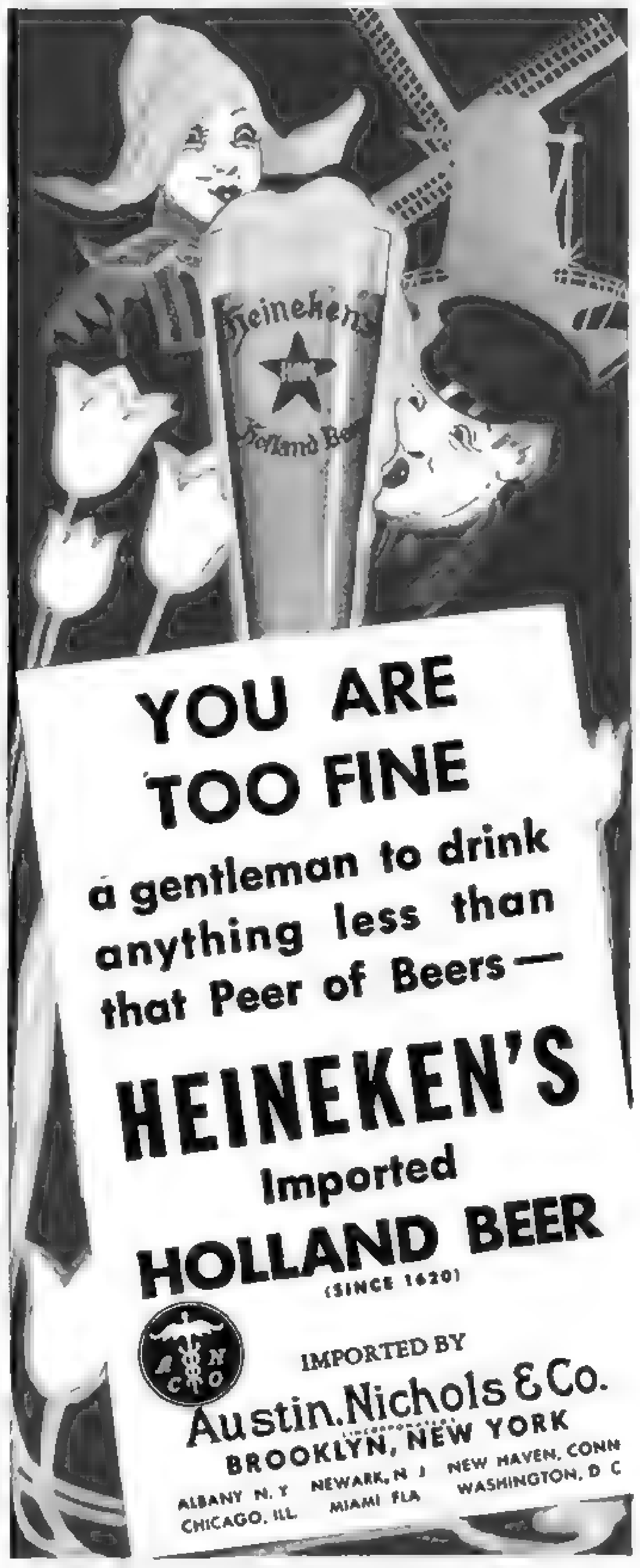
When you dine in China, if you are a person of importance, you are handed chop sticks of ivory. This is because ivory turns black when it comes in contact with poison and would serve as a warning that your enemies were after you. Ordinary folk eat with the bamboo chop sticks and do their own worrying. We found this out the other night when we dined in Pell Street, royal style. We had praised the food of Joy Far Low and as a consequence must needs go to a real dinner. Finally a date was set and with guests we assembled. We were greeted with much graciousness. When seated we were treated to a reading of the menu; strange dishes cooked in honey, soaked in almonds and lotus seeds. Our mouths watered. We all beamed in anticipation. Well then, would the following Wednesday be O.K.? After much more graciousness and apologies, it was all explained. This was merely a preliminary dinner, a sort of dress-rehearsal. A new date was fixed and we kept it, with recruits. A conscientious Chinese cook likes about seven days to get started. We have never experienced a stranger or more delicious meal. It would take columns to describe it; it took hours to eat. High-lights were hundred-year-old eggs, shark fin soup, a chicken, nude of its feathers and bereft of all bones, stuffed with almonds, bamboo shoots, lotus seeds and God knows what. Then came a duck, the best of hundreds we have passed by our palate; it had been cooked four days in honey and cinnamon, stuffed with all those nameless things. Then there were three or four fish combinations, shrimps rolled, fried and mixed. And the usual "sweet and sour" category—this time a royal edition of the oriental hot dog: diced meats, rice and fruits rolled in pork and fried with pineapple. There are no courses at the "banquet style" repast—you just taste this and then that and finally land on the dish that pleases you most.

Speaking of Chinese, we heard this version of that kidnapping of that general by that other general. It was all very simple, and naive. The Central Government, so the story goes, wanted to send a quarter million troops and two million dollars to the northern border to meet the threatened Japanese advance. But they couldn't make such a major move without tipping off the Japanese. So, the kidnapping. And while the two generals played mah jong, the troops and supplies were rushed up. Then came the release, apologies, pardons, and so on. And were the Japs' faces red.

William Allen White was on from his Emporia Gazette the other day to see if the news was really accurate as to the defeat of his old friend Alf Landon. Father White still feels there must have been some mistake. Anyway, when he was here we heard of the tragic night of the election returns. A kind friend, knowing about the arid plains of Kansas, had flown down from Chicago with cases and cases of champagne for the election celebration. But the champagne sat in the kitchen untouched. Elected, Alf would have felt vested with enough power to let the corks pop. But as Governor of a dry state—nothing doing. The famous "victory" cake was thrown out a few days later but no one knows what became of the champagne.



Don't ask for the cork that pops out of your bottle of champagne at a restaurant or night club. Not only because it shows the provincial in you but because the cork is one source of revenue for the wine steward. He turns them in at twenty-five cents apiece to the wine agents as an earnest of how he pushes this or that agent's brand of wine.



YOU ARE TOO FINE
a gentleman to drink anything less than that Peer of Beers—
HEINEKEN'S
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BECAUSE IT PAYS!

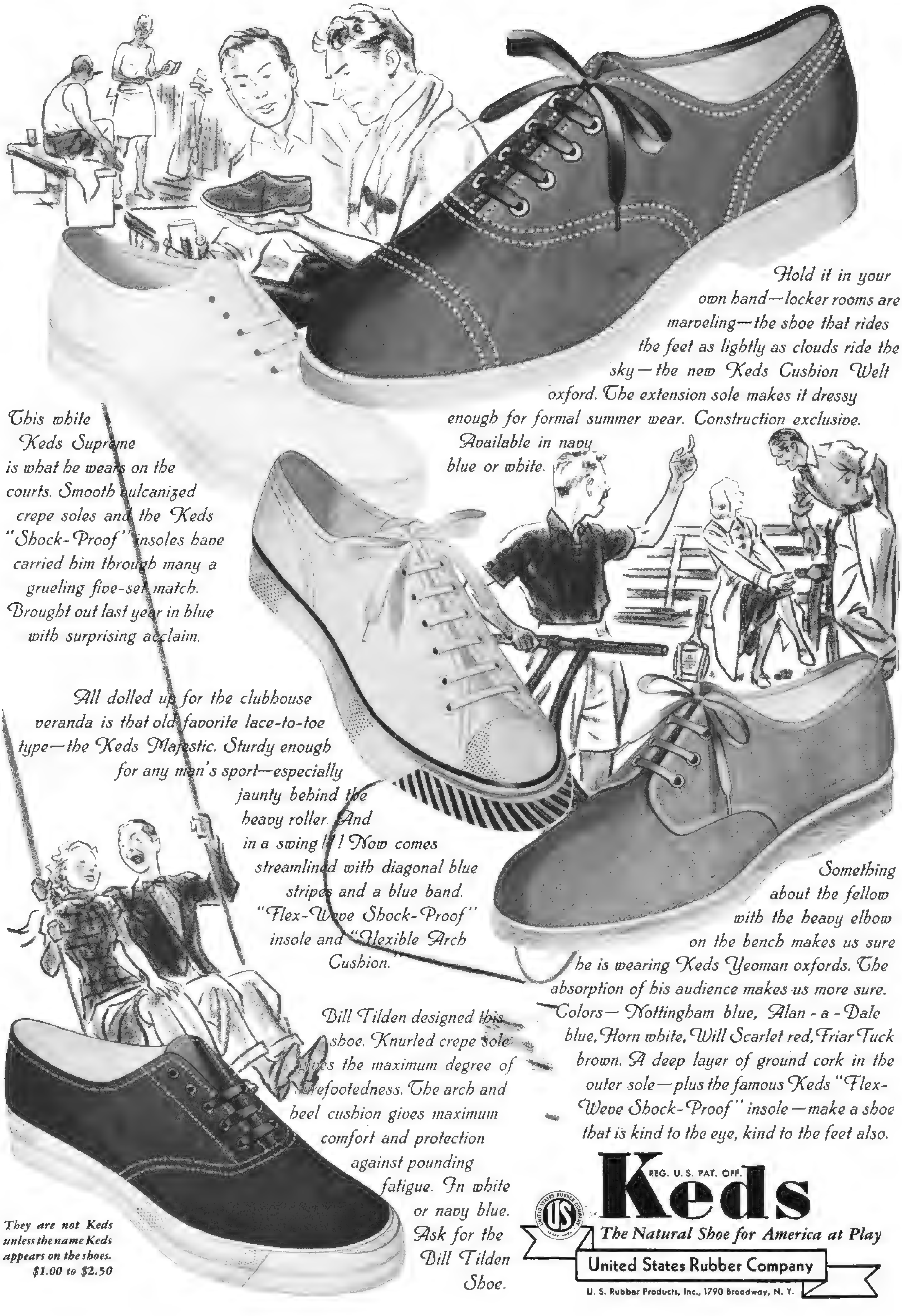
Advertising grows, someone has said, where advertising pays. And that's only natural. You may be sure, therefore, that when the men's wear stores of New York increase their space in the New York American by 103 per cent in one year, as they did in 1936, it's because they have found that advertising in The American pays in no uncertain terms. And you won't be surprised when we tell you that currently nearly all the prominent men's wear retailers in New York, including John David, Rogers Peet, Wallach Brothers, Finchley, Leighton's, Knox Hats are advertising in The American regularly

Ewing Galloway

And since the men's wear retailers of New York can depend on The American to bring customers into their stores, certainly manufacturers of men's apparel can depend on The American to induce New Yorkers to ask for their branded merchandise and so, step up their sales in New York.

NEW YORK AMERICAN

NATIONALLY REPRESENTED BY PAUL BLOCK & ASSOCIATES



Hold it in your own hand—locker rooms are marveling—the shoe that rides the feet as lightly as clouds ride the sky—the new Keds Cushion Welt oxford. The extension sole makes it dressy enough for formal summer wear. Construction exclusive. Available in navy blue or white.

This white Keds Supreme is what he wears on the courts. Smooth vulcanized crepe soles and the Keds "Shock-Proof" insoles have carried him through many a grueling five-set match. Brought out last year in blue with surprising acclaim.

All dolled up for the clubhouse veranda is that old favorite lace-to-toe type—the Keds Majestic. Sturdy enough for any man's sport—especially jaunty behind the heavy roller. And in a swing!!! Now comes streamlined with diagonal blue stripes and a blue band. "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole and "Flexible Arch Cushion."

Something about the fellow with the heavy elbow on the bench makes us sure he is wearing Keds Yeoman oxfords. The absorption of his audience makes us more sure. Colors— Nottingham blue, Alan-a-Dale blue, Horn white, Will Scarlet red, Friar Tuck brown. A deep layer of ground cork in the outer sole—plus the famous Keds "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole—make a shoe that is kind to the eye, kind to the feet also.

Bill Tilden designed this shoe. Knurled crepe sole gives the maximum degree of surefootedness. The arch and heel cushion gives maximum comfort and protection against pounding fatigue. In white or navy blue. Ask for the Bill Tilden Shoe.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes. $1.00 to $2.50

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keds

The Natural Shoe for America at Play

United States Rubber Company

U. S. Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, N. Y.

Now you can end all the embarrassment
and inconvenience *of losing buttons*

Now your wife will never
have to sew another button on
your shorts . . . *or mend
another torn-out button hole*

Now... at last *Grippers* to end all button troubles!

***New kind of fastener* can't rip off... can't break or crush in the laundry. *Grippers are guaranteed to fasten shorts snugly, neatly* always**

So much handier and more reliable than buttons! You'll agree, once you try Grippers on the new Wilson Shorts. Click, click, click—they're fastened. Zip—they're undone.

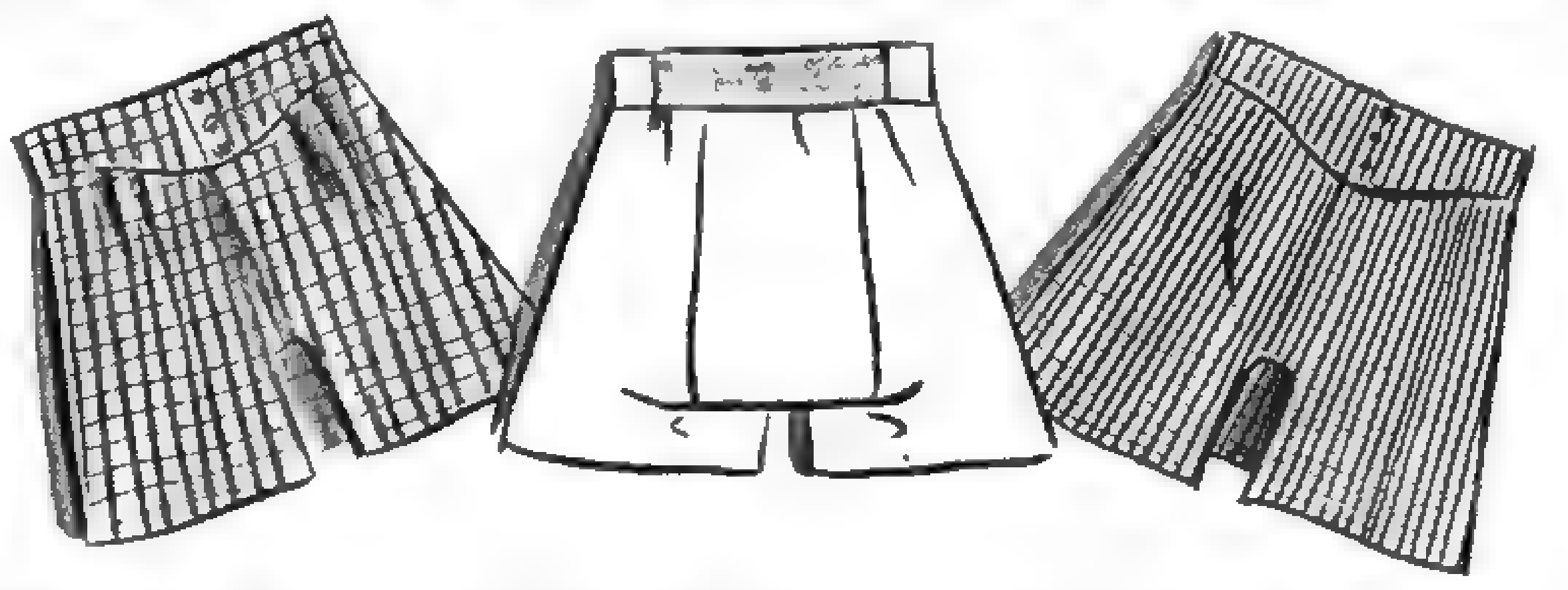
Grippers are an entirely *new kind* of fastener developed especially for men. They'll never fail you—never tear off—never flatten down. The stud ⊛ is almost *solid* metal. And the spring catch is circled with a heavy metal guard ⊚ which protects the flexible inner catch.

It's important to insist on Grippers. (The name is stamped plainly on each fastener.) No other fastening device is so flat, so sturdy, so troubleproof. Grippers can't rust—they're made of nickel-plated brass, enameled outside to give a dressy finish.

Grippers are now featured on WILSON Nobelt Super Shorts

by leading men's wear stores and departments everywhere. *More comfortable . . . more practical than ordinary shorts in three ways . . .*

1 Wilson's Super Panel Seat does away with a cutting crotch seam
2 The Faultless Nobelt Waistband is str-e-t-c-h-able—it breathes in and out with you
3 And now—these shorts have Grippers to end all button troubles



Wilson Brothers' Nobelt Super Shorts are available in plain and novelty patterns . . . Broadcloth, Madras and Oxford fabrics . . . 65c to $1.00.

WILSON BROTHERS, *Chicago* • *New York* • *San Francisco*

Grippers are approved by the American Institute of Laundering

After a series of severe tests, the Institute reports that Grippers operate perfectly after repeated washing and pressing—that they do not rust—that they place no undue stress on the garment that might tear fabric.

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SCOVILL

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY • Button and Fastener Division, Waterbury, Connecticut

Photo Courtesy
Ford Motor Co.

Going FULL BLAST

FEW, if any, newspapers in America have been so intelligently alert and active; so filled with the spirit of vigorous enterprise or so blessed with such an astonishingly responsive readership as The Detroit Free Press.

During these recent years of a New Time, The Free Press geared itself to a brand new tempo of journalistic effort; set up a formula of editorial endeavor whose principal ingredient was a spirit of service and a definite purpose that pointed every column and every page squarely at age old interests of head, heart and home.

That this strong pulse of enterprise has been worth while may be judged from a summary of some of this newspaper's achievements during 1936 . . .

- enjoyed the largest average daily circulation for any yearly period in its history
- showed a greater gain in retail and total display advertising than any other Detroit newspaper
- carried more advertising from women's clothing stores than any other Detroit newspaper
- received more than one inquiry every single minute in the year from Free Press women readers.

The Free Press can help you acquire more sales and establish certain prestige in America's Fourth Market with its coverage of the really worth while homes that make the major contributions to all retail purchasing in Detroit.

The Detroit Free Press

VERREE & CONKLIN, INC., National Representatives

**Member Metropolitan Sunday Newspapers, Inc.
and Gravure Service Corporation**

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TIMELY CLOTHES for Spring and Summer 1937

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Champions for value and good looks, these TIMELY CLOTHES for men. Natural drape, athletic lines, plenty of ease . . . Timely Clothes are built for any man with an eye to spirited distinction and a desire to command admiration from the right people. • *Moderately priced,* as always, they offer a bigger dollar's worth today than a man has a right to expect, what with fine woolens rising sharply and with a lavish amount of hand-tailoring added for extra measure! • Fabrics of every type, developed in exclusive designs, entirely masculine. The new models and patterns are young, correct, richly becoming. And in their extraordinary range, any number of Timely suits will meet your express taste and fitting requirements. • *Priced in middling brackets that are decidedly comfortable for the modest budget.* See Timely Clothes at your dealer, or write us direct. • Incidentally, do you hang your clothes properly? Address our Dept. E for new-type, black enamel Wishbone Hanger, enclosing ten cents to cover handling costs.

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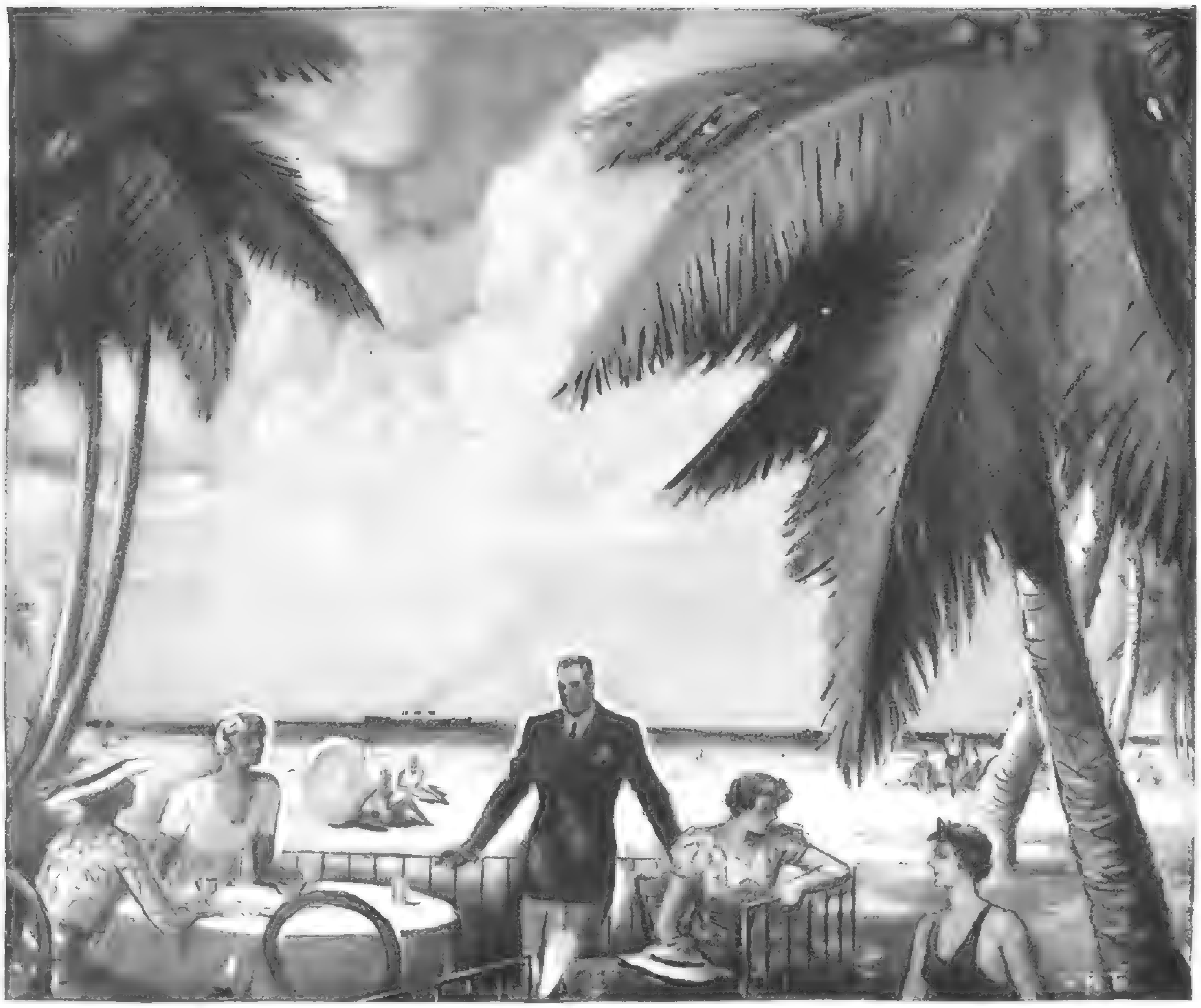
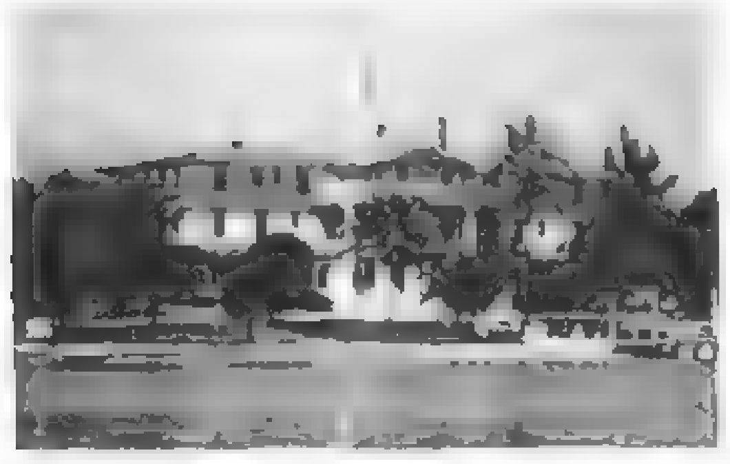
TIMELY CLOTHES • Rochester, New York

We're Enjoying a Banner Season Thank You!

Collier Florida Hotels

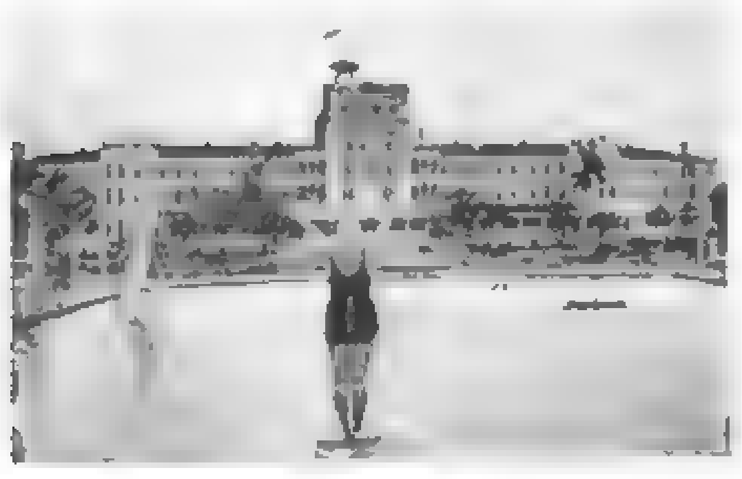




Useppa Inn and Cottages, a lovely, complete Island resort. Club-like, $10 day Amer. & up. Open for tarpon to July 1st.

Gasparilla Inn, Boca Grande, leisurely club-resort. Clientele of character. $10 day Amer. & up. Tarpon fishing.

The beautiful Royal Worth, W. Palm Beach's premiere resort hotel. Select clientele—all pleasures. $8 Amer. $4 Eur. & up.



The Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda. On water. Own bathing, golf, tennis—quail and fishing. $6.50 Amer. & up.

The Manatee River, Bradenton, restful, enjoyable, an ideal winter home. ALL Florida offers. $6.50 Amer. $3.50 Eur. & up.

The Sarasota Terrace, smart center of smart Sarasota. Every facility for comfort and pleasure. $7 Amer. $3.50 Eur. & up.

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NOT merely more people—but the MORE discriminating type of sojourner, those who KNOW Florida are choosing Collier Florida Hotels. Collier Florida Hotels have always catered to those who sought the unhurried, relaxed, sort of Florida vacation . . . sunshine, leisurely sport and the atmosphere people of character bring to a hotel.

Now's the time for a tropical holiday. There's a buoyant, rejuvenating warmth in Florida's March and April air. The fishing is close to perfection (Tarpon soon!). Bathing and golf are at perfection. Everyone who can is staying on . . . new arrivals every day . . . it's a grand, smart time to come, and rates are a little lower!

Florida's largest chain of fine hotels . . . appointed and operated according to the best standards . . . and imbued with the conviction that most Florida visitors are keenly interested in full (and sensible) value.

Delightfully located, in the loveliest vacation centers . . . all sports and resort pleasures . . . ideal for motorists . . . excellent train service.

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Hotel Manatee River	Bradenton
Hotel Charlotte Harbor	Punta Gorda
Hotel Sarasota Terrace	Sarasota
Hotel Tampa Terrace	Tampa
Hotel Floridan	Tampa
Useppa Inn	Useppa Island
Gasparilla Inn	Boca Grande
Everglades Inn	Everglades
Rod & Gun Club	Everglades

2 OF THE EAST COAST'S FINE HOTELS

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Hotel Dixie Court	W. Palm Beach

IN THE LOVELY LAKE AND CITRUS REGION

Hotel Lakeland Terrace	Lakeland

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COLLIER FLORIDA COAST HOTELS

BARRON G. COLLIER, President *GEORGE H. MASON, Vice President and Gen. Mgr.*

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Sr. once said: *"The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."*

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest priced ability under the sun?" To our knowledge, none has.

How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's amazing new book.

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools made a survey to find out the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost $25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health—and their second, how to understand and get along with *people;* how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to *give* such a course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently—yet could find none suitable.

The book they were looking for was published only ten weeks ago and is now leading all non-fiction best-seller lists. 26,134 copies were sold during the single week in which these lines were written. It is the most popular non-fiction book in America today!

A New Book—and the Man Behind It

It is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and is written by the one man who is perhaps better qualified to write it than anyone else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on the subject of getting along with people, dealing with them successfully, winning others to their own way of thinking. During the last 24 years he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men and women—among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on Public Speaking and How to Influence People in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (the second largest hall in New York) the place is packed to capacity. Large organizations—such as The New York Telephone Co., Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and many others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie in their own offices for their members and executives.

This new book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* grew and developed out of that vast laboratory of experience. As you can judge from the panel at the top of this advertisement, it is as practical as 24 years of actual successful experience with the problems of thousands of people in all walks of life can make it.

Consider the Case of Michael O'Neil

Michael O'Neil lives in New York City. He first got a job as a mechanic, then as a chauffeur.

When he got married he needed more money. So he tried to sell automobile trucks. But he was a terrible flop. He suffered from an inferiority complex that was eating his heart out.

On his way to see any prospect, he broke out into a cold sweat. Then, before he could get up enough courage to open the door, he often had to walk up and down in front of an office half a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out—never knowing quite why.

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine stop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

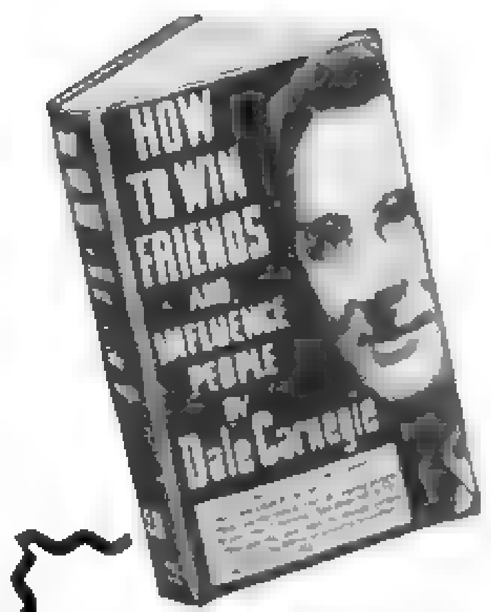
"It may do you some good, Mike. God knows you need it"

He didn't want to go—he was afraid that he would be out of place—that there would be a lot of college men. But his despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Mike. God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting, and other meetings of the course. He lost his fear. He learned how to talk charmingly and convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Michael O'Neil is a star salesman for one of the country's largest manufacturers of motor trucks. His income has mounted and skyrocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor, he stood in front of 2500 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equalled his confidence—or his reception.

Michael O'Neil is a salesman—but his problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields—the fundamental one of *getting along with people.* The way it was solved is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 15,000 people in all types of endeavor. *What Dale Carnegie has done for them he can do for you.* Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting, priceless information Dale Carnegie's book contains. But the subject is so intensely important that we say, look at this book without obligation. Then decide whether or not you want to own it.



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3rd	Printing........	4,000 copies
4th	Printing........	5,000 copies
5th	Printing.	5,000 copies
6th	Printing........	20,000 copies
7th	Printing........	25,000 copies
8th	Printing........	25,000 copies
9th	Printing........	25,000 copies
10th	Printing........	25,000 copies
	Total to date..	140,000 copies

THIS IS A BIG BOOK OF THIRTY-SEVEN CHAPTERS, INCLUDING:

The Big Secret of Dealing with People
Six Ways to Make People Like You Instantly
An Easy Way to Become a Good Conversationalist
A Simple Way to Make a Good First Impression
How to Interest People
Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking
A Sure Way of Making Enemies—and How to Avoid It
The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints
How to Get Cooperation
A Formula That Will Work Wonders for You
The Movies Do It. Radio Does It. Why Don't You Do It?
Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
How to Criticize—and Not Be Hated for It
How to Spur Men on to Success
Making People Glad to Do What You Want
Letters That Produced Miraculous Results
Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier

ONLY $1.96 IF you decide to keep it!

DALE CARNEGIE

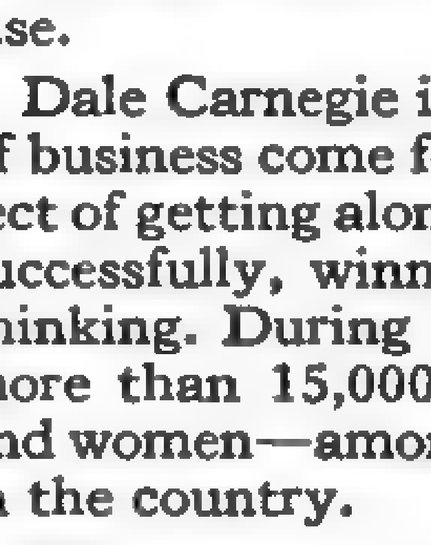
Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 24 years, he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

Large organizations such as:

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.	Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce
New York Telephone Co.	Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce
Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania	Philadelphia Electric Co.
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, New York	Philadelphia Gas Works Co.
McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, New York	Carrier Engineering Corporation
	Philadelphia Association of Life Underwriters

have had this training conducted in their own offices for their members and executives.

This new book is a direct result of Dale Carnegie's experience, the *only* working manual of its kind ever written to help people solve their daily problems in human relationships.



LOWELL THOMAS

Most famous news commentator in the world, says about Dale Carnegie:

"I have known him for 20 years. This man, by inspiring adults to blast out and smelt some of their hidden ores, has created one of the most significant movements in adult education. He is indeed a wizard in his special field."

SEND NO MONEY

Try Dealing THIS WAY with People —for just FIVE Days!

This book has been published for only a short time. Yet it is the most amazing non-fiction best-seller of recent years. Within the first ten weeks of publication, more than 127,000 copies have been sold. The presses are running continuously to turn out 5,000 copies each day.

When you get your copy simply *read* it; there are no "exercises" to be practiced. Then try for five days Dale Carnegie's simple method of dealing with people. Judge for yourself, in your daily social or business life, how easily whatever you do, say, or write can win the friendship and the hearty cooperation of others—instead of arousing resentment, friction, and either a negative response or no action at all.

It is not necessary to send any money now. You may pay for *"How to Win Friends and Influence People"* when it is delivered—with the definite understanding that its price of only $1.96 will be refunded to you if you wish it. If this book does what we claim, it will mean more to you *than ANY book you have ever read.* If it doesn't, we do not want you to keep it. Mail this coupon at once.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Continued from page 5

And Mrs. McKnight, the friend of France, who lectures in French, to the French, at the Louvre. And Clifford Harmon, who gives those Harmon Aviation Trophies and still dreams of putting over his world peace plan when everywhere you go you see posted instructions on what to do when the aerial bombardment begins. And everybody's half-afraid to fall asleep for fear that it will be sirens rather than alarm clocks that will next waken them. Budapest smoulders with irredentism and seethes with war spirit, but even there it is not the people who want the war. It never is. There Marian Marcas, of the madonna eyes, envied us our three thousand miles of ocean, praying God it would be wide enough to save us. But André Maurois says it won't come, that everybody's too afraid of everybody else to start it. And Putzi Hanfstaengel discoursed affably on art and the amenities in his rooms at the Crillon, but how long will a Nazi be safe in Paris? And when does a Nazi stop talking culture and start spreading Kultur? And where will they all be, two years or even a year hence? Viola Rodgers will look fine, with her lovely legs, in her old Red Cross uniform, but how will her "lovely little house" in Lardy (the size of two hotels), where she nursed George Moore through a long winter's illness—how will that look one year, two years, hence? And Fritz Barta, the Viennese paragon of politeness, who was our cab driver by day, wrapping us up in a fur carriage robe, and our host and companion by night out in Grünzing and in every farmhouse where the pine bush proclaimed a *heuriger* of singing and new wine, who guided our foreign feet to the waltz-time of living that is forever Vienna's, who came each morning early with patiently-wrought bouquets *für die Damen* and Austrian cigarettes for *der Herr*, who treated us as his masters by day and as his equals (which we could never hope to be) by night, where will he be when it's springtime in Vienna, next year or the year after? Will there be new mounds at Aspern, where we last saw him waving goodbye and, probably, shouting *Auf Wiederseh'n*, new mounds for the all-forgiving grass to grow over, to cover him and his kind? It's all mad, and the most hopeless part of it is they all know it's mad, yet they're all like rabbits before the fixed fascinating stare of a snake.

Not even the English can hope to be immune. To think of Kenneth Clark, the young director of the National Gallery in London, living out a life that has always been dedicated to beauty, in a house on Portland Place that Adam built, filled with possessions of more-than-museum rarity, think of him facing Fritz Barta with a bayonet. Yet that is what has happened in Europe every twenty years, on a thousand year average, and seems about to happen there again. We ought to try to do something about it now, because we'll have to do something about it later.

Well, maybe it isn't an editorial, but it's a cinch that it has more than filled the space. We squeezed in as many names as we could (somebody said they make news) but a lot more names had to go unnamed or the thing would have run on forever. We'll leave it this way and try to get it into the mail at Jacksonville. We're going on to Key West, to try to horse Mr. Hemingway back into the magazine. The last time we saw him he stayed out for eight months. This time we'll try not to exercise that same brand of charm. Wish us luck.

P. S.—Maybe we shouldn't have spoken about the Boss that way. It seems a bit rude, when a guy's acted much more like a big brother for nine years. Besides, it'd be just our luck to have him read this one. Maybe nobody else will.

Mark Schorer

Bernard Simon

Shannon Fife

Mark Schorer (*To Make Life Seem Full*, page 82) says: "I was born and reared in Wisconsin, was educated at the University of Wisconsin and Harvard, am married, twenty-eight, and, by dint of drudgery, a Ph.D. I have taught English for six years, five at Wisconsin and now at Dartmouth. I am the author of a kind of historical novel about Wisconsin which I am given to believe lost me love in some quarters, called *A House Too Old* and published last year by Reynal and Hitchcock. I have had short stories in *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Story*, etc., and will have an article in *New Masses* presently. Recently I finished a book on the revolutionary character of the poetry of William Blake. Blake supplies the title, *Live In It Merrily*, for a new novel descriptive of academic life, on which I am now working."

•

Dr. Logan Clendening (*Rockabye, Buddy*, page 56) writes a daily health article for King Features Syndicate which you've probably been seeing. He lives in Kansas City, Missouri, his birthplace. He's won an imposing array of honors: Fellow in the American Therapeutic Association and the American Climatological and Clinical Association; he's a member of the Board of Governors of the American College of Physicians, and he's a professor of Clinical Medicine in the University of Kansas School of Medicine. During the war Dr. Clendening was a major in the Medical Reserve Corps and chief of medical service at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

•

Kingsley Fall (*In the Goat Room*, page 68) says: "I attended Dartmouth College, where it was not said that I showed definite literary promise, and was graduated in 1931 in the midst of the late depression, which proved of incalculable value to my golf. The past four years have been spent on the *Berkshire Evening Eagle* in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, collecting news, a wife (very nice) fairly regular meals, and rejection slips."

Bernard Simon (*The Average Actor*, page 102) is a theatrical press agent. Once he toured ahead of *Strange Interlude*, lecturing on the "Art of the The-ayter, with plentifully sprinkled references to the O'Neill opus, before women's clubs, Little Theatre groups, Rotary, Kiwanis, etc." And once he toured as ballyhooer for a shimmy-shaking act of Gilda Gray. Otherwise he's stayed pretty much on Broadway, plugging for Jane Cowl, Helen Hayes, and people like that. Once he had a fling at acting and stage managing at the Provincetown and Greenwich Village Theatres in the great days of Kenneth Macgowan, Robert Edmond Jones and Eugene O'Neill. Then he reviewed drama for the New York *Morning Telegraph* and for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Just now he's doing publicity for the four shows of Gilbert Miller—*Victoria Regina*, *The Country Wife*, *Tovarich*, and *Promise*.

•

Byron Schoeman (*Behind the Eight Ball*, page 105) says the idea for the article came to him when he visited an exclusive club and watched high society at the billiard table. He's 31, married, and lives in St. Louis. He's done sports writing for a lot of newspapers including the late New York *World*, the St. Louis *Times*, and the El Paso *Times* and *Herald*. He's been a wrestling promotor but the groan and grunt artists proved too rich for his blood. At present he's free-lancing. He likes imported ale, chocolate sodas and dogs.

•

Discovery of the Month is Jay Snyder, author of *I Had a Good Comrade*, on page 54. He says: "My schools were the University of West Virginia and Bucknell University. I left the squirrel-infested campus of the latter institution just last summer. I have the best dad, the finest mother, and the loveliest fiancée in the country; being a part to these relationships is all that distinguishes me from a couple hundred thousand unemployed college men."

Kingsley Fall

Jay Snyder

Byron Schoeman

Coleman Clark (*Business Man in Movies*, page 90) tells us that there have been some table tennis rule changes within the last year. You can get a free copy of the latest rules by writing Dorothy Buerger, 323 West Monroe, Chicago, if you'll enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. No catch.

•

Shannon Fife (*The Kiddy Quip Curse*, page 65) doesn't need to read *Wake Up and Live* or any of those books because he's already using all his energies, thank you. He writes motion picture stories—so far 175 of them have been produced—does special feature writing, fiction, and legitimate plays. He says: "With the renaissance of the living theatre (for which we should all thank God) I have ten stage-play comedies under way, the first of which will be done by Ernest Truex. As a side-line I have 25 actively pursued hobbies, ranging alphabetically from astronomy to zoology. Home: Dallas to New York City to Hollywood to Lake Placid to Europe."

•

Jerome Barry (*The Overnight Bag*, page 87) is originally from Brooklyn. After working for a few years in the engineering department of the New York Telephone Company he went to the Philippines, employed by the Bureau of Education. He says his constitution was pretty badly scrambled by the tropics, so he went home to recuperate and the enforced leisure caused an old chronic itch-to-write to break out in acute form. Before this it had showed itself only in an occasional contribution of verse to F. P. A's column under a pseudonym. He has published fiction, light verse and humor in *Collier's*, *Liberty*, the *Post*, *The New Yorker*, *Harper's* and *Redbook*.

•

An interesting follow-up to the recent *Lusitania* article is afforded by this letter from a survivor:

Jan. 9th, 1937
1829 Highland Avenue,
Ferndale, Michigan

The Editor:

Dear Sir:

Pardon me for taking the liberty of writing to you, but I feel sure when you hear my story that you will understand why.

The other day I bought a copy of the *Reader's Digest* of Jan. issue and in it I find a story condensed from the Esquire on the finding of the *Lusitania*.

This is a subject in which I am very much interested, as I read this article and I came to the part where Mr. Robert Chisholm, second steward aboard that ship, in giving his experience where he stood at his post and hurried back to B deck where he passed Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, helping an hysterical woman, and shouted to him to hurry.

Now Mr. Editor, this is the part where I want you to help to locate this Mr. Chisholm, for I am positive that I can prove to him that I was the hysterical woman he refers to. Mr. Vanderbilt was washed overboard while adjusting his lifebelt on me as I did not have one. I did not see him again as the next huge wave swept me overboard, this particular point is very interesting to me for in a short story that I wrote 15 years ago relating my experience as a survivor is identical with Mr. Chisholm, word for word. Now remember, I may have met Mr. Chisholm on the ship, but I have never heard of him until I bought this Jan. issue of the *Digest*.

Continued on page 194B

By Appointment BARON TWEEDSMUIR, G. C. M. G.
To His Excellency GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA

You can relax with "V.O."

MR. JASPER MORGAN

World-famous naval architect and designer of racing yachts, member of the famous Morgan family

"After the excitement of a close yacht race, a highball of 'V.O.' and soda not only tastes good, but is definitely relaxing and soothing. 'V.O.' is my preference amongst whiskies."

(Signed) Jasper Morgan

Seagram's "V.O." is a fine imported whisky both rich-tasting and mild. It is 90-proof rare old Canadian whisky aged 6 full years in charred oak casks. "V.O." is a truly relaxing whisky. You are invited to try it.

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THE MASTERPIECE OF SEAGRAM SKILL

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SINCE 1857
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90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"

"YES . . . if
you'll wear a hat
this time!"
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

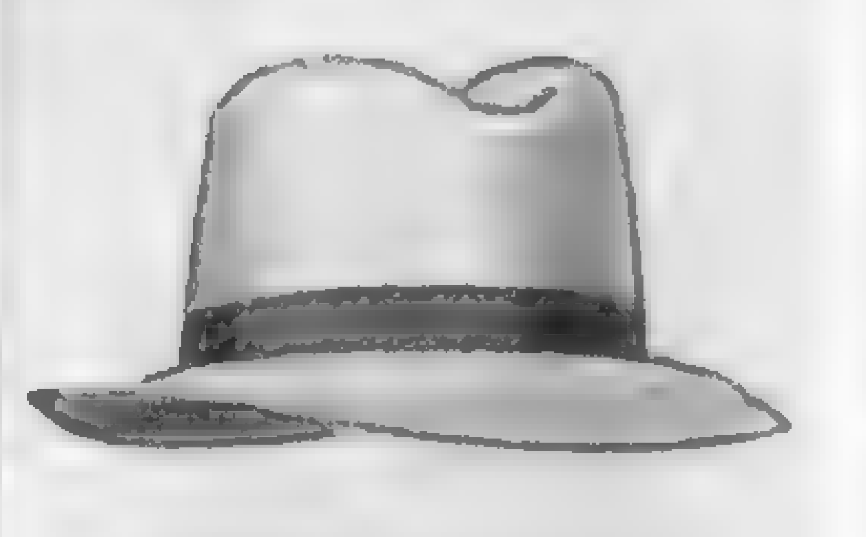
Only LEE CAN MAKE A WATER-BLOC*

. . . there's no other hat like it!

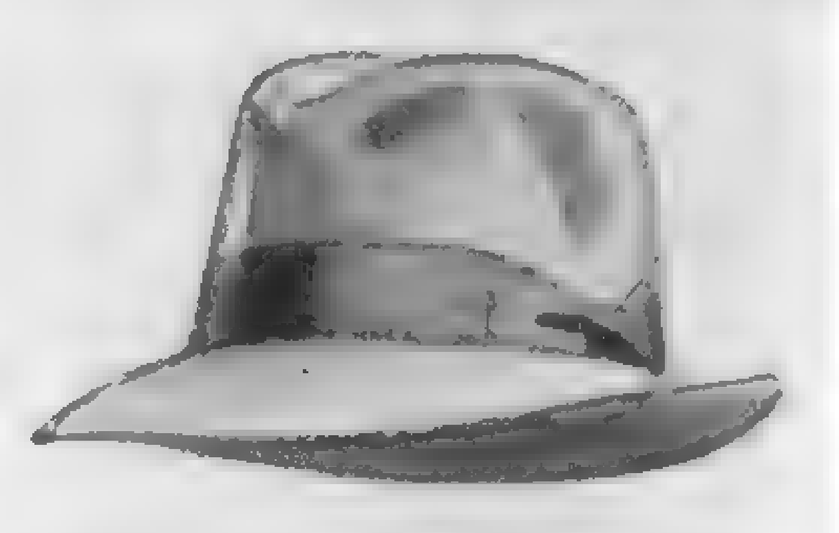
There have been many famous artists—but only *one* Rembrandt; many fine automobiles—but only *one* Rolls-Royce; many good hats—but only *one* Water-Bloc.

The process by which *genuine* Water-Bloc Hats are made is the patented property of The Frank H. Lee Company . . . it is not possible to make a Water-Bloc by any other method . . . only Lee can make a Water-Bloc!

A genuine Lee Water-Bloc is a smartly styled hat whose shape and character are *Water-Bloc* in to stay... it takes us three times longer to make a Water-Bloc than an ordinary hat...but it will be your true friend for years!



THE CASCADE
. . . a 2 ounce Water-Bloc with Lee Cushion Leather . . . $5.00



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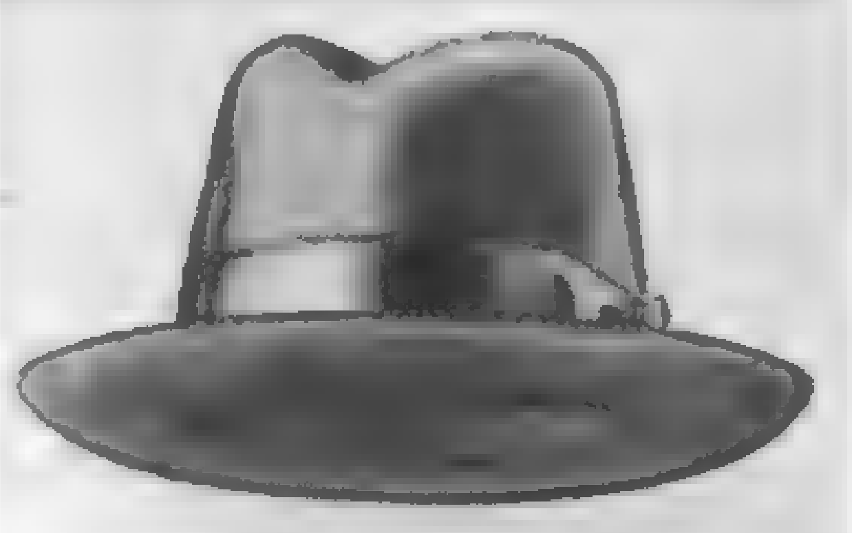


THE GUARDS
. . . hand felted edge . . . Lee Cushion Leather $5.00

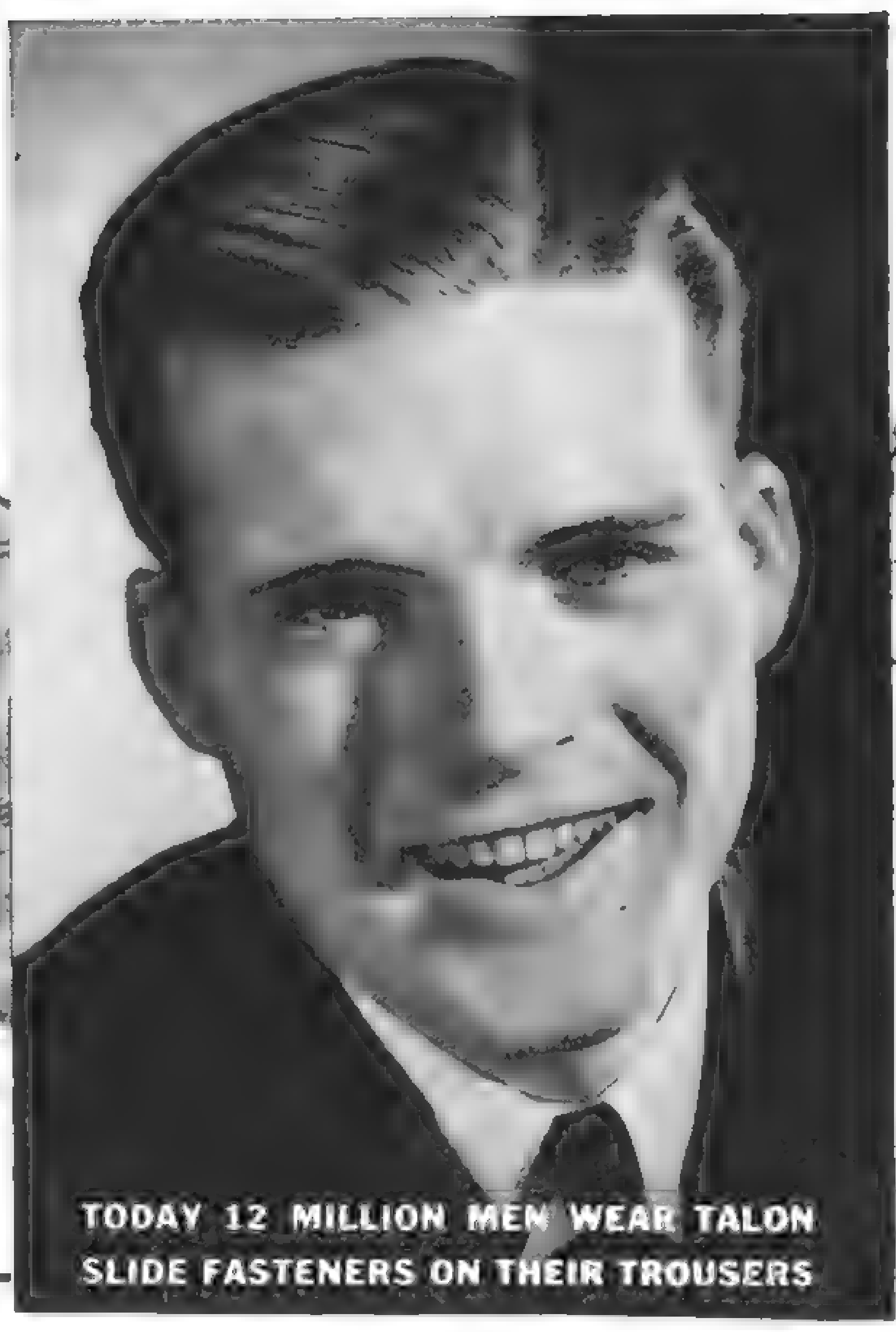
LOOK FOR THE WATER-BLOC TRADE MARK IN THE NEXT HAT YOU BUY

For Sale at Leading Dealers Throughout the U. S. A.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE FRANK H. LEE COMPANY, 358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

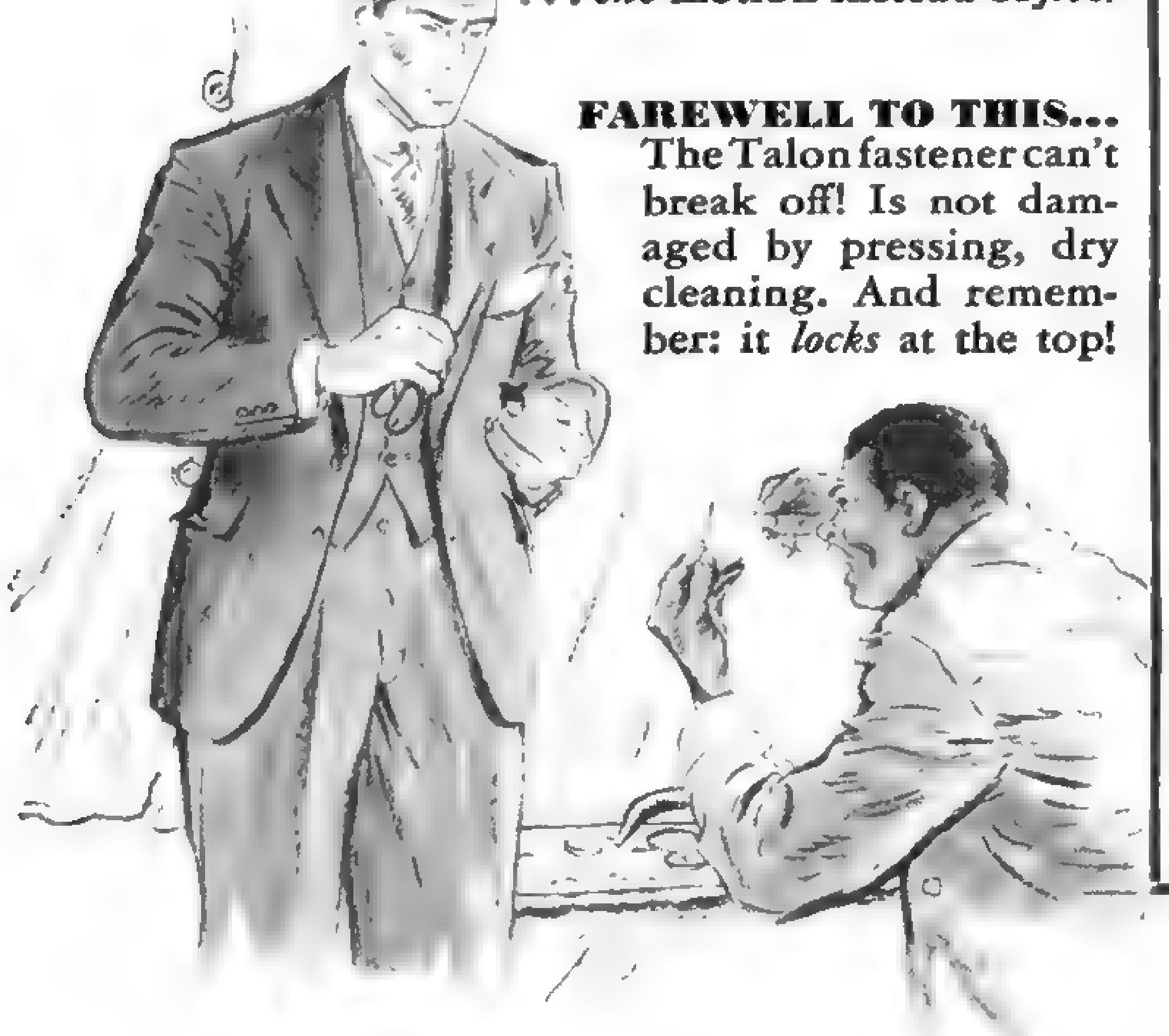
FINE TAILORING DEMANDS IT . . . Flexible as fabric . . . smooth as a seam . . . the Talon slide fastener improves fit and drape of trousers.


TODAY 12 MILLION MEN WEAR TALON SLIDE FASTENERS ON THEIR TROUSERS

YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE O.K... With the Talon slide fastener, you *know* your trousers are closed. Nothing to forget!

Now you get This great extra value in all Kuppenheimer suits!

FIVE IN ONE... You just *slide* the Talon fastener to open or close your trousers . . . *one* motion instead of *five!*



FAREWELL TO THIS... The Talon fastener can't break off! Is not damaged by pressing, dry cleaning. And remember: it *locks* at the top!

MODERN... Unsightly gaps, often caused by the old-type fastenings (above), are impossible with the seam-smooth Talon slide fastener for trousers (below).

"ONCE THEY WEAR IT, MEN DEMAND THE TALON Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. SLIDE FASTENER ON TROUSERS," SAYS FAMOUS CLOTHING HOUSE

TODAY every one of the hundreds of thousands of suits made by the House of Kuppenheimer is equipped with the Talon slide fastener for trousers.

There is only one reason why this great maker of quality clothes has abandoned the old-type trouser fly.

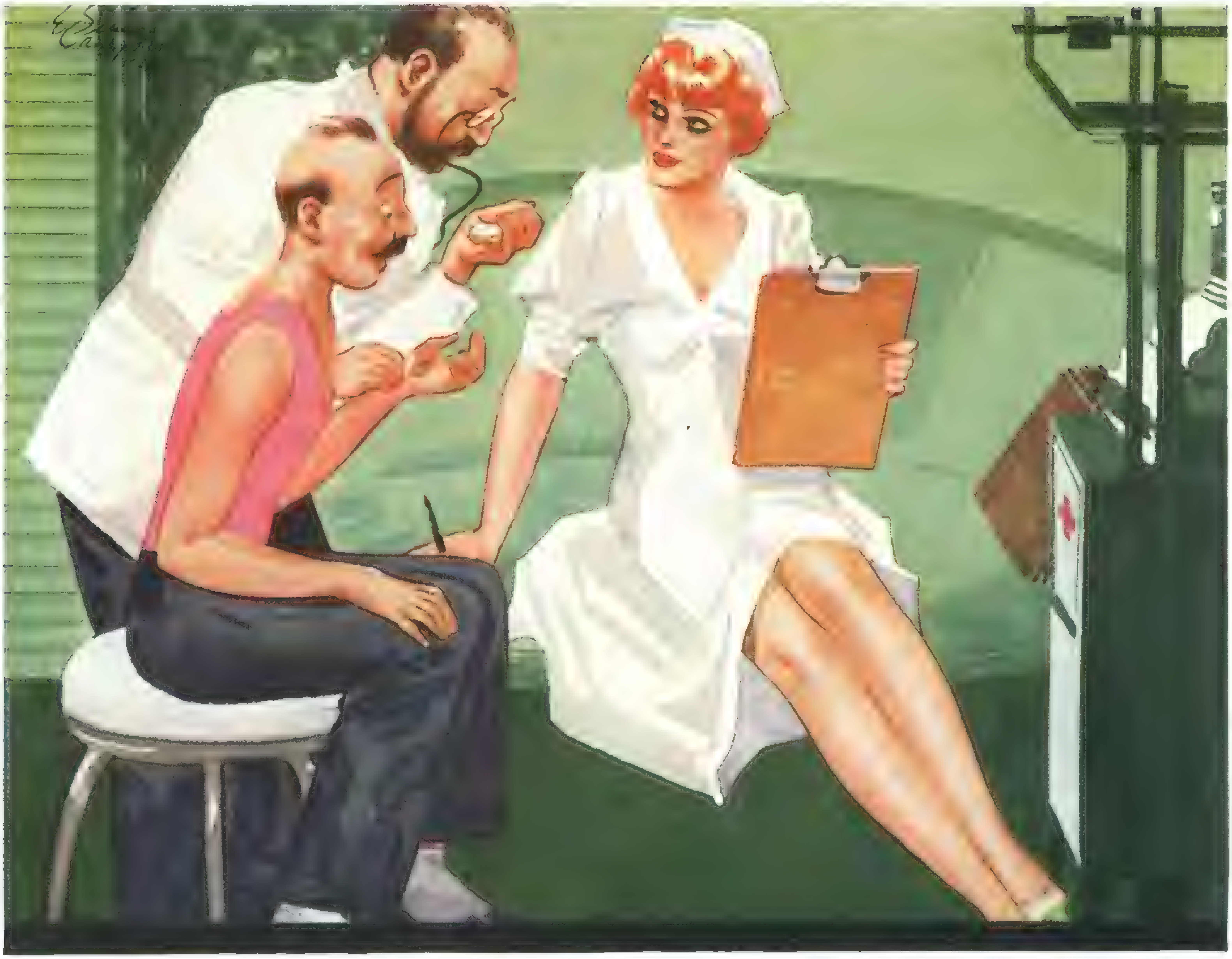
"We are convinced," says Mr. B. J. Cahn, president of the Company, "that the Talon slide fastener is the outstanding improvement of recent years in men's clothing.

"It makes possible better tailoring—a great improvement in appearance. And, after trying the Talon fastener on a larger and larger part of our line for several seasons, we discovered that once a man enjoys its amazing convenience, its durability and security, he wants it on the trousers of all his suits."

This is evidence from a manufacturer that puts quality above everything else. Ask your nearest Kuppenheimer dealer to show you a suit with the Talon trouser fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO.
MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

TRY THE ***TALON*** *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*



"If you ask me, doctor, the only thing that will build him up is a Hart Schaffner & Marx Suit!"

SUNSHINE and vitamins are all okay. But this little lady, after observing a score of these strip dances every day, has learned that a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit can do a vastly improved job as a "builder-upper" in a much shorter length of time!

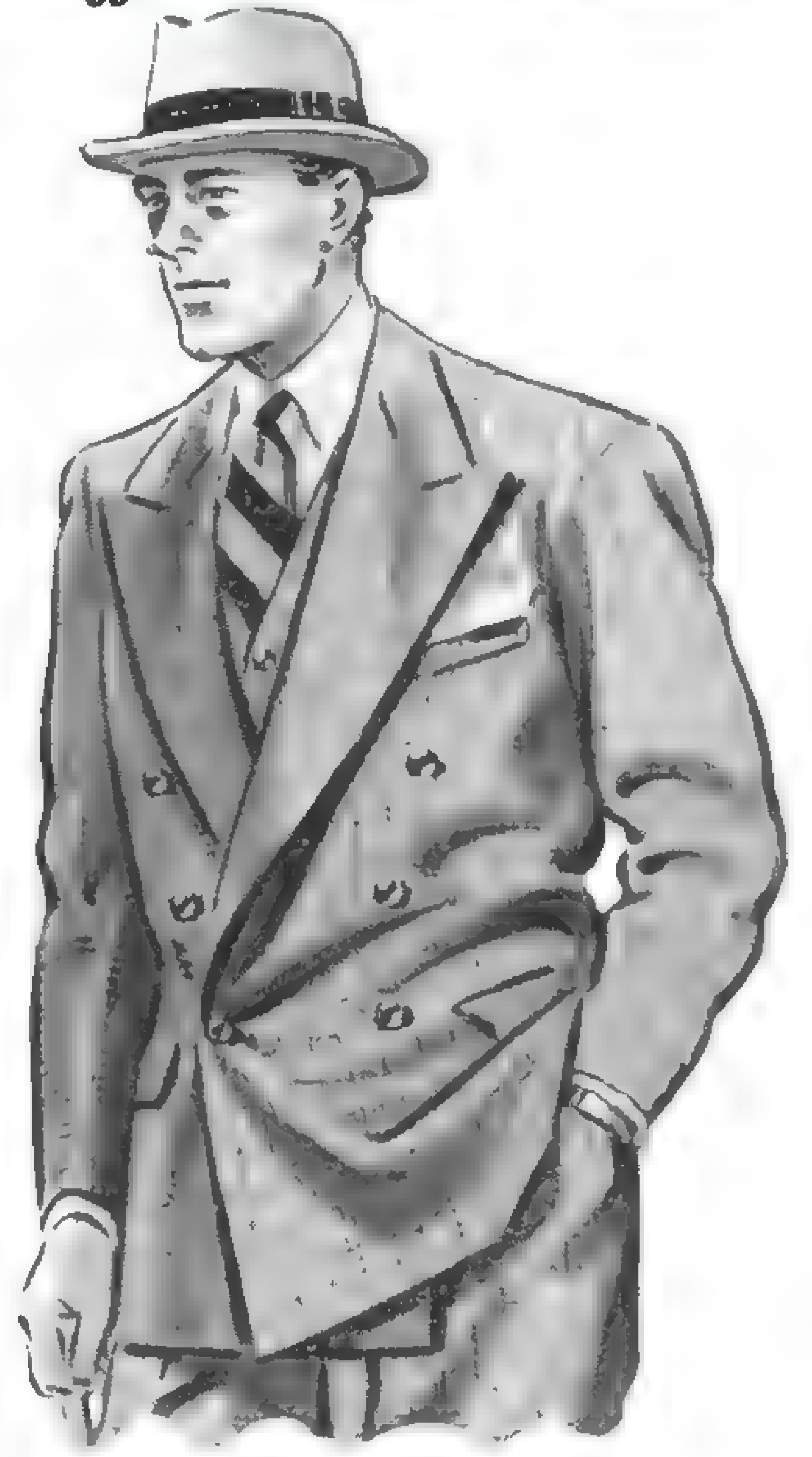
As a matter of fact her experience evidently has also taught her that the flow and drape of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes bring out the best characteristics of the most faun-like figure.

Of course, even a suit with the Trumpeter label won't change an ape into an Apollo, but the line and eager power of one of the current Hart Schaffner & Marx masterpieces will give trim-figure smartness to most mine-run forms.

And you don't need a doctor's prescription to get this new lease on life! All you have to do is stop in at the store in your town handling this great line of clothing and make your selection from any one of hundreds of smart, new spring suits!

District Checks!

—in some size or other should make their appearance in your wardrobe this spring. Whether you prefer the new Scots Guard Check, as seen at the right, or whether your preference runs toward the larger, more colorful Glen Urquhart, you'll find a complete collection of *all* kinds of checks at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer. Note the smartness of the sensational new "V-line" model, designed and tailored for men who like to "feel" their clothes.



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ... A BIG THING TO FIND

The Old School Tie

This badge of the ruling class proclaims that its wearer is not, thank God, as other men

by EDWARD ACHESON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE United States, as all Englishmen can tell you and most do, is a new country. It has, as yet, no tradition: it has enunciated no ideals: and admittedly. For what further proof is necessary than that benighted America still lacks the one visible and most blatant sign of all inner and spiritual grace—the Old School Tie.

In the "more advanced civilization" (i.e. England) this bit of neckwear, ghastly as its color scheme often is, serves at least a fourfold purpose. It fulfills the function of a caste mark like the decoration of a Hindu's forehead, the boast of a rigid and inexorable stratification. It constitutes within its folds a code of ethics as inflexible as Hammurabi's. It supplies its wearers with an unquestioned and unquestionable philosophy of life. And most important of all, it gives to England, and hence the Empire, a complete and unofficial, yet all-pervading, method of government.

Incidentally and parenthetically, it also comprises the most entertaining blind spot in the Englishman's sense of humor. For the suave and bemonocled Londoner who reserves his best-bred smile of contempt for Americans with luncheon-club lapel-buttons, can see nothing naïve in announcing by means of the stripes on his cravat that he managed in the dimming past to graduate from prep-school, or that he once contributed a mediocre oar to a losing Oxford crew.

Yet, in this as in other branches of sociology and politics, the Englishman's instinct is eminently sound. For the Old School Tie, far from being a smiling matter, undoubtedly ranks as one of the most potent institutions in contemporary British life. Measured against it The Church of England seems superfluous, for in itself it comprises a pragmatic religion: it makes a sorry also-ran of the influence of any Masonic order: against the gossamer of its ramifications, the alleged machinations of the Third Internationale reveal the clumsy hand of the amateur. Shrouded by official unrecognition, there is nothing like it under the sun: only the function performed by the Bolshevik Party within the political and economic framework of the Soviet Union can be said to resemble it. Yet the methods of the Bolshevik Party are direct if anything: the essence of the Old School Tie is indirection—"and influence brought to bear."

And that influence is staggering. The Old School Tie makes Prime Ministers in England, and war outside: it directs foreign policy and most of the stock companies: it fashions Society in its own image and society to its own ends. Without it the Ruling Class would lose its adjective overnight and the star of national ascendency would drop in the west like a plummet. Verily, verily, it has been said—"the web of British destiny is spun with the threads of the Old School Tie."

Yet as personal adornment the actual cravat (in contradistinction to the metaphysical tie) is usually not highly intriguing. The great prep school of Eton, for instance, contents itself with a black tie crossed by diagonal blue stripes; blue with white double stripes for its great rival, Harrow. Neither employs electric blue, not even Alice, or baby—just blue. The sort of tie anyone might purchase in an uninspired moment. As a matter of fact, this problem of unintentional misrepresentation was placed squarely before a very special Old-School-Tie clerk. "Suppose," he was asked, "a forgotten man tried to buy an Eton tie—?" Apparently that was a poser; "It's a mistake anyone might make," he was prompted. And the matter was cleared up for him instanter. "Not a gentleman, sir," he smiled.

But, of course, it was inevitable even among gentlemen that such a successful idea should attract imitators. It did—in droves. Regiments adopted distinctive neckwear, one design for officers, naturally, and another for men. Clubs have ties—all of them—boating clubs, cricket clubs, fox-terrier clubs, every imaginable club. Probably the most socially exclusive club tie in England is a demented rainbow of red gold and brown stripes called I Zingari; its overwhelming importance is proven by the fact that any self-respecting Briton can bring himself to be seen dead in it. The Tank Corps has a tie, and pretty bad it is, too, combining brown, red and green. Its wearers, with the sentiment inherent in their calling, translated it, "Through mud and blood to the Green Fields."

These ties, as one might expect, are fairly sacred. Witnesses will not soon forget the expression on the face of a Guards Officer who saw his regimental tie together with Eton, Harrow, an Oxford double Blue and I Zingari, all displayed for sale on Fifth Avenue under the sacrilegious title, "Imported Neckwear."

Against the threat of exactly this type of desecration a number of these ties have been patented—actually patented. The Bank of India tie, which with perhaps unconscious candor displays white elephants on a blue background, is registered at the Patent Office. Indian princes and potentates were quick to get the idea and a number of them have neckties of peculiar design registered for their exclusive use—sort of a one-man Old-School idea. The detectives' cricket club at Scotland Yard has a necktie of its own. And so has the inspection department of the Air Ministry. The identity of the latter tie is one of the great hush-hush matters of the Empire. It is blue with little red question marks but that fact is guarded like the golden apples in the west. The indiscreet official who disclosed the secret in his cups is probably at this very moment looking for himself with all the ardor of an outraged bloodhound.

There are, of course, less mysterious ties. Hospitals have them. But you can't get an "Old St. Mary's" by merely having peritonitis within those ancient walls. The cravat is reserved for those who earn or learn there. Even business houses have ties, and a number of them are patented. The neckwear reserved for the exclusive use of the officials of the British-American Export Tobacco Company brings the thing perilously near home.

But Indian Maharajahs and police sports clubs, rowing boat associations and Oxford, banks, tobacco companies and I Zingari, are, when all is said and done, merely variations on a central theme. The Old School Tie is the basis, the reality which lends significance to the others. And the Old School Tie is important only because it is the recognized badge of the Ruling Class. It has nothing whatsoever to do with education: otherwise the University ties would be more valuable. It does not concern itself with individual capability or achievement—its unlovely designs are available to every student. But it does stand for a caste. It proclaims, in effect, that the possessor is

Continued on page 179

The Laocoön Complex

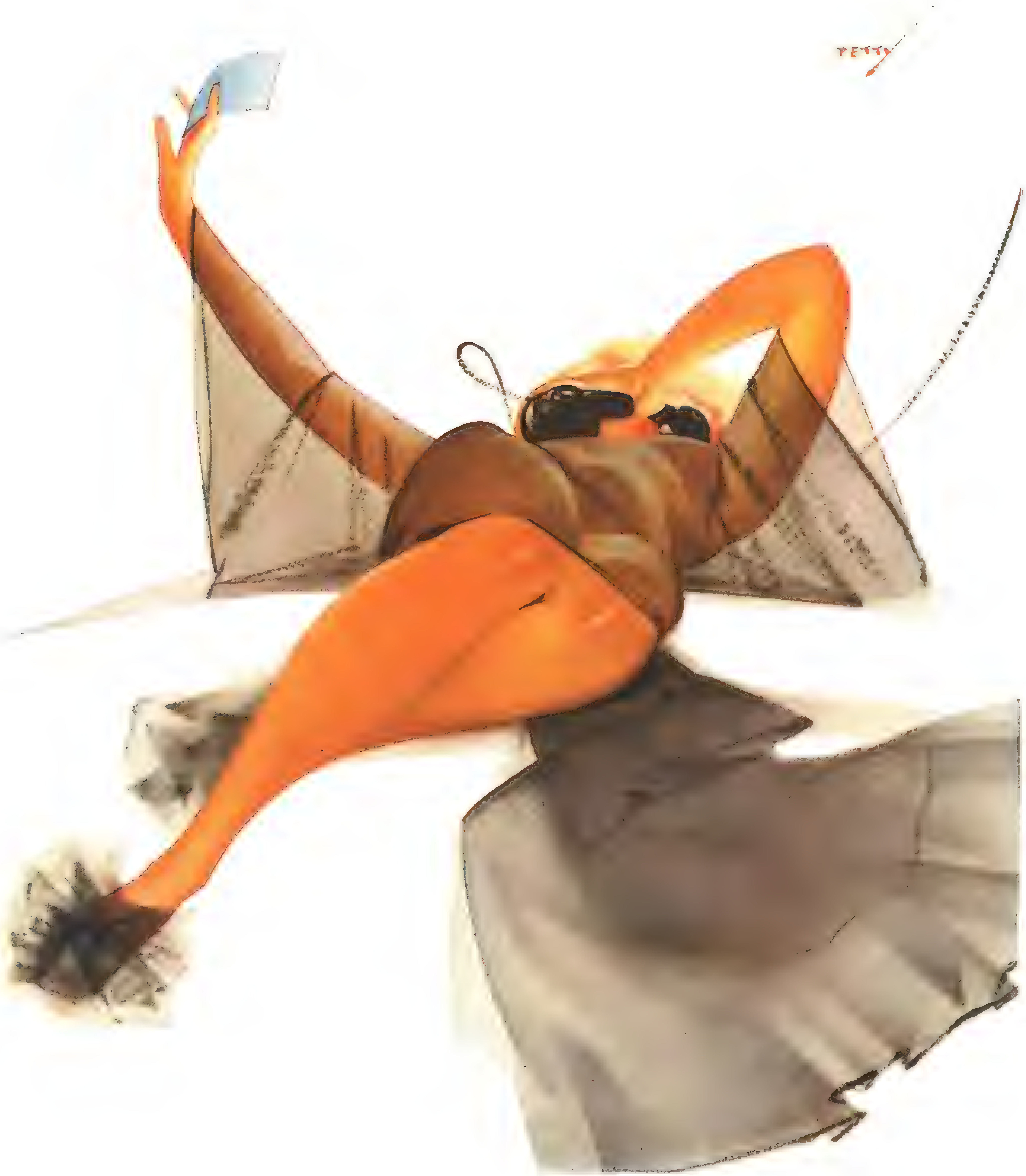
Simms was a good average fellow like you or me till he started finding snakes

by J. C. FURNAS

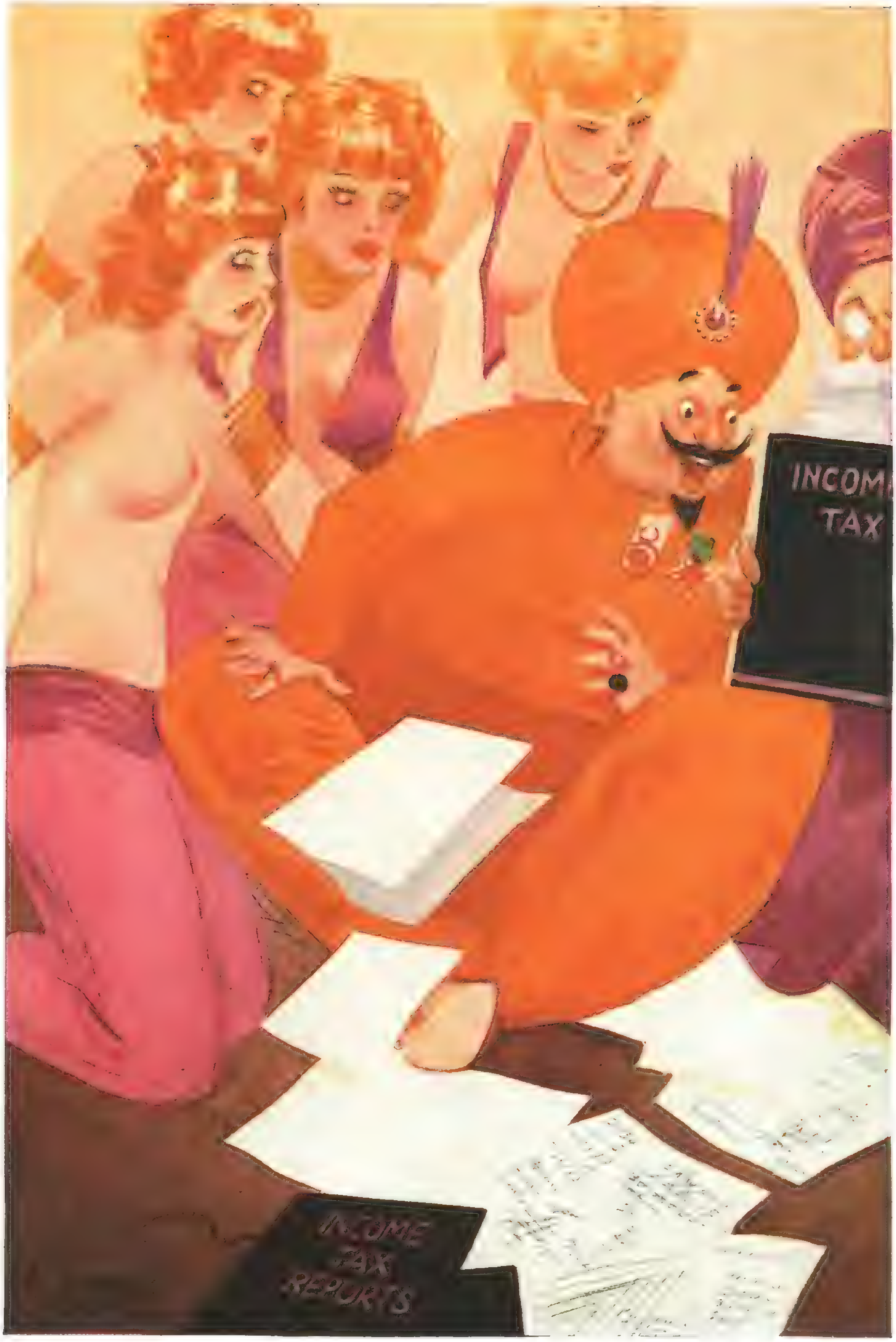
FICTION

from side to side, it crawled through the

first time in twenty-four hours. Almost in



"I suppose this bum check is your idea of an April Fool's joke"


INCOME TAX
INCOME TAX REPORTS

"You mean I can claim an exemption if I have children?"

The Japanese Col. Lawrence

Doihara admires Ming Art, writes polite poems, and provokes war with China—with equal nicety

by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

If Japan gobbles China, it will be due largely to the efforts of General Kenji Doihara. Doihara is the moving spirit of the Japanese Army Intelligence Service and the master spy of the Orient. His Service is no mere fact-finding body, snooping around enemy barracks and relaying bits of information to headquarters. It not only smells out wars. It plans wars and starts them. It constitutes the real power behind the fearsome General Staff of the Japanese Army.

Crafty General Araki does his job in Tokyo, prodding timorous politicians into militant action. Mild-mannered General Honjo works as field strategist, deploying his tanks and regiments astride the Great Wall with empire-making effects. But without Doihara, the campaigns of these generals would have little impact.

In Tokyo they say, "A general without Doihara is like a ship-captain without a compass." This is an understatement. The genius of the Intelligence Service is much more than a guide. He and his fantastic organization—composed of priests, pimps, students, traveling salesmen, whores, gangsters—act as the advance guard of the Japanese Army. Doihara does not sit at his desk and move pins on a map. He travels widely and in his wake take place important events which signal the Japanese Army to march.

Wherever he is seen—in the markets of Shanghai, in the governmental buildings in Nanking, in the capitals of provincial war lords—it is a Chinaman's chance that trouble is brewing. With unlimited funds at his disposal, Doihara as a yen-man actually outranks Takahashi, the matured financier-statesman. He knows the price of every war lord and he can distribute just enough money among a Chinese mob to cause one of those convenient "incidents." With his yellow fingers on knights and pawns alike, he has been able to alter the setup of the complicated Chinese chessboard.

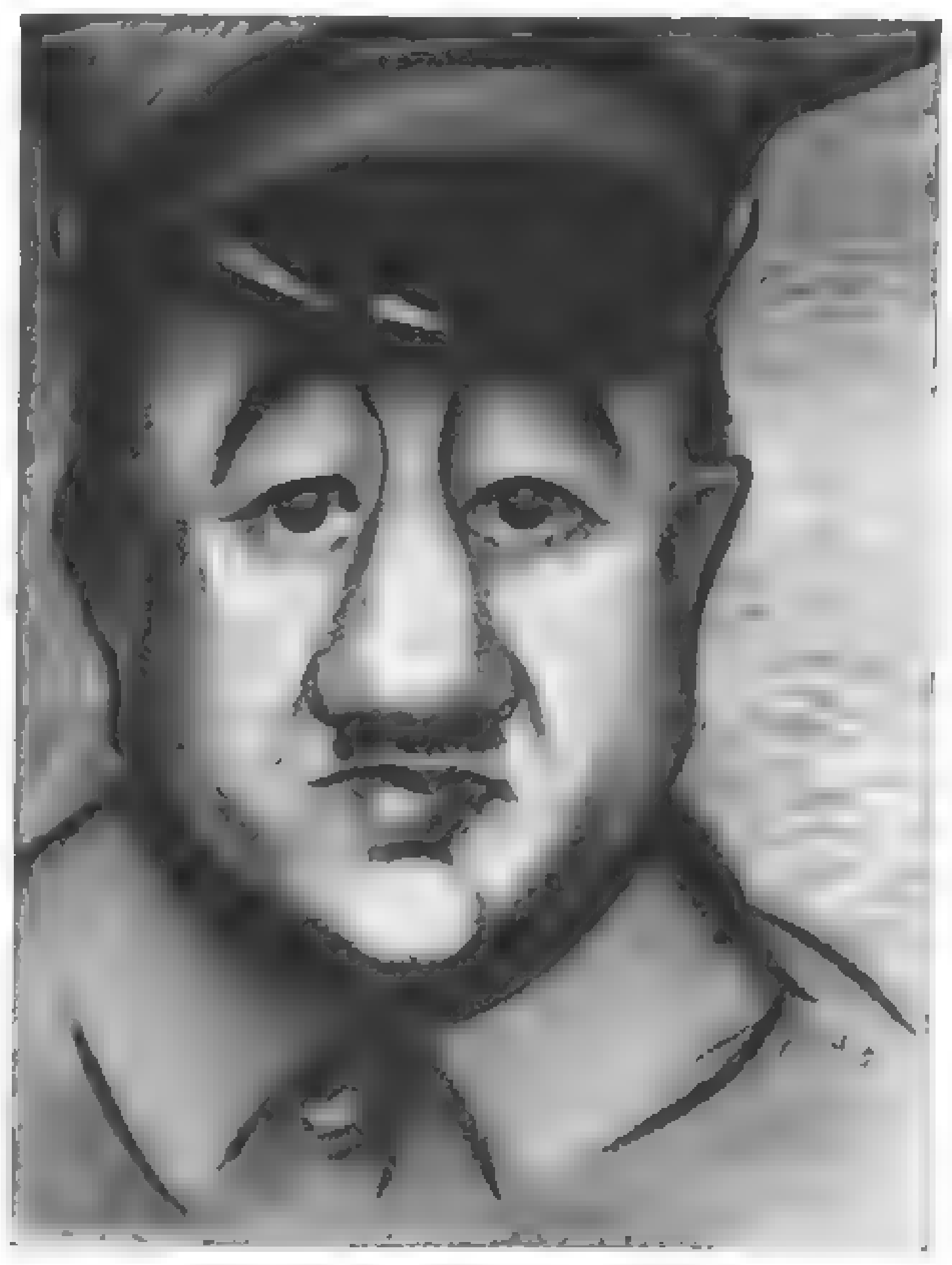
How has this pudgy little man—as innocent looking as a kimono merchant on Fifth Avenue—been able to attain this power?

Some attribute his success to his charm. Charm—in the Mongolian folds of his little brown eyes, in the courteous gestures of his tubby arms, in the apparent frankness of his toothy smile. For it takes more than average amiability to win hard-boiled American reporters with interviews like the following: "What have I been doing in Tientsin, Shanghai, Peiping and Hongkong recently? Really gentlemen, I am but a general. And what has a general to do in time of peace?"

But it is probably true that his personality would have proved insufficient had it not been for his extraordinary knowledge of the Chinese language and people. Thirty years ago, in the Military Academy in Tokyo, he carried off all honors in Chinese—a difficult feat, for Chinese presents enormous difficulties to the average Japanese. It is monosyllabic, while Japanese is not; its syntax differs radically from that of Japanese; and the thousands of written characters require a natural linguistic gift to memorize. Doihara mastered not only Manchu, but also the various dialects of North and South China.

Equipped with this knowledge, Doihara as an ambassador-in-secret to the Chinese was a natural. He was sent to China a few years before the World War and in the past twenty-five years has accumulated an amazing understanding of Chinese conditions and political personalities. Wherever he moved, in marbled Peiping, in political Nanking, in commercial Shanghai, his attractive personality gained him many friends.

Generals, ministers, businessmen who met him at banquets and social functions were enchanted by his familiarity with Chinese culture. He could take a Ming vase in his little hands and pay its owner a penetrating and aesthetically correct compliment. He could reply to a taipan's invitation in verses of lovely simplicity and calligraphic artistry. The Chinese like that and they made him presents of jade, silver shields and honorary scrolls.



They did not realize that they had been hosts to a Japanese Colonel Lawrence, intent on utilizing them for Japanese imperial purposes as the famous British agent did with the Arabian sheiks. They were no wiser, even when the notorious Anfu clique ran Peiping and the Chinese nation. Out of Doihara's pocketbook about two hundred million yen poured into the greedy hands of this group of politicians. In return, Japanese firms obtained priceless concessions in Manchuria—mines, railroads, water-front rights, shipping monopolies. When Sun Yat-sen's muckrakers finally discovered the graft, a rebellion swept the Anfus from power. Hsu, the ringleader, was saved from an infuriated mob by Doihara who concealed him in a laundry basket and sent him to Japan. He was similarly obliging to Emperor Henry Pu-Yi whose dethronement in 1912 put an end to 268 years of Manchu rule. Pu-Yi, fleeing the revolutionaries, was received with open arms by Doihara in the Japanese concession in Tientsin, where he was filed away in an old palace for the future use of the Japanese Intelligence Service.

The Japanese like to refer to Doihara as their "Colonel Lawrence." But the two men differ in important respects. Doihara, unlike Lawrence, feels no sympathy for the native instruments of his intrigue. He would never resign his job because Japan mistreated Chinese war lords, as did Lawrence when he disapproved of British policy towards the Arabs. He entertains no affection for the Chinese and his appreciation of their culture implies little more than the suave Japanese politeness with foreigners. Beneath his smiling front lies the soul of a fanatic. He is said to have joined one of the Japanese patriotic societies which won fame by killing weak-kneed Japanese statesmen. His favorite book is a manual for soldiers which describes how Japan will conquer, first Asia, then the Western world. In his early days, he hated Western customs and refused to drink any liquor save Japanese *sake* (rice wine). His pet toast was, "To greater Kwangtung"—(Kwangtung is a small part of the Chinese mainland leased to the Japanese many years ago, which served as a base for the Japanese army to operate in Manchuria.)

With fanatical thoroughness Doihara renovated the Intelligence Service. It certainly needed reform. In spite of a reputation for possessing a formidable spy network spread over China, the South Seas and the Panama Canal, the Japanese Intelligence Service up to ten years ago actually wasn't much. Its clumsiness was celebrated by many stories, notably the one about its curtains. It seems that Japanese bureaucrats in the supply department covered the windows of all Intelligence Service offices with yellow ochre curtains. Being bureaucrats, they saw no reason why these should be of different colors. As a result, the curtains became famous. Sight-seeing buses in Tokyo used to stop before innocent-looking buildings in various parts of the city and the barkers would proudly call their patrons' attention to the yellow curtains behind which secret posts of the Service were operating. Then there were the sewer diggers. It had become the custom of the Service to dig up the street and place agents in the guise of laborers in front of houses they wished to watch. In short, the Japanese Intelligence

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Life in a Prison Cell

It seemed there was nothing
left in the world but one man
condemned to eternal waiting

marsh, and coated over with a stinking secretion. The prisoner feels it, clearly, and his whole body trembles; he continues to look through the irons of the window, for he does not dare to turn around. His eyes pain him, as if the darkness of the night had come and touched them, and was weighing down upon them; his legs shake with fatigue, but he cannot tear himself away from the spot where he is standing, for fear that in turning around he may discover this "thing" that terrorizes him.

And all this while, on the outside, the silence and the darkness merge into one single mass, and it seems that everything on the earth has been stifled by this cataclysm, that everything is dead, and that nothing is left in the world but just one man, locked up in this cell, and condemned to eternal waiting—the most frightful of punishments.

He will be waiting for the rest of eternity: years, centuries—and this night is going to be indefinitely prolonged; there will no longer be any day, and the sun will never rise again! And this "thing" will always be there behind him, and will continue to watch him, in silence. . . .

Heavy footsteps have re-echoed behind the window. The prisoner jumps up with joy, but then he hastily draws back, becomes motionless, and listens.

"Halt!" commands a hollow and sluggish voice; there is the sound of the butt-ends of guns hitting the ground. The sentinel counts rapidly and in a low voice:

"Twelve windows. . . . Two watch-towers." . . .

"Say, you, Finn, if you should see a head moving near one of the windows, that's no reason for shooting. Get it?"

"I get it."

"Explain that to him, adjutant."

In the silence each word rings out sharp and clear, like the brightness of a flash of fire in the dark.

"And if you see anyone looking out through the window, you don't have to shoot. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, adjutant."

The voice of the one answering thus is timid and sad, and you can feel that the words he pronounces are strange to him, while the other one's voice is low, rough, and authoritative.

"But if someone should pass through the window, and should begin to flee either this way or that way—well, you see, don't you?"

"Perfectly, adjutant."

"Then immediately you are to cry out: "Who goes there?" Once, twice, and the third time, you are to shoot in the air, to give the alarm . . . but you also are to fire on the one escaping, or else you're to strike him uppermost with your butt-end or bayonet . . . if that's any better, understand?"

"Perfectly, adjutant."

"And so, look, you go and you come from here . . . to here, and you watch the windows. And you must take great care not even to close your eyes for a second."

"No, no, adjutant."

"All night, now repeat. Under what conditions are you to fire?"

"If he comes towards me . . ."

"And if he should simply leap over the wall?"

A long silence. You could hear someone breathing with difficulty, and you could also hear a rumbling and impatient moving about.

"Well, damn you . . .?"

"Then . . . you must hit . . ."

"And if you should see a head by the window?"

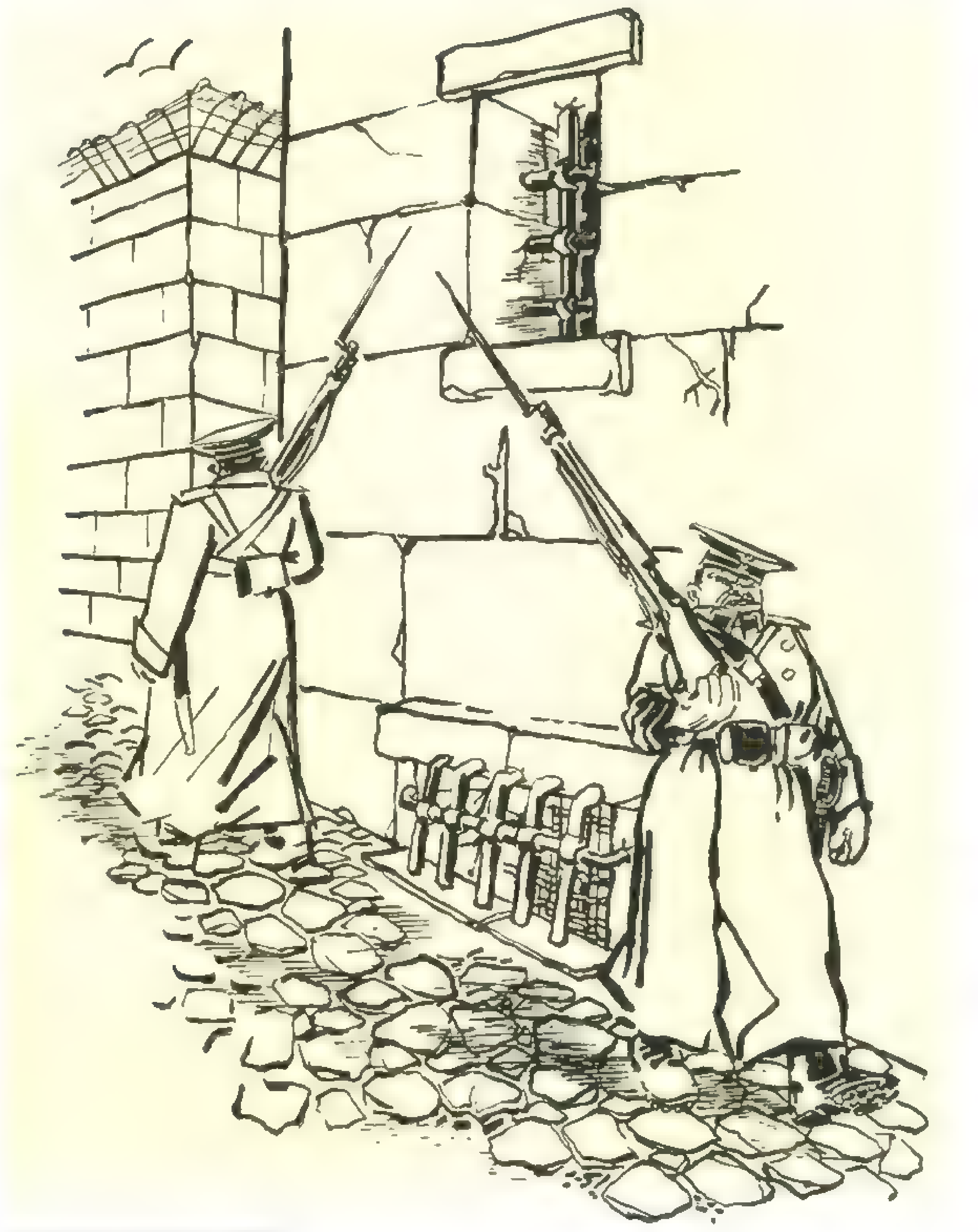
Again, silence. The sound of the butt-ends. Someone spits.

"Well, blockhead! Shake the cobwebs out of your brains, damn you!"

"Then, nothing."

"Why no! No, imbecile! Then you must say: "Pull in your head!" Do you understand all that? All right, that's good. Now, beat it! March!"

The prisoner has again leaned over by the window to try to make out who this sentinel is with this sorry voice. But the narrow alley between the prison wall and the high outside slope is veiled in darkness. A dim outline walks around slowly there, and almost noiselessly, and only the bayonet gleams sometimes in the dark, like a fish reflected in the water.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

"Pull in your head . . .!" resounds the timid voice of the soldier.

The prisoner draws a step back, turns around abruptly towards the door, and takes a look all around in his cell. Then he goes towards his bed, sits down, and leaning forward, supporting himself on his hands, he steadily looks at the wall facing him.

A little mouse jumps out from behind the plinth and softly rolls along the floor, just as a ball of wool would roll. Clever and graceful, it runs to and fro, lifting up its little nose and smelling the air. Its little ears wriggle. While following her with his eyes, the prisoner never stops listening to the restless and rapid beating of his heart.

"If it is already ten o'clock, then there are still six or seven hours left to wait before dawn comes . . ."

And at this thought anguish overwhelms him. Its sensations are so bitter that it seems that every bone in his body is being pounded, that his muscles are tearing, and that his skin is shrinking just as if it is wasting away.

He lets his head droop even more, he clenches his teeth, and thus he remains motionless for a long time, a long time.

"Ah—ah—ah . . . oh—oh—oo—oo!"

He leaps up with a shock. For a second he thought that it was from his heart that this long and sorrowful wailing had escaped, without his having been conscious of it. But no, that comes from the window; it is on the outside that someone is groaning, and the sound, hardly audible, empties itself like a long thin string into the cell through the iron bars.

"Oh—oh—oh!" weeps and groans the voice in the night.

It is the sentinel singing. He listens, and his lips tremble a little. The melody is not very familiar to his ear, and it sounds like a distant song, far away from this country, sung in days of old, elsewhere, very far from this prison and this night. It is not a captivating tune and the voice singing it also lacks charm, but you would call it the slow destruction of a broken tree. At the side of a precipice, below the muddy waves of a powerful current of water, a whining tree; its bare exposed roots are struck by the water, which pulls and tears them; the breaking up of the ice after the snowstorms has broken its branches one by one, and the poor tree, hanging over the abyss, swings back and forth, and sadly groans . . . and soon it will be hurled with just one stroke into the river.

"What can really be the words of that song?" the prisoner asks himself. And the dream goes away, while the song continues, sweet and humble.

The singer doesn't dare sing any louder, he must be afraid of something. And the prisoner penetrates still more and more into the song and it seems to him now that it is in him, in his heart, that the weeping is his distress moaning out loud, his grief, his fear of loneliness, his uneasiness about the future.

Enthralled by the song, he falls powerless upon his bed, his face buried in the blanket. It is only when one remembers one's mother that one can sing like that, when one thinks about the sufferings of a mother's heart from whom her son has been taken, and when one thinks about the sorrow of a son who has lost his mother.

Tearlessly and quietly a sobbing in spasms shakes his whole body, and, stretched out on his bed, he gives voice to his suffering in the strange melody which another is singing.

"Mother, my mother . . . I have done nothing . . . I am innocent! They have taken and imprisoned me here . . . mother, save me! I am afraid . . . mother . . . my mother . . . mother . . ."

And now he calls upon them, both of them. She, his mother, full of love for him;

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The Sit-Down Strike in Sports

Athletic fanny is sweeping our nation and we will soon be as steatopygous as the Hottentots

by HERB GRAFFIS

■ SPORTS ■

WE ALL must acknowledge so many ailments, according to the advertisements, that it is with consternation we discover the most widespread American infirmity is one we earnestly attempt to conceal.

We read volumes of advertisements of cures and conclude the only healthy American must be dead. Statistics are cited in headlines to show appalling popularity of halitosis, pyorrhea, barflies' elbow, falling hair, skunky under-arm, constipation, antisocial social maladies, athlete's foot and a myriad other miseries and physical disorders.

But seldom do we read of athletic fanny, the disease that holds in its insidious toils nine out of nine and three-quarters Americans. Athletic fanny is the illness we are suffering when we talk a lot about sports and buy a lot of tickets to sports events but which causes us to go on a sit-down strike when we might take an active part in sports.

Athletic fanny's ravages are evident in the changing contour of the American. This contour, that once generally tapered aesthetically from wide shoulders to the trim ankles, now is distinctly steatopygous. An examination of the causes and effects of this growing deviation of the American torso from its original streamlined character may be of mildly alarming interest to the representative American who still subscribes to the error that ours is the most athletic nation on the face of this earth.

As indices to the origin of the athletic fanny consider:

Bridge, which broadens the behind but not the mind;

Movies, which in 1936 drew a new high mark attendance of 4,180,000,000, according to Poor's Industry and Investment Surveys;

College football, which, according to Dr. J. H. Nichols, director of athletics at Oberlin College, caused the public to put down $12,000,000 weekly (and hundreds of acres of fanny) for big games alone last season;

Hunting and fishing, which, according to license figures and sporting goods sales statistics, are by far the most popular American sports. Much hunting is done sitting in duck blinds. Much fishing is done sitting in boats.

It is plain from an appraisal of sports event attendance figures and of the far greater popularity of sedentary pastimes than of actual sports participation in this country, that a vast majority of the American public is on a sit-down strike against sports.

So was Rome before its decline. So was Greece in the dimming days of its grandeur.

Here and there in America are a few scientists squinting eyes in microscopic examinations of the bacillus of athletic fanny and waging pioneering campaigns against this endemic concentration of lead between the hip pockets. Despite their efforts, we lag far behind other major nations in our attempts to reduce the effects of this disease of the hook-worm type. We have spent through the Works Progress Administration millions for athletic plant facilities and left the work of educating the public to use of each W. P. A. sanatorium for the cure of athletic fanny greatly to chance or political expediency.

Last summer a possibly significant new idea in national recreation was introduced in France when the Leon Blum government founded a "secretariat for sport and the organization of leisure." The secretariat, headed by young Leo Lagrange, had a task of planning for the French new leisure that followed governmental establishment of the forty-hour week and two weeks' vacation with pay.

Lagrange promptly took action by soliciting from the French railroads a third class round-trip "vacation ticket" to be sold to wage earners and their families at 40 per cent reduction. Children were to go at half-price. The railroad companies hollered "*Le Bon Dieu!*" protesting they would lose so much money the state would be burdened with a terrific additional deficit to make up. Lagrange prevailed upon the railroads to test his plan. During the summer a half million men, women and children traveled on "Lagrange tickets." Special trains were run to the Riviera at 60 per cent reductions in fare. Steamship companies began to co-operate and special 10-day all-expense cruises to Algeria were made available at a cost of approximately $40.

The success of the secretariat's plan eventually won the endorsement of the transportation companies and certainly that of the owners of the newly crowded smaller hotels who also co-operated with special rates. Vacation rates were put into effect for winter sports, as some of those eligible to the rates were unable to take time off during the summer. Lagrange's idea is to have the vacation rates for the small wage earners available the year around. Many commented on the "dignified and respectable" conduct of the vacationeers in their new environment. There was a minimum display of the pig-sty proclivities of the average holiday crowds at American parks.

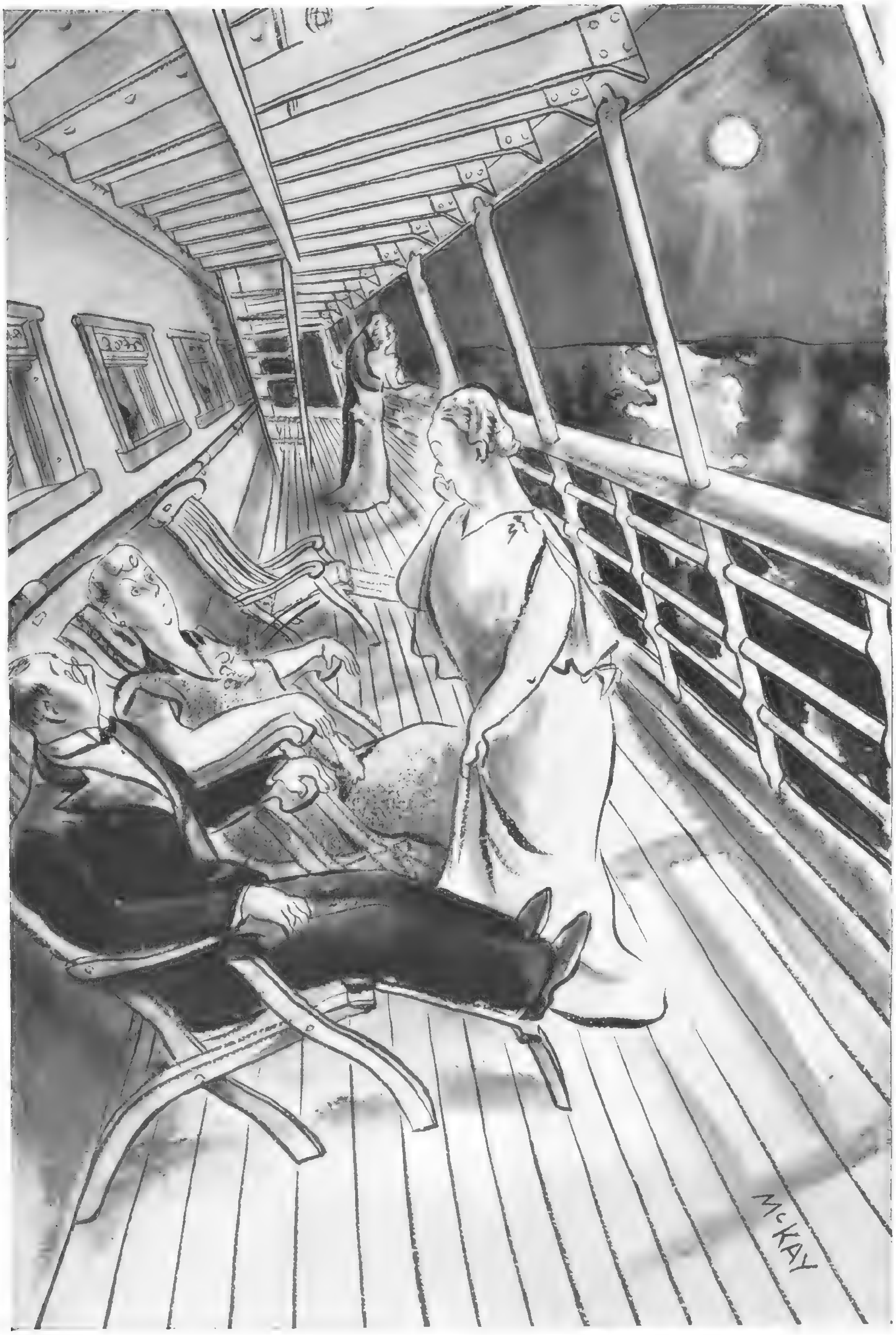
There has been a lively development in American vacation travel since the reduction in railroad rates but no corresponding development in recreational activity when the travelers get to where they are going. The majority of them seem bewildered when they arise from their seats in trains, busses and automobiles. Athletic fanny has them sluggish. There have been only two unique departures from the general trend of the populace to take its sport without exertion. One has been the revival of bicycle riding. Bicycle sales have boomed during the last two years. The other actually active participation in sports that has come into prominence lately is that in the field of winter sports.

Both the bicycling and winter sports increase are explained by authorities as being primarily due to women's influence rather than to any urge on the part of the male of the species, who has been content to nominate himself a great sportsman because he buys tickets and reads the sports sections. Bicycling came in via the pictures of society maidens riding bikes in Bermuda, and winter sports through the medium of pictures of society women skiing and skating at St. Moritz. The smart culottes worn by the pedaling lovelies in Bermuda and the cute snow suits adorning the brisk beauties in the Alps looked good to the American girls. The motion picture press agents grabbed at the culottes and snow suits as welcome relief from the tiresome practice of trimming their subjects with less swimming suit than a fish wears.

With a bike and culottes and imagination, Elm Street becomes Bermuda to our young native female. With a snow suit and skis and imagination a countryside hill becomes to the Yankee maiden a satisfactory substitute for an exclusive Alpine resort where noses never get red and drip and if one does land wham on the behind, there always is a gallant Gaul to do the right thing.

The foregoing analysis is not a hunch of a casual guesser but the conclusion reached after sound and comprehensive research by members of the staff of Massachusetts State

Continued in center of page 208



"I'm going to bed. The moon is too exciting!"

Sunday Afternoon Hanging

People hollered and the band played *Dixie* while the poor devils swung from that tree

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

BOY, you don't know anything about it. Let yer grandpa tell you a little about this hanging business in Kentucky. You set around here and talk about the hot seat for a man that kills another man in cold blood. Hot seat ain't nothing. People can't go and see a body killed in the hot seat. Just a little bunch allowed in to write up a few of the poor devil's last words. When they used to kill a man everybody got to see it and laugh and faint—cuss or cry—do just as he damnd pleased about it. It used to be that way here in Kentucky. Now let me tell you—There's no fun to giving a man the hot seat or giving him gas or a lot of stuff like that—giving him the pen for life. Didn't keep 'em up there and feed 'em for life when I was a boy. They took 'em out and swung 'em to a limb and people from all over the country came to see 'em swing.

Let me tell you how it was. That was before the days of baseball. People came for forty miles to see a hanging. We had one every week end in Greenupsburg for the people to come and see. You know that's how Greenupsburg got the name Hang-Town. God, I remember well as if it was yesterday. Used to be an old elm in the lower end of town where they hung 'em. It was upon a little hill where everybody could get an eyeful of the man they swung to the elm limb. Pa and Ma and me—we used to go every Sunday of the world after church was out. We could hardly wait to get to the hanging. It was as much fun to see a hanging them days as it is to see a baseball game nowdays here in Kentucky. God, do I remember the old days. I was just a boy then but I remember it just like it was yesterday. I can see the crowd yet that gathered at the hangings—and all the hollering you ever heard in your life it was put up at one of them hangings when a poor devil was swung up to the old elm limb.

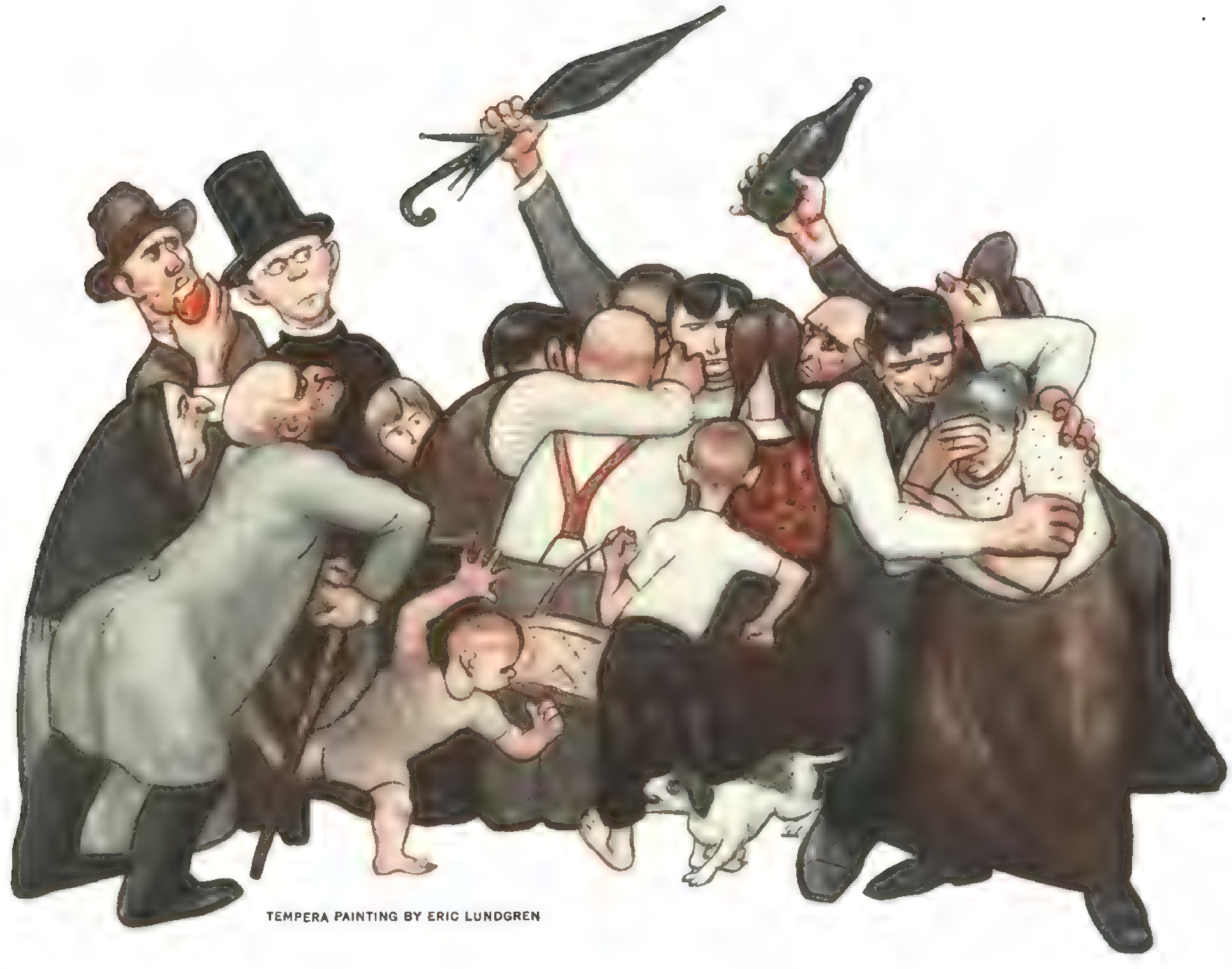
That old tree just fell three years ago. God Almighty got rid of it. Must of been some of them innocent men they swung up there and in Heaven they got after God Almighty to do something about that tree. And God Almighty got rid of it. He looks after his people. He'll do a lot too, I guess, of what his Angels in Heaven wants him to do. Son, I am an old man and I believe I know. Well, of all the trees in the lower end of Greenupsburg—the old elm where they hung all them men was the only one the lightnin' hit and split from limbs to roots. Tree must have been five feet through the middle too. And don't you know the people wouldn't burn a stick of that wood in their stoves and fireplaces. They just rolled it over the bank into the Ohio River and let it float away. People was afraid that if they burnt it they would be haunted the rest of their days.

You've heard about poor old Jim Murphy and his wife gettin' killed that time. I know you've seen the hickory club they've got over there in the Greenupsburg Court House with poor old Jim's tooth stuck in it—that hard white hickory club—no, don't guess you did see it. The 1913 flood got up in the court house and carried it off. Had poor old Jim's tooth in it. See—here is the way it was. It happened up there in Sand Bottom. Right up there where that foul murder happened two years ago when that old strollop and that man tortured the little girl to death with a red-hot poker. Foulest things that have ever happened in this country have happened right up there in Sand Bottom. To go on with my story. A bunch of Sixeymores up there then. God, they's rotten eggs too. Well, there was two Sixeymore brothers well as I remember, a Dudley Toms, a Winslow and a Grubb into that scrape. The Sixeymore brothers planned the murder of these two old people for their money. They had heard by a woman that went there and cooked for them—that they had eleven hundred dollars hid in a old teakettle in the pantry. Well, the Sixeymore brothers; Tim and Jake—promised Freed Winslow Jim Murphy's mules if he would help kill him and his wife. They promised Dudley Toms the two cows and Work Grubb his thirty acres of land if he would help kill them.

They went to the little log house down by the Sandy River one dark rainy night when there was no moon. It was in the dark of the moon. They had the whole thing planned. They thought that if they killed the old people and throwed them in Sandy in the dark of the moon the bodies would never come to the top of the water. So they cut a hickory club; Tim Sixeymore cut it with a pole ax up on Flint Sneed's pint, up where the old furnace used to be. People used to go there and see the stump. It all come out in Tim's confession before they swung him. They cut the club—all went there that dark night. Jim made a chicken squall and old man Murphy—game man as ever drawed a breath of wind—run out against his old lady's will. She said: "Somebody to kill us, Jim. Don't go out there." You know how a woman can just about tell things—God gives 'em the power to pertect themselves just like he does a possum or a horse. They can almost smell danger. Old Jim run out and—whack—Sixeymore hit him in the mouth with the hickory club. Killed him dead as a mackrel. That one lick finished him. He just walled his eyes back and died. Then all five of the men went in where old Lizzie Murphy was a settin' before the fire smokin' her pipe and she said: "Give me time to pray once more to God Almighty." She begged to pray but they didn't give her time. Dudley Toms said the hardest thing he ever tried to do was to kill that old woman and her a beggin' to just get to pray to God Almighty just one more time. He hit her over the head with a fire shovel—and to make sure she was dead he beat out her brains with the shovel. Then they carried them down and throwed them in the dark waters of Little Sandy on that dark night. But nature don't hold things and uphold dirty work. That water give up the dead bodies down at Cedar Riffles. Some fishermen caught them there. And Dudley Toms didn't know that there was a speck of blood left on his hatband. But there was. See, there's always a clue. Can't do a thing like that and get by with it—not even if the law is on your side. Boy, you suffer for what you do in this old world. Talk about men suffering before they died. I was right there at the hanging. Everybody in the county come to it. It was the biggest hanging we ever had. Had a hanging of five that Sunday. Hung these five and they was the kind of fellows the people liked to see swing to a limb. Was a lot better than just going out and getting somebody for stealing a horse and hanging him—or a man for abusing his wife—somebody like that hardly had enough against him to hang. I've seen many a poor devil hang over almost nothing. Today he wouldn't have to go to jail for it. Used to hang him for the same thing. The people wanted a hanging every week and the sheriff and judge had better have a hanging at least once a month or they would never get elected again. If they didn't have hangings often enough the people would go to them and say, "Look here—you'll not get my vote next time if this is the way you intend to do. Lay down on the job, never have a hanging. Damn poor law. You'll never be elected again."

Well, the day these five men was hung I was just a boy. I remember it just like it was yesterday. I was up to the jail that morning after the confession and saw them getting their breakfast. Jailer Wurt Hammons said: "Boys, eat hearty. This will be your last grub here on this earth. The devil will serve your breakfast tomorrow morning. You have the chance to have anything that you want to eat that I can get for you."

Well, the Sixeymore boys took a stewed turkey apiece and a biler of black coffee without sugar or cream. Dudley Toms wouldn't eat a bite. Tim said to him: "Hell, take your hanging like a man. Go to the gallows on a full stummick. Get that much



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

off the county before you die." Work Grubb took twelve hard fried eggs and a pint of licker to wash 'em down with. Winslow took fried eggs and licker—don't remember how many eggs and how much licker. But that is what they had for breakfast. Well, the county carpenter, Jake Tillman, had the county make coffins for them. He was hired to make the coffins for the men the county hung. He had five good county coffins made—took their measurements and made them to fit. Had one awfully big for Tim Sixeymore. He was six feet and seven inches tall and weighed some over three hundred pounds. Biggest man I believe I ever saw. He wasn't dough-bellied either. Weighed a lot and was hard as the butt of a shell-barked hickory. His brother was about as big and powerful. God, old Tim was a man and not afraid of God Almighty his self. God would have to watch him at the Jedgment Bar. If he got half a chance he'd do something to God Almighty.

I remember the two excursion boats that come down the river that day to the hanging and the one that come up the river. They was just loaded with people hollering and waving handkerchiefs around the deck. There was a double-decker come up the river with a load of people. And of all the people that ever come to Greenupsburg they was there that day. Mules tied to the trees along the streets—not many houses in Greenupsburg them days but there was a thicket of trees through the town. Wagons of all descriptions—Hug-me-tight buggies, them things had just come out then—people looked at the new contraption and quarreled about the indecency of men and women riding in them little narrow seats all loved up. Said they ought to be hung for an example for doing it. And there was a lot of two-horse surreys and rubber-tired hacks and jolt wagons there that day. Jolt wagons with whole families riding in wagon beds full of straw. People and people everywhere you looked. Never was such a crowd in Greenupsburg as there was that day. Little childred crying and dogs that followed the wagons to town out fighting in the streets and the horses neighing to each other and rearing up in the collar, mules biting and kicking each other! It was the awfulest time I ever saw. If a dark cloud would a riz over that town I would a swore the world was coming to an end. But it was a pretty day for a crowd and for a hanging. Sun in the sky. June wind blowing. Roses in bloom. One of the prettiest days I believe I ever saw. The reason that I remember it so well was that they hung 'em at sunup. Some of the people had come all night to be there in time to see the hanging in the morning.

Well, the band got there. You know they always had a band at the hangings to furnish the music. Had a seven-piece band at this hanging. Always before we just had a drummer, a pot beater, and a fifer. About everybody likes a fife. It puts madness in their bones and bodies and helps drown the screams of the women and the fighting of the dogs and the whinnying of the horses. The band had on the gayest suits you ever saw for this occasion. Just like a political rally where they used to butcher five or six steers to feed the people. These band players had on bright yaller pants with red sashes and pea-green jackets and them old three cornered hats. God, but they did look nifty.

Well as I remember the band struck up a tune that day. It was *Dixie*. Some of the horses broke loose and took down through the town but the people let 'em go. They stayed still for the hanging. It was the biggest thing we'd had in many a day. Horses broke loose without riders on them and took out through the crowd—among the barking dogs—running over them and the children. People didn't pay any attention to that. It was a hanging and people wanted to see every bit of it. They didn't care if a child did get run over so it wasn't their own. And it took five or six sheriffs—they had big guns on 'em to keep any fights from starting and they wore bright yaller jackets. Lord at the people there. And you could always tell a mountaineer them days from the back county. He always had the smell of woodsmoke on him and barnyard manure. Big bony devils! Hairy as all get out! Never would shave their bony faces!

I remember seeing the first horse and express come into sight. Dudley Toms was sitting on his coffin with a rope around his neck—the hangman's knot already tied. Bert Blevins always did that for the county. One of his knots never did slip. It always flew up in the right place and hit 'em one on the jaw and broke their necks. Bert was a whiz on this hanging business. And when the horse come in sight and Dudley was a sittin' up there on the coffin—God, the people nearly tore the limbs out of the trees with their jumpin' and screamin' and they had that big shell-bark hickory club that Tim hit Jim Murphy with back there the night he made the chicken squall. That had just been three weeks before. They really brought men to justice back in them days when they had to have someone to hang every Sunday after church. Screams was so loud that you had to hold your fingers in your ears. Here was that big shell-bark hickory club held up

Continued on page 200

Love Is Enough

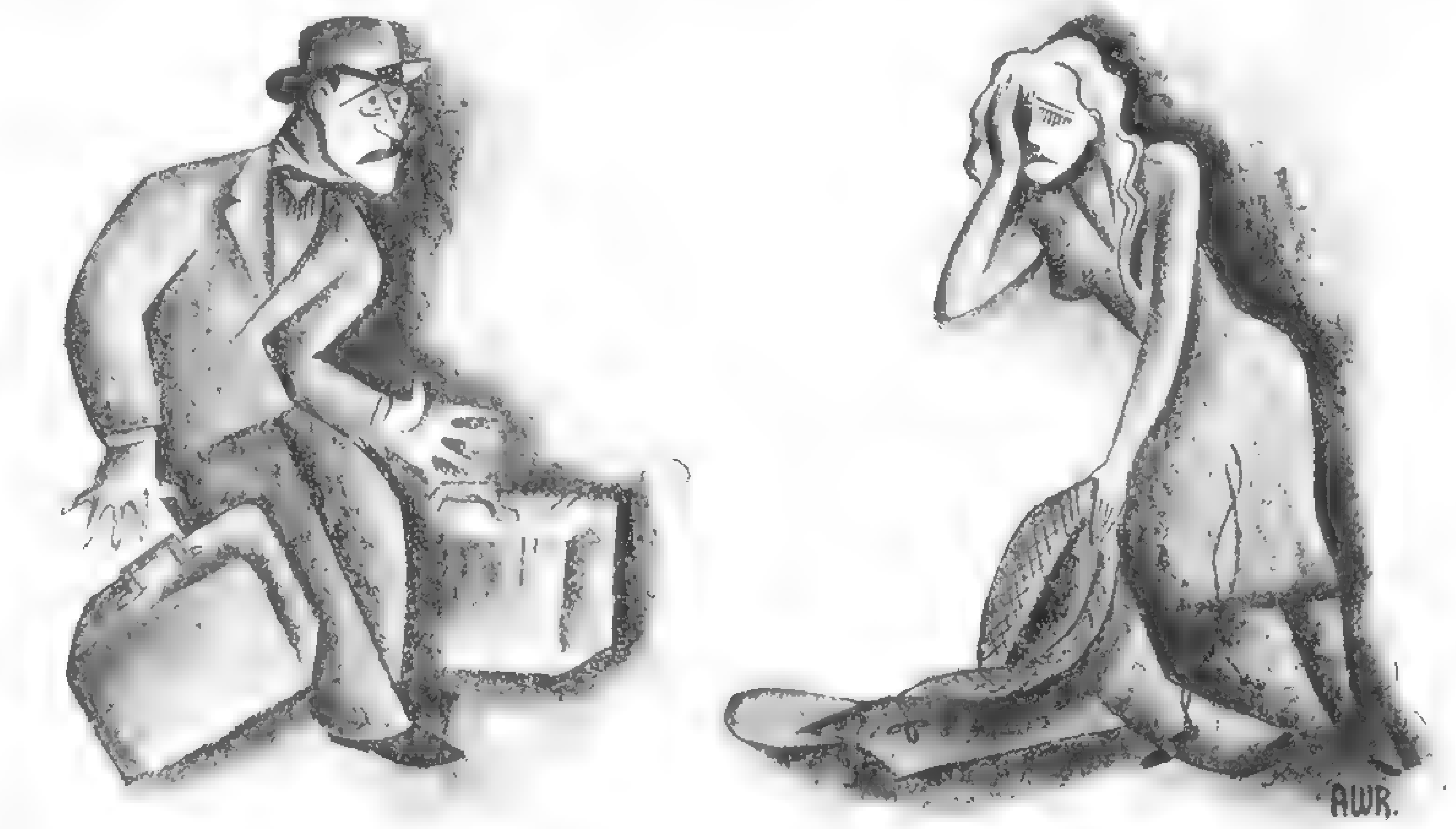
He always said if he caught her up to any funny business he'd walk out just like that

by WALTER BROOKS

• SATIRE •

This is about a woman named Henrietta Pender who married a traveling man in the Fall of 1928. The traveling man's name was Henry Dilmer and he spent most of his time on the road with five trunks full of hats. He was a kind husband and a good loyal Elk though some people didn't think he had much below the antlers. Maybe that was why after a while Mrs. Dilmer got kind of sick of him. Because she did. But she was too timid and too inert to take measures. And besides her features though good separately did not make a pleasing ensemble and even when she was young and innocent nobody but Mr. Dilmer had ever made a pass at her. So her chances of getting anything better were pretty remote.

But Mr. Dilmer thought she was ravishing and so he didn't trust her. For he had heard the kind of stories traveling men tell one another about their adventures and of course evenings when he wasn't whooping it up over a bottle of beer with customers and local Elks he stayed in his hotel room and read detective story magazines and the *Saturday Evening Post* and in this way he learned a lot about life. And nights on the road when he wound up his watch and turned out the light he wondered if Mrs. Dilmer was also safely tucked up in bed or if she was out at some wild night resort with a dark and handsome stranger. And sometimes he would lie awake half an hour or even longer while his imagination tortured him with pictures of shameful revels. When he got home he would forget all this but when he started on another trip he would remember and as he kissed her good-bye he would say Now you behave while I'm gone and Mrs. Dilmer would say As if I ever had a chance to do anything else! and Mr. Dilmer would say That's all very well but I know what you women are and you let me catch you up to any funny business and I'll walk out on you. I'll walk out of this house like that! And he snapped



But she was pretty thoughtful all the rest of the week and on the morning of the day Mr. Dilmer was to get home she went downtown and bought a suit of man's pajamas and a plaid necktie and half a dozen cigars and a pint of gin.

When she got home she crumpled up the pajamas so they'd look as if they'd been slept in and hung them in her closet and she put four of the cigars on the mantel and cut about two-thirds off each of the other two and charred them in the gas flame so they looked as if they'd been smoked and one she dropped by the fireplace and the other she put in an ashtray on her bedside table. Then she hung the necktie on the bureau and then looked at it a few minutes and then took it off and hung it on the foot rail of her bed. And last she put a little gin in two glasses and poured the rest down the sink and left the glasses and the empty bottle in the living room. And then she went downtown to lunch and a movie.

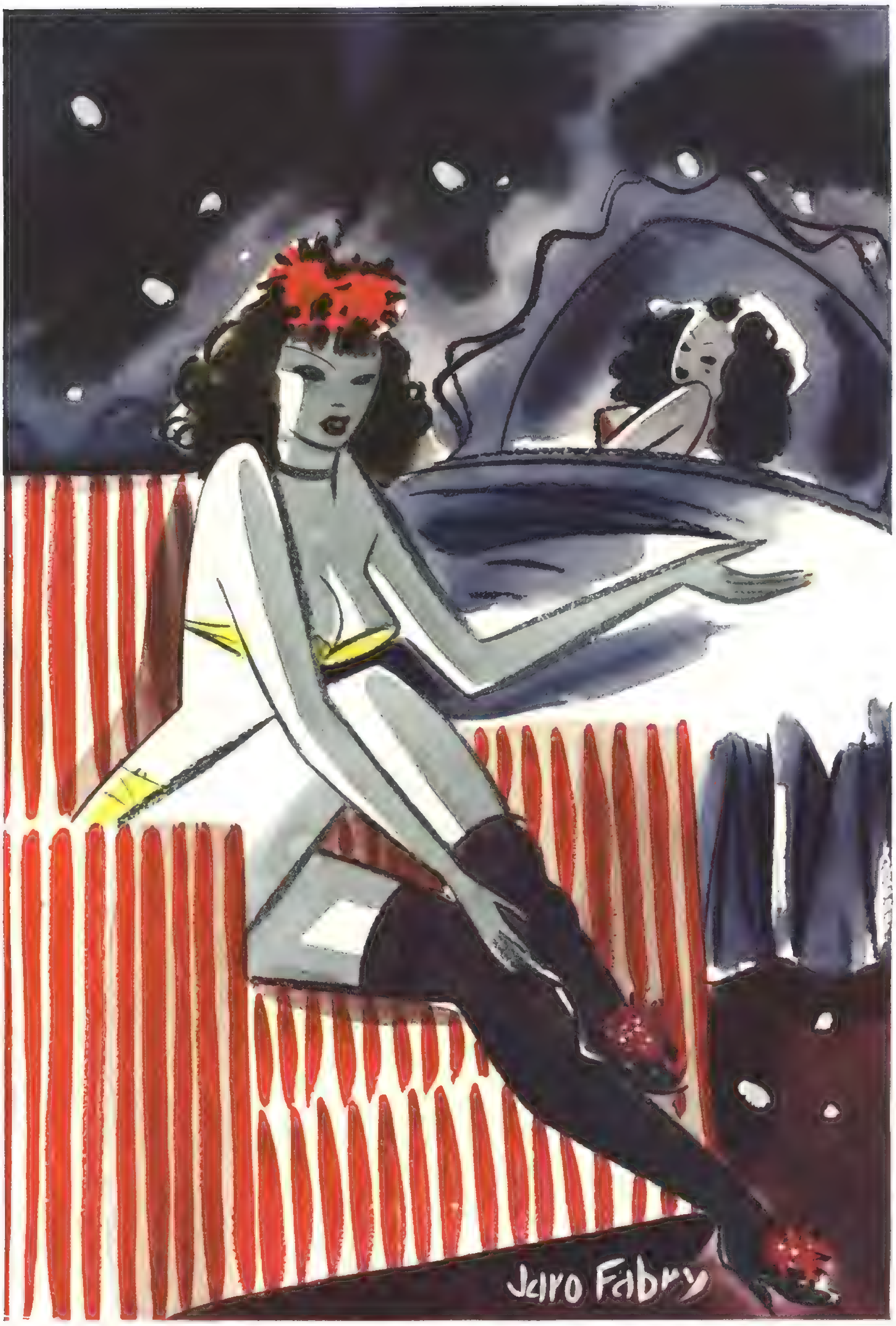
Well at five o'clock when she got home Mr. Dilmer was sitting on the porch. He said heavily Hello Etta and she said Why Henry what brings you back today? and he said I told you I'd be back Friday and she said But it's only Thursday. I guess you've sort of lost track of time said Mr. Dilmer and he showed her the day on his newspaper. And Mrs. Dilmer said O and sat down and fanned herself trying to look guilty which wasn't hard when she thought of those pajamas. And Mr. Dilmer didn't say anything

looked as guilty as hell and scared too for in the stories she read men who found out things like that about their wives were apt to go sort of crazy and beat the stuffing out of them. But Mr. Dilmer didn't go crazy he just looked sort of sad and he got up and picked up his bag which was beside him on the porch and said Well I'm keeping my word and if there's anything you want of me I'll be at the Elks' Club. And he went down the steps and out the gate. And Mrs. Dilmer looked after him for a minute with a funny feeling in her stomach and then she went in the house and had a drink of ginger ale.

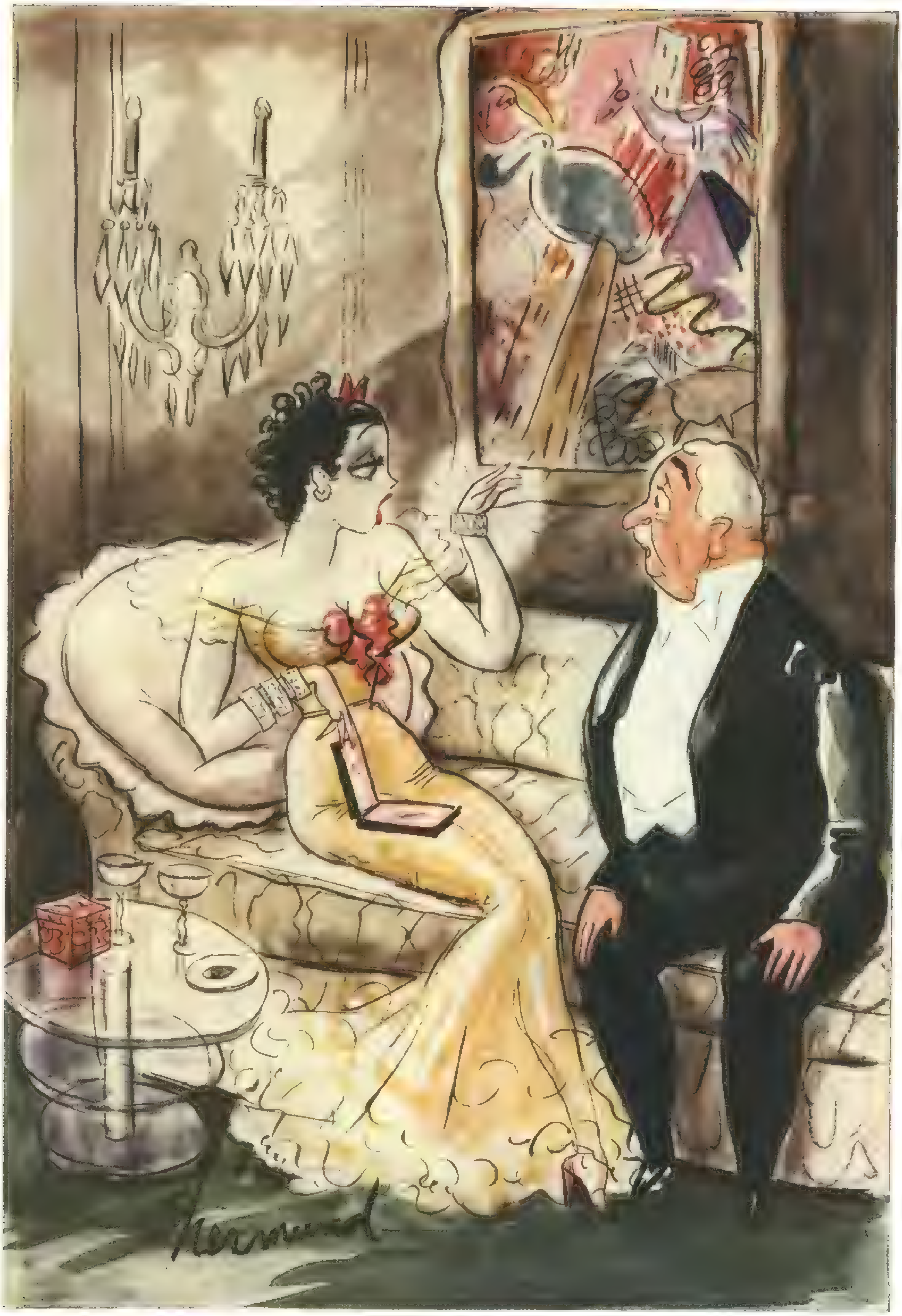
Well Mrs. Dilmer lived alone for a couple of months and at first it was fine not having to fit Mr. Dilmer's likes and dislikes into every plan she made but pretty soon she found she was just as bored without him as she had been with him. The only difference was that there was nobody to tell how bored she was and that is a hell of a lot of difference if you ask me. And she thought the neighbors were sort of laughing at her too. So finally she wrote to Mr. Dilmer at the Elks' Club. And she said O Henry if you can find it in your heart to forgive me do come back to me and I will never do so again. And the next day Mr. Dilmer came back.

Well Etta he said so you have changed your mind? O Henry said Mrs. Dilmer falling on his neck can you really forgive me? For she did not want to tell him that it had been a hoax for then he would know for certain that nobody had ever thought it worth while to try to seduce her. For that is the most humiliating thing a woman can have known about her.

So Mr. Dilmer pulled her down on the couch beside him and put his arm around her and said Well Etta it is a pretty hard thing to forgive but if you will tell me something about this villain I will see what I can do. O Henry she said he was so handsome! And she hid her face in his shoulder. I can well believe it said Mr. Dilmer and a queer guy he must have been.



"I asked him three times to stop—what more could I do?"



"It's nice, Mr. Talbot—but I haven't finished paying for the one Mr. Millberg gave me"

Faithful in My Fashion

Even a married man ought to be neighborly and the red headed lady lived just across the hall

by MICHAEL BLANKFORT

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

I DON'T have much opportunity to meet "other women," except my wife's friends or my friends' wives. I've been a shipping clerk for ten years and I never get a chance to take the buyers out or stay to a conference—even a legitimate conference. I work overtime, but I work.

There are girls in our place but I can never bring myself to mixing business with pleasure. Some of the other fellows fool around but not me. I don't like to let on that I'm interested in women because everybody knows I'm a married man and that wouldn't reflect nice on my wife—or on me for that matter. It seems as if whenever a married man shows his interest in women everybody immediately suspects he doesn't love his wife. And I do. And that's the problem. If I ever solve it, I'll have to do it as a lone wolf and nothing else.

Sometimes I think if I went to another part of the city, where I wouldn't run into anybody I knew, I could go to a dancehall and pick up a girl and get the old kick of adventure back again. The only trouble with that idea is that I can never find the time. Either I am at work—and the wife knows I am at work because she would be the first to notice if my pay envelope was lighter—or I am at home with her. Don't get me wrong about my wife. She's no nagger. The reason she's interested in the pay envelope is because she puts so much away per week to pay for the baby we'd like to have some day. And she isn't jealous of me neither. Well, not much. Sometimes she lets me go to a movie alone and don't mind it at all. In fact, she, herself, suggests it when she is particularly tired and I want to go. Plus all this, she's pretty good-looking.

Now, it would be nice if I happened to meet some girl who would understand my problem. I guess she would have to be married herself because if she was single it would be unfair to her. I would never leave my wife for anybody, I don't care how beautiful she is. Besides being married, the girl would have to have a husband who wasn't home often, especially late at night when after my wife goes to sleep I could make out as if I was taking a walk around the block or getting cigarettes. But most important the girl would have to be absolutely reliable. By that I mean I would have to trust her never to fall in love with me, or me with her. That would spoil it all. And I'm not going to let that happen to me. I'm not going to get all mixed up seriously with another woman just to satisfy my desires. I love my wife too much for that.

To find just such a woman is probably a very rare thing. Most women, even though they might be willing, and have husbands who come home seldom, are always on the lookout to get something for what they give. I don't mean money. If it was money, it wouldn't matter. But with respectable women who would be willing you will always find that they want to fall in love right off. I couldn't do that, that's all there is to it.

You see, I've thought this thing out pretty thoroughly. I tried to see it from every angle. But no matter how smart I try to be, every minute I'm thinking of women. Not that I don't love my wife, but loving her just hasn't extinguished what makes me a man. Often I think I am as bad as when I was single. But then I used to think that as soon as I got married everything would be hotsy-totsy; all my problems would be solved, especially if I loved my wife, which I do. But now I see my problem has just started.

Thinking about it doesn't solve anything. I find myself doing the queerest things which I notice only after I've done them. Such as walking blocks out of my way to pass a laundry where girls work. I hate that kind of thing. It isn't right for a man who always was proud of doing things straight-out and not beating around the bush. But this has gotten so bad I think sometimes I'll go nuts—or go to some cheap bum, and that would be disrespectful to the girl I love.

Across the hall from us is a neat looking lady about thirty-five with red hair. She lives with a son, her husband being dead. I see her three or four times a week when I meet her in the elevator. I am always polite and take my hat off when she comes in. We say a few words about the weather which is enough to carry us up to our floor. Somehow I never thought of this red-haired lady as an ideal possibility for what I was looking for.

One night my wife went to the movies alone about eight o'clock, I being very tired from a heavy day. I read the papers for about fifteen minutes and almost fell asleep so I washed up and got undressed. I was in my pajamas when the doorbell rang. It was the neat red-head from across the hall. I hid the lower part of me behind the door and asked her politely if there was anything she wanted. I was quite shocked when she asked me whether she could come inside. I said certainly but you'll have to excuse me I'm all undressed. She said she'd excuse me and laughed in a way that made my breath come faster.

I told her to go into the parlor-living room (that's what they call it, at least that's what my wife calls it). I ran into the bedroom and pulled on a pair of pants over my pajamas. When I came out she had turned on the radio. I looked at her in surprise.

She said that the reason she had imposed on me (and the way she said "impose" made me feel pretty weak) was because something went wrong with her radio and she never liked to miss Rudy Vallee. I smiled like a sap, I suppose, and told her to go right ahead and listen. Then she asked whether my wife was home. When I told her she asked me for a cigarette. I lit it for her and I had a tough time keeping the old fingers from bouncing up and down on her chin while I held the match in front of her red lips and put it to the end of the cigarette. I got a smell of perfume from her as I leaned near her. The best I could do was to swallow hard and back away quickly.

Being a neighbor of hers I felt as though I ought to get her something to eat—some fruit or cakes. I looked in the icebox but the wife seemed to be running short on fruit. I didn't think of looking in the vegetable bin or I'd have found some apples. I apologized to the red-head for not having fruit in the house. She laughed slowly and told me to forget it.

The Rudy Vallee hour was soon over. We didn't talk much because of the singing and talking but once toward the end when the orchestra started a snappy tune, the red-head held her arms out to me. For a split-second (although it seemed like an hour) I didn't catch on that she wanted to dance with me. I held her close and we danced. It wasn't easy because we had rugs on the floor. It was a nice dance any-

Continued in center of page 164

I Had a Good Comrade

When you've grown away from a friend, there's a feeling of loss, as if someone had died

by JAY SNYDER

• FICTION •

Mike took me under his wing from the first day I joined the gang. I came out that first morning all scared inside at what I would find. It was my first job at labor for pay; my dad had died the month before, and the superintendent had given me a job to help out. We were living in a company house, and there was a bill at the company store. Going down the row at 6:30 that morning, I wanted to run back home and sleep till time for school, as I always had done. The big breakfast Mother had made me eat was heavy and sour in my stomach. The dinner bucket under my arm looked funny, it was so shiny and new. I took gravel from the road and scratched it up and dented it against a culvert and then I felt better.

When I got to No. 1 machine shop, most of the gang were there already. No one said anything to me, so I went back along the wall and sat down. We just sat there awhile, then a big squat hunky came in from the path over to the patch. Everybody said hello or good morning or something to him and he grinned back at them and said something in Slovak. He came over and sat down along the wall beside me. I looked at him but he didn't speak so I didn't either. After a bit he said: "You first day, huh." It wasn't a question, but anyway I said: "Yeah." He said: "Hot today; you see you black pap, maybe." I didn't know what he meant, so I didn't say anything. We waited there until the truck came, then we loaded up and rode to the shaft where they were building a new fan-house.

When the driver dumped us out, the rest of the gang straggled over to a little shed, so I followed them. The shed was full of tools, and the men put their buckets down and picked up picks and shovels. I waited till most of them had got out, then I set my bucket down and picked out a shovel. The picks were all gone; so were the long-handled shovels. I had a paddy-shovel, like a coal shovel only flatter. When I came out the door, the big hunky who had sat by me was there. He said: "Whassamat' you get little shovel?" I said: "That's all that's left." He turned to a tall young Slovak who was leaning on a long shovel right behind him. "Pete, you give boy you shovel." Pete said: "What t'hell is he, Mike, preacher?" But he traded shovels with me. Mike said: "Little shovel break you back, first day."

When the whistle blew, the gang went over to the place where the foundation of the new fan-house was being dug out. A four-foot ditch had been started around a square, under what would be the outside wall of the building. Inside this there was a hole about six by twelve or fifteen feet and about four feet deep. This was to be the cut-out for the fan itself. The men started to go to places along the ditch; they went in pairs, a pickman and a shoveler, as though they had regular places. I didn't know where to go, so when someone said who's going in the hole I said I would. They looked at me, so I jumped down into the big pit. Mike and Pete followed me down, and another man whose name turned out to be Stan. Pete and Stan went to the other end of the pit, and Mike began to dig with his pick in the end where I was. Stan was digging at the other end, but I saw Pete just standing there so I stood too. In a little bit Mike stopped and looked at me and I understood I was to shovel out what he had dug. I began to shovel hard because I wanted to finish before Pete did with the short shovel. It went all right at first, but pretty soon my back began to hurt and my arms got tired. When I got all the loose dirt out I looked at the other end of the pit, and Pete was leaning on his shovel and Stan was digging again. It felt good to rest while Mike was digging, but he finished before Stan did and it was time to shovel again. I started in again but Mike said: "Wait. I show you." He took the shovel and said: "Like this. Bend you knees, keep you back straight." I watched him, then I tried it. After a bit I got onto it better. You push the shovel in standing straight up; then you bend your knees with your back straight and catch the shovel and lift it up over the edge of the hole. If you let the shovel swing back a little then swing it up; it's easier than lifting it straight up. You don't let as much dirt slip off that way either. After I tried it like Mike showed me a couple times, he said: "That's right. Now you do good."

It was hot down in the hole; the sun got up where it shone directly in and there wasn't any air could get to us down there. Pretty soon I quit feeling tired; there was just a kind of heaviness in my back and shoulders, but they weren't tired anymore. I began to like the feel of the muscles in my arms and shoulders pulling against the tightness of my shirt now that it was soaking wet and sticking to me like a sausage casing. Then my clothes got so wet that they wouldn't soak up any more sweat. It was like water backing up into the drain in the cellar when a storm has clogged up the big sewer; I would try to sweat but there was no place for the water to go so it backed up in me. It felt as though my lungs were half-full of sweat that couldn't get out. Then I began to get hot. Before the heat had been outside me, pressing against me, but my wet shirt kept it out. Now the heat was inside me pressing to get out through my skin and the wet shirt wouldn't let it. Under the heat pressure my skin began to swell; I got bigger and bigger, and at the same time I got stronger. The shovel didn't weigh anything now, and I was keeping up to Pete without trying.

You'd think that my getting bigger would give more room inside me that wasn't filled with sweat, but my belly and lungs kept getting fuller and fuller. Pretty soon I had to gulp in the air as soon as I opened my mouth, to keep the sweat from running out of my lungs. They got so full that the air I breathed in had to bubble through the water in them. Down around my heart it kept bubbling all the time. At first it was just the air I breathed in bubbling through, but then it got to be the sweat in there boiling. The steam it gave off scorched my mouth. My mouth got dry and stiff; my tongue swelled up till it almost filled it, but that was all right because it helped to keep the sweat in my lungs from running over and there was still room to get air past it.

I never thought of water even though my mouth was so dry until one of the men in the outside ditch brought a jug over. He handed it down to me, but before I could drink from it Mike took it. "You no drink. Take a little bit in you mouth, spit it out." It didn't make me mad, him telling me what to do. I just took a mouthful and washed it

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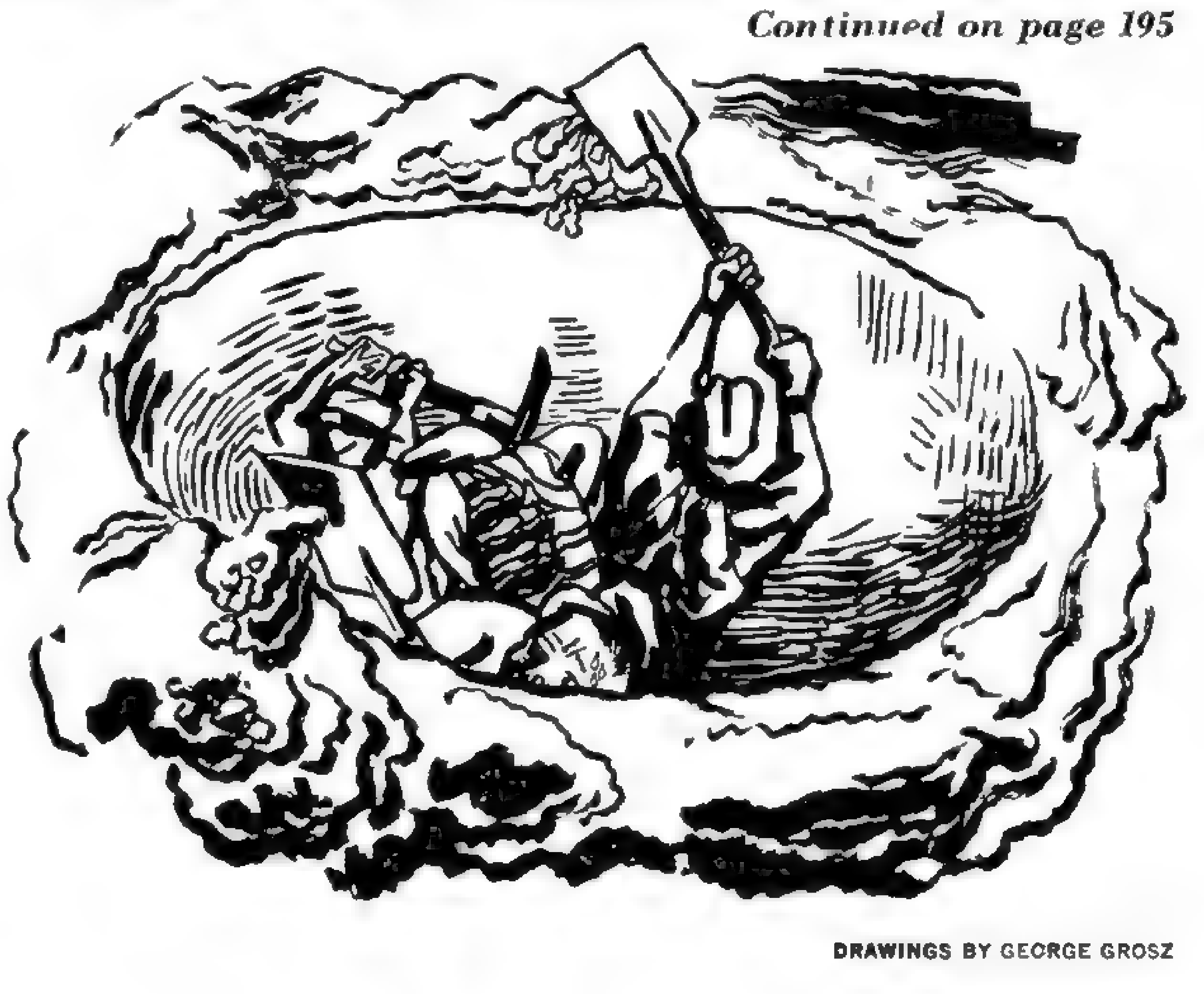
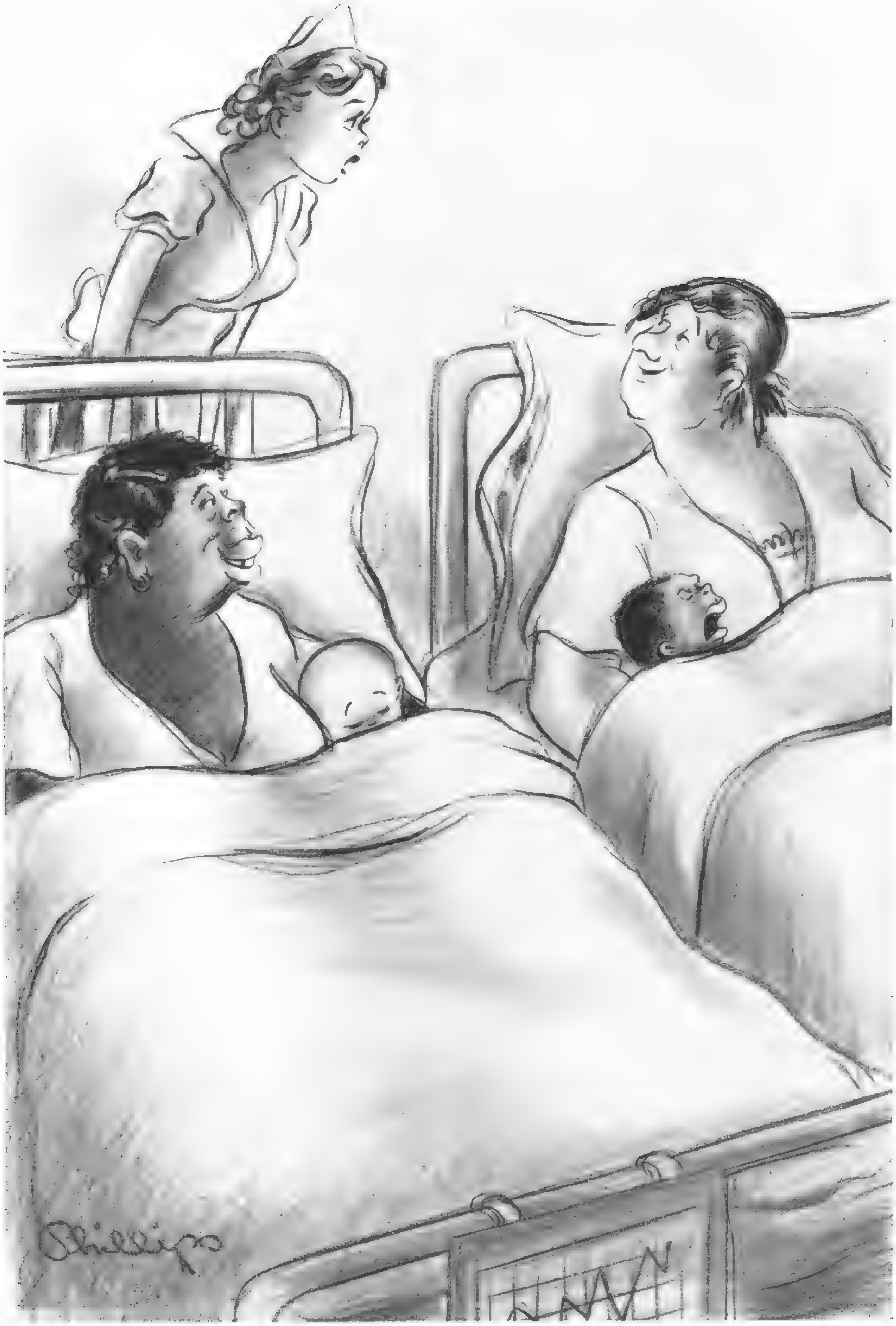


DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ



"We're going to April Fool our husbands"

Rockabye, Buddy

Scientific proof for convincing your boss that an afternoon nap would increase your efficiency

by LOGAN CLENDENING

• ARTICLE •

Physicists are able to explain a great many things which you have never heard of but they are not able to explain so common a phenomenon as why a rubber band stretches and why it will return to its original length when released. Astronomers can weigh the farthest star but they can't explain the aurora borealis. Meteorologists are mute about water spouts. Ornithologists can tell us a great deal about birds but they cannot explain the commonest habit which we notice about birds, their semi-annual migration. Botanists can't tell why the leaves turn in the fall. Likewise, physiologists, pathologists, physicians, endocrinologists, and neurologists can explain many obscure things about the human body but none of them has the slightest idea of the nature of that act that all of us perform once in twenty-four hours—sleep.

We know quite a few things about sleep but what it is, is a complete puzzle. Probably the most eminent American authority on the subject, Professor Donald A. Laird, of Hamilton, New York, defines sleep as a "recurrent and necessary state, characterized by a profound diminution of mental and physiological activities without external cause, which is found throughout the entire animal kingdom; in man and the vertebrates in general the most obvious feature of the state is the spontaneous loss of consciousness persisting for a period of several hours. Natural sleep must be distinguished from the sleep-like condition produced by hypnosis, physical trauma, and drugs."

Sleep is evidently an adjustment to the world we live in. In the long prehistoric period before man had control of light, the recurring period of darkness in each twenty-four hours was one in which his activities were necessarily reduced to a minimum. He habituated himself to using this period for the purpose of restoring his reserves of energy. This is all very well to say philosophically but it does not explain the cause of sleep.

The most persistent theory of the cause is that it is a diminution of the blood supply to the brain. Nobody knows, though, whether this actually happens or not or what causes it if it does. The theory that there are fatigue toxins which accumulate periodically and cause sleep, while also widely held, is entirely inadequate. It is true that soldiers after a forced march have an accumulation of lactic acid in their bodies and this may put them to sleep, but it is doubtful whether that is a normal sleep.

Nearly everyone has had the experience of being sick for several days, lying in bed twenty-four hours without making any motions which could, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, produce any fatigue toxins, and yet sleeping like a top every night.

We know a good deal about what happens in the body in sleep. There is a slowed respiratory rate, the pulse rate and blood pressure go down, metabolism is lowered and the tension of muscles all over the body is relaxed. Usually some muscle groups are more relaxed than others, and it may be that certain cases of insomnia are caused by residual tensions in muscle groups that ordinarily are relaxed.

The practical things that anybody wants to know about sleep are (1) how to induce it when it is not there, and (2) how to get rid of it when it is present at inconvenient times.

There are a good many assumptions held about sleep by many people which, from the standpoint of clinical medicine, are unjustified. First of these, I think, is the idea that there is a certain measured amount of sleep that everybody has coming to him in twenty-four hours. This is reflected in the phrase, "I don't want to take a nap this afternoon because it will spoil my sleep tonight." Now, the fact is that sleep is usually a matter of habit and sometimes on a vacation, with no distracting or worrying thoughts, you will find yourself sleeping four or five times in the twenty-four hours, using up half the time in slumber. Then the pace of life changes and you may begin a series of activities at night, as well as your ordinary daily duties, so that you become accustomed to three or four hours of sleep, which carries you along for some time without any particular discomfort.

To instance again the invalid in bed: It must be a common experience with those people that they fall asleep three or four times in the twenty-four hours in spite of the fact that they do nothing to earn sleep in the ordinary acceptance of the term, and are able to knock off a sound eight hours during the night.

So my advice to anybody who is sleepy would be to take advantage of that stroke of luck and sleep. You are not drawing on a fixed reserve nor preparing yourself for a bad night.

I am very much in favor of the siesta for anyone after forty-five years of age. The idea that the afternoon period of languor and fatigue and lag should be treated by a brisk walk to wake you up, is contrary to all the reasonable dictates of physiology. If you have a period of languor in the afternoon, the proper thing to do is to give in to it and go to sleep. I believe it would be an economic and profitable thing for all offices, and even manufacturing plants, to have a room with a group of couches in it where the employees could get twenty minutes' sleep in the middle of the day. Certainly work is more efficient after that twenty-minute nap is over than if the sleepy fit is subdued by whatever means.

As to how you are going to get to sleep, we are in a welter of conflicting advice. Some eminent debunker has recently proved that coffee in moderate amounts is almost without effect on the night sleep, so giving up coffee won't help. Mention of counting sheep is, of course, a sign of naïve and abysmal ignorance for anybody who has suffered the misery of insomnia. A warm beverage or a warm bath have official approval.

Perhaps the best way of deliberately inducing sleep is to relax the different groups of muscles as you lie comfortably in bed with the eyes closed.

For the nervous insomniac a good bed is a prime essential but, as everybody knows who has slept on the bare ground under the soporific influence of a camping trip, it is not absolutely necessary.

Blessings be on the head of the obscure and almost forgotten James Liddy, of Watertown, New York, who invented the spring bed. We owe this priceless gift to civilization to the fact that Mr. Liddy was sitting in his buggy about ten years before the Civil War, waiting for his wife. He felt drowsy and dropped off for a minute or two. When he awoke he began to think of the enormous superiority of the spring upholstered cushions in his buggy to the unyielding foundation for the mattress on his bed. He gathered together some old buggy springs and at the spring wagon factory at Watertown made the first bed spring, which he installed in his own four-poster bed.

Whether to take hypnotics is a question that you will find hotly debated even in medical circles. Doctors divide up that way about such drugs—some are conscientiously or constitutionally opposed to giving anything but very minute doses of morphine even if there is an indication for it. (The

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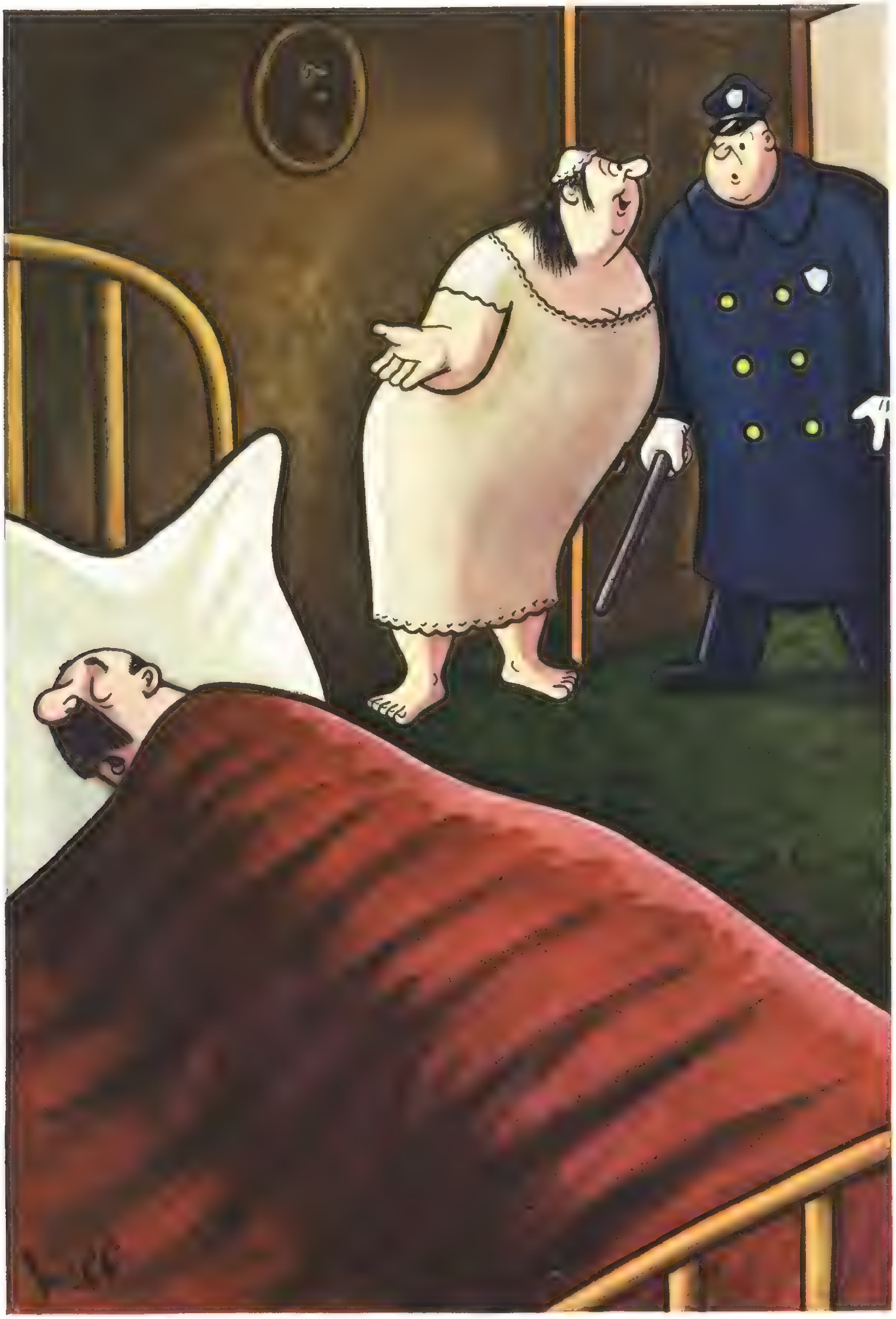
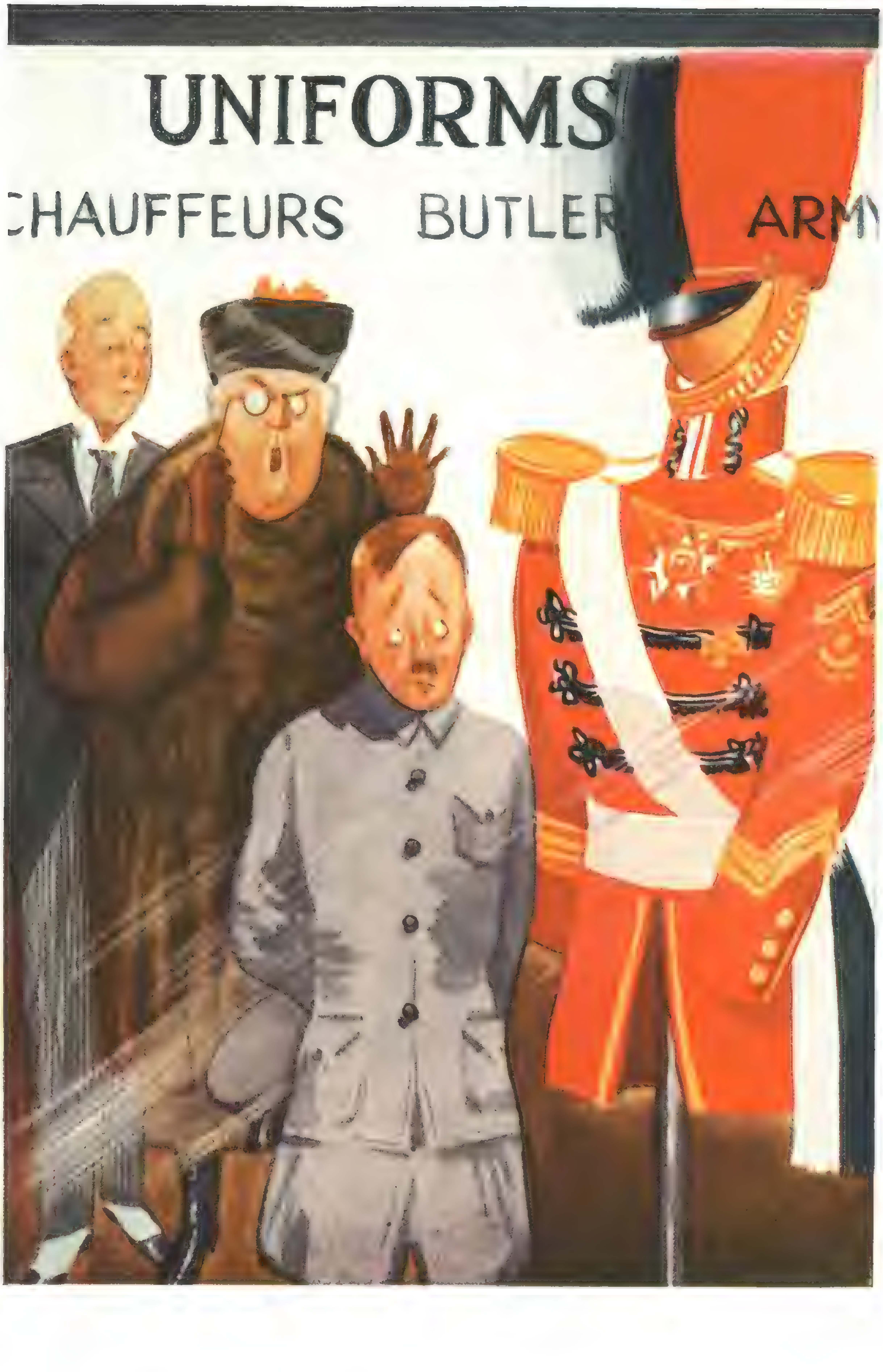


"See? It ain't no dog howling!"


UNIFORMS
CHAUFFEURS
BUTLER
ARMY

"Positively not Joseph—I thought we thrashed that out last year"

Here, Kitty, Kitty

A one-time girl friend returns and does what she can to prove she has all the womanly graces

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

▪ FICTION ▪

"WHERE are you going, Antoine," asked Françoise Quesnay of her husband.

"I'm just going as far as the post-office to send off this letter, and give Mowgli a walk . . . The rain has stopped, the sun is coming up; it'll be all right."

"Don't be too long; I've invited some people for dinner—Sabine Lambert-Leclerc and her husband. I read in the paper that they are at Nice for a few days, and wrote to Sabine."

"Oh! Françoise . . . but why? Her husband's eternal politics gives me the horrors, and she—"

"Don't growl, now, Antoine . . . You're not going to say you don't like Sabine! When I first met you, she was almost engaged to you."

"Exactly," said Antoine. "I don't think she's ever forgiven me for having left her. And besides, I haven't seen her for fifteen years; she must be a rather ripening matron. I don't know anything so sad as to meet those whom one has known and loved as girls, and find them to be grandmothers."

"Sabine is no grandmother," Françoise replied. "She is exactly my own age.

"And anyway, regrets are useless, as Sabine and her husband will be here at eight o'clock."

"You might have asked me," he said with an unhappy air.

"Have a nice walk!" she responded gaily, hurrying out of the room.

Antoine felt frustrated. It was his wife's usual technique of running away from an argument.

When he saw her again in the drawing room, so fresh in her flowery muslin, he forgot his resentment. His daughter Micheline, going on eighteen, was ravishing to behold, but no more so than her mother. Save for the strand of white hair which Françoise, for some unknown reason, refused to dye, one could hardly have distinguished the girl from the mother. And all things considered, it was Françoise who had made this home for him, it was to her that he owed the garden which was the envy of all visitors. It was Françoise who had prevailed upon him to leave Pont-de-l'Eure and the factory, several years before the depression. If one weighed everything in the balance, the greater part of what she had brought him was good.

"Are Micheline and Bacot dining with us?" he asked, hopefully, preferring the conversation of his children to that of strangers.

"No. I thought it would be nicer to have just the four of us at the table. Fix your tie, Antoine."

Nice—another word he detested. No, this dinner would not be "nice," he told himself, fussing with his tie before the mirror. Sabine would be sour, Françoise flirtatious with Lambert-Leclerc, the opinionated cabinet-minister, and he himself, somberly silent. Nice!

They heard the car as the braked wheels slid in the gravel. The Quesnays assumed an air of negligible activity. A moment later, the guests entered. Sabine had black, slightly curly hair, smooth shoulders, and handsome eyes. Lambert-Leclerc was becoming quite bald; three hairs crossed his skull like hurdles on a track. He seemed in bad humor. Doubtless, this dinner had been imposed on him, too.

"Good evening, dear," Françoise cried, kissing Sabine. "Good evening, Your Excellency."

"*Ah non*, darling," Sabine protested, "you're not going to 'Excellency' my husband. You call me Sabine, call him Alfred. Good evening, Antoine."

The night was warm and so clear that Françoise had the coffee served on the terrace. Conversation during dinner had not been easy. The women were bored. Antoine, obstinate, angry at himself, insisted on contradicting Lambert-Leclerc, who, being better informed, bested him on every point.

"You are optimistic because you are in power," Antoine said. "But the financial situation of France is tragic—"

"Oh no, my dear sir, it's not that bad. Questions of money are never tragic. France's budgets have been in a deficit for the last six centuries, and it's very good that they are. Every once in a while it is necessary to ruin the coupon-clippers. Otherwise, where would we be? Imagine the size of a fortune drawing compound interest since the time of Richelieu!"

By the most imperceptible of signs, by a sudden hardening of the pupils, Françoise could recognize the mounting temper of her husband. She interrupted:

"Antoine," she said, "you must take Sabine down as far as the cloister, to show her the view."

"Let's all four go," he suggested.

"Not at all," said Sabine. "Françoise is right. The couples must be separated, it's much jollier that way."

She arose, and Antoine had to follow, but not without hurling a furious glance at Françoise, which she chose to disregard.

Exactly what I feared, he thought. Here I am alone for half an hour with this woman. Will she take advantage of it to ask for an explanation she's been waiting for these last twenty years? How jolly! As for Françoise, is she in hopes that that creaking old minister will make love to her?

"Go left here," he said aloud.

"What is that divine fragrance?" Sabine asked.

"Just oranges. The pergola under which we were seated is covered by branches of orange and lemon trees, vines and rosebushes. But our roses are getting wild, we'll have to graft them again. Follow the descending path."

"And aren't you too growing a little wild, Antoine, in your isolation here?"

"I? I've always been wild. Can you see down there? On both sides of this pond are masses of cinevaria. The theme of this garden is the opposition of dark flowers, violet and blue, with very lively notes of yellow. At least that was Françoise's idea . . . Here on the slope she wanted to make a sort of brush of gorse, mastic, and asphodels . . ."

"I'm glad to be seeing you alone again, Antoine. I am very fond of your wife, but all the same you and I were great friends even before you knew her—do you remember?" Prudently, he slowed his steps so as not to be too close to her.

"Of course, naturally, Sabine. How could I fail to remember? . . . No, directly ahead, Sabine. Cross the little bridge; here is the cloister. These blossoms between the stones? They're just pansies. Look, this terrace is right over the sea. That wall covered with

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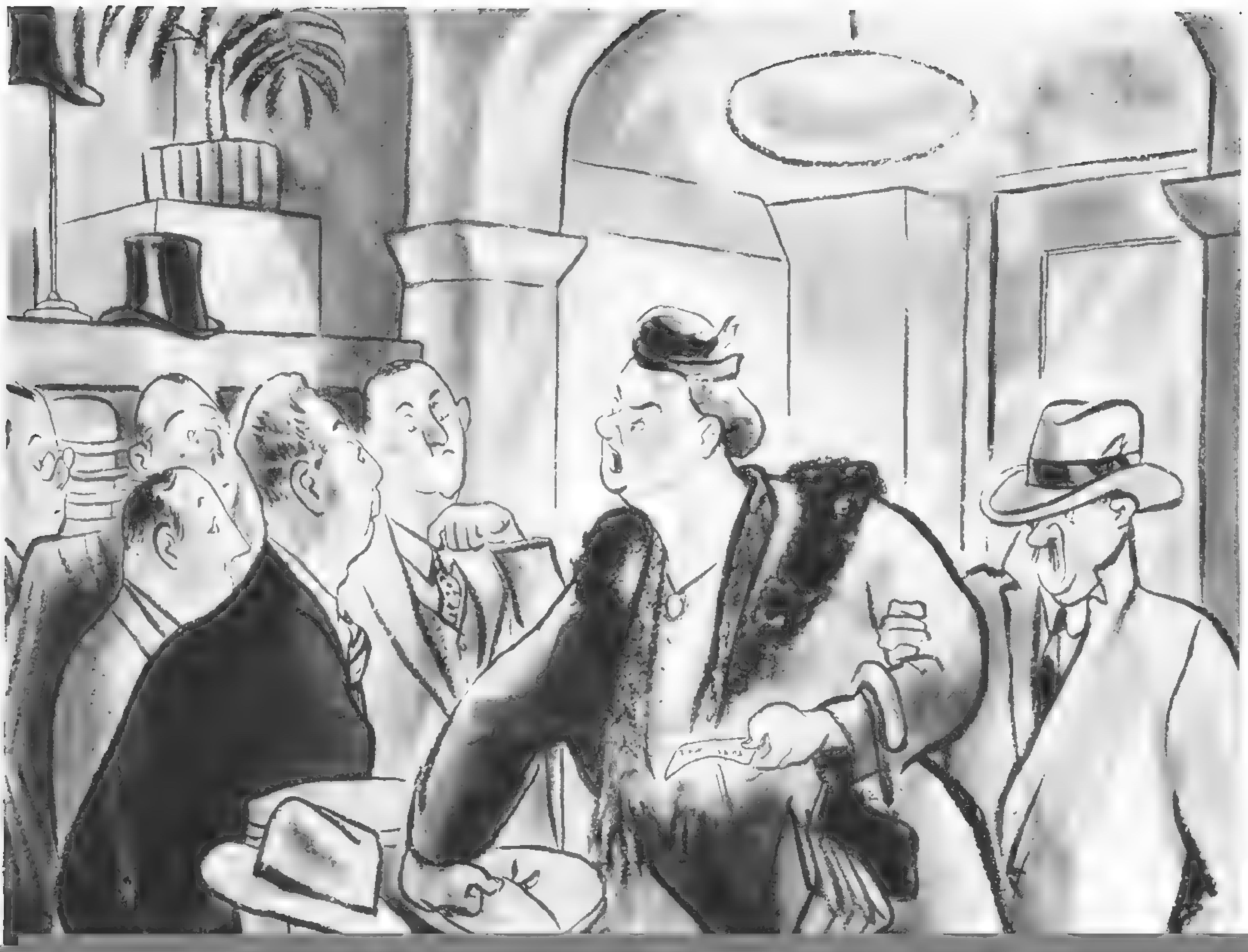


Keep Those Punches Up

Suggesting an easy cure for fighters who persist in hitting below the belt

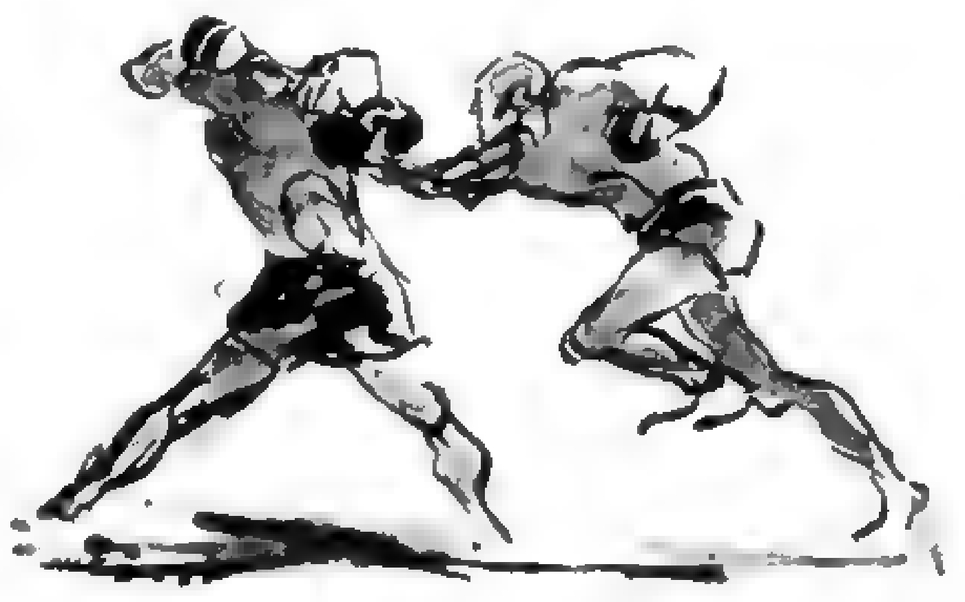
by WILLIAM INGLIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

Boxing as a Big Business is in danger. The modern rule on fouls—that a blow below the belt means only the loss of a round—has not worked so well lately, though for years it has been a great success. Disputes over low punches have followed one near-championship contest and several smaller ones, and have disturbed officials and fans. One man was actually knocked cold with a low punch, but under the rule the referee had to count him out.

If the disturbance increases, if the public feel that the rule does not insure fair play, there may arise a general demand to kill the game, like the uprising that repealed the old Horton Law, under which bouts were fought years ago. Fortunately, the addition of a simple provision to the present rule—which will be described below—would do much to end disputes. On the whole, the modern regulation—the "no foul rule," as they call it, has worked a great improvement in boxing.

To appreciate this, we have only to look back at the fights of years ago. There are no more battles like the famous struggle between Mysterious Billy Smith and Joe Walcott the Barbados Demon. They hit low, butted, jabbed with the elbows, did everything but thump each other with the buckets out of their corners.



"Why didn't you stop the fight?" I asked Charley White, "Old Good-Eye," the fairest and best referee of his day.

"Why should I stop it?" he countered. "One was just as bad as the other, and neither one tried a trick but the other outdid it. They were experts and could protect themselves, never complained. It was as fair for one as the other. Besides, the crowd wanted to see them go to the finish without interference on a mere technicality."

"Didn't you check them at all?"

"Sure, I checked them. Every time I tore them part, I'd say, 'Be nice, now, boys; be nice!'" Charley explained with a quizzical smile, "Everybody was satisfied."

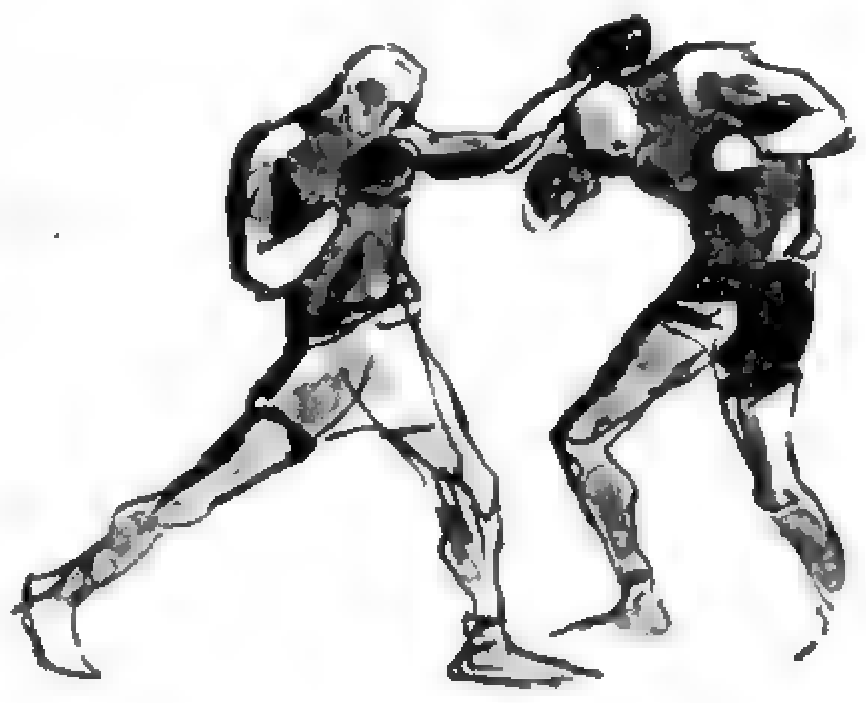
Old Tom Sharkey has always insisted that Bob Fitzsimmons knocked him out with a low blow in their first battle, at San Francisco, when Tom had just left the Navy for the ring. The referee was Wyatt Earp, picturesque town marshal who had kept many a mining camp orderly with his cold gray eye and a pair of six-shooters that never missed. In the eighth round Fitz shifted his right foot forward and swung up a killing left fist for the solar plexus, which lies snug under the A-shaped fork of the breastbone—a fair mark. But Sharkey at that moment stepped in, and the blow, he swears, hit him full in the groin. Down he went. Earp, who knew all about six-shooters and little about boxing, did not see just where the punch landed, and counted out Sailor Tom, who was laid up in bed for five weeks.

Compare that sort of fighting with bouts under the rules of today, and you see a vast improvement, even if once in a while the boxing code works a hardship on a good man. Jack Sharkey of Boston boxed fifteen rounds with Max Schmeling at the Garden Bowl, in 1932, and by a fluky decision regained the championship of the world which he had lost in 1930, under the old rules, by knocking out Max with a low punch. In this second battle not one low blow was hit. Jack had learned a sad lesson, and Schmeling fought fairly, as usual.

When Primo Carnera knocked out Sharkey, in 1933, not one low blow was struck, though many spectators declared that temperamental Jack sank to the floor from an invisible punch. Schmeling meantime had come back from Germany to recover his title, but Max Baer had beaten many good men, and the Commission ruled that Schmeling must beat him before challenging Carnera. Baer knocked out Schmeling, but neither one of them struck a low blow. Twice referee Arthur Donovan warned Baer because he hit back-hand punches—harmless but against the rules. They were scored as fouls.

Baer knocked Carnera down a dozen times in their championship battle, in 1934, and had the giant out on his feet when referee Donovan stopped the fight in the eleventh round. Not once did either man hit low. In a fifteen-round contest, in 1935, Jimmy Braddock won the decision and the championship of the world by left-handing Baer to a frazzle, and in that whole hour of struggle not one low blow was struck. Referee McAvoy took two rounds from Baer for fouls because he used the foolish back-hand punch, but both Baer and his conqueror, in all their body punching, kept their fists above the belt line.

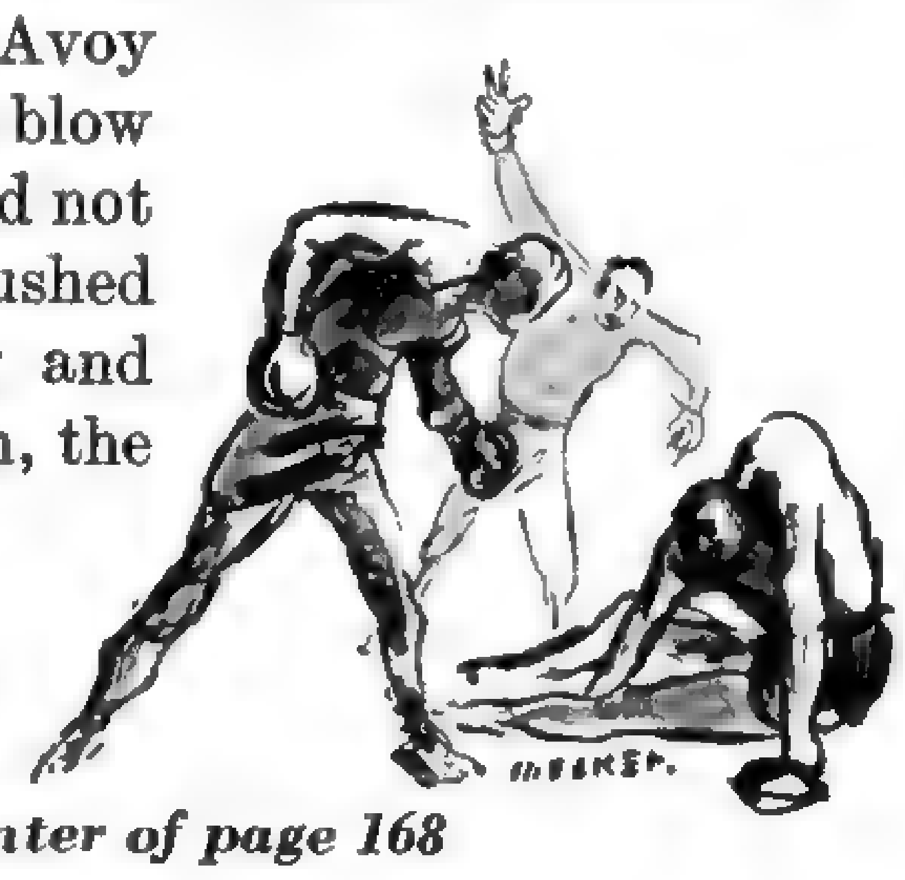
Joe Louis trained carefully for his first battle after Schmeling knocked him out last summer, and he was in fine fettle when he faced Jack Sharkey at the Yankee Stadium. Jack was as eager to come back into the game as Joe, but age and easy living had softened him so much that the Negro put Jack out in the fourth. From the moment Louis saw the Sailor's mid-section, nicely rounded with rich feeding, he threw punches into it very earnestly. But in spite of his careful training and the criticism he had suffered for hitting Schmeling low, Louis did the same thing in this fight. Twice in the second round referee Donovan warned him for driving in his left hooks below the belt line, and, of course, counted that round against him.



Sharkey, not in the least bothered by the low punches, made no complaint—and Jack is a fiery complainer whenever he has, or thinks he has, a grievance.

Jack was not hurt by those blows because he wore upon the lower part of his body a shield of inflated rubber, covered with thin metal, which protected him from shock or pain. Today every boxer must wear one of these shields in the ring, and its protection is supposed to be so perfect that the only penalty for a low punch is loss of the round. It was adopted because of the farcical finish of the world championship bout between Sharkey and Schmeling, in 1930, when the decision and the title were awarded to the groaning and helpless German because he had been fouled. They fought under the old rules.

That was the weirdest fight since Tom Sayers' friends broke the ring at Farnborough and mobbed John C. Heenan to keep him from knocking Sayers out—away back in the Dark Ages of the sport—and the complaisant referee called it a drawn battle. Sharkey outboxed and outhit Schmeling during the first two rounds and kept up his lead until near the close of the third. Then he shot in a left hook that landed below the belt and dropped Schmeling. Max clutched at his body and lay there, groaning. Bond, one of the judges, beckoned to referee Jim McAvoy and told him the blow was low. Jim had not seen it, so he rushed across the ring and asked Matheson, the other judge; but he had not seen it either. The managers



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Ambassador as Democrat

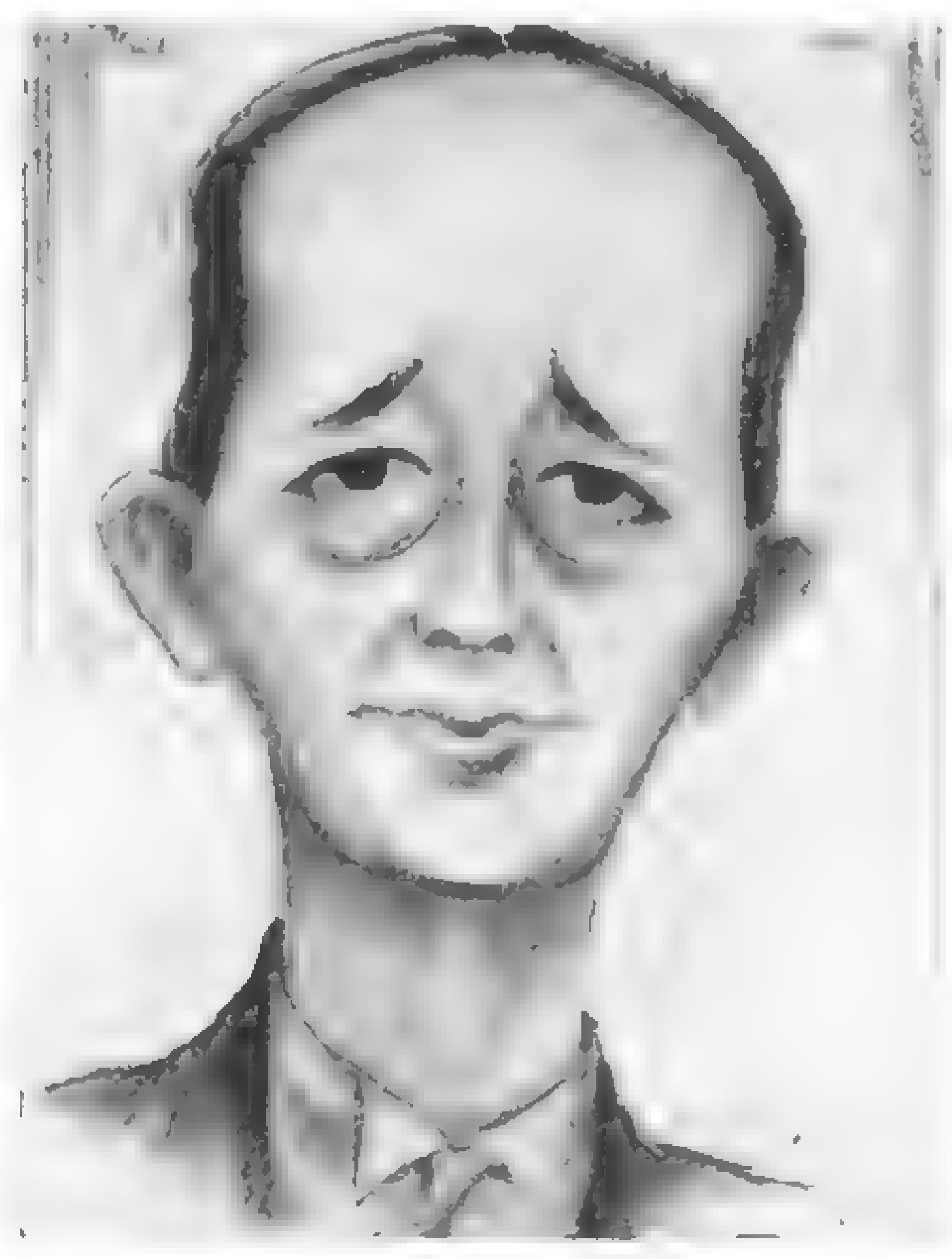
Claude Bowers has the direct simplicity (except in politics) that you'd expect from a Hoosier

by FRED C. KELLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It seems doubtful if since the days when old Ben Franklin represented the United States over in Paris, this country has had more of a real democrat in the diplomatic corps, more of a "character," with homespun qualities, homely wisdom and old-fashioned hoss sense, than that typical Hoosier, Claude Gernade Bowers, our present Ambassador to Spain.

Bowers is not only a democrat in all his impulses but is an outstanding authority on American democracy. No one living knows so much about the career of Thomas Jefferson, and his most recent book, *Jefferson In Power*, had an advance sale that brought the author a small fortune before it was even published. His other books on American history are required reading in nearly all good American colleges. More than a quarter of a million copies of *The Tragic Era* have been sold. His authorship has given him independent wealth and fame, with a string of honorary college degrees from all over the United States. But his success from writing about democracy has never lessened his own democracy. He has never taken on airs, never become up-stage. No one will ever hear of Bowers talking out of the corner of his mouth about the lower clawses. If his diplomatic career were to throw him for years among men who speak with an Oxford accent, he would continue to talk like an Indiana boy.



Those who knew him long ago—maybe back in his boyhood of dire poverty when he was delivering papers before school to support a widowed mother—would discover that he is still the same Claude Bowers they used to know. That is probably the best key to his real character.

I suppose Bowers sometimes is compelled as part of his job to get himself all gigged up in a plug hat and long-tailed coat, but I'll wager he feels uncomfortable and ridiculous. The fact is, when you look at him, you just can't think of him as an ambassador—though he could serve as model for an ambassador in a play by George Ade or Booth Tarkington, with the part taken by an actor of the type of the late William Hodge. When I first knew him, a quarter of a century ago in Washington, where he was secretary to Senator John W. Kern, of Indiana, he invariably wore collars that were at least two sizes too large. I used to wonder if it would be possible to turn the collar around and then slip it over his head, as one takes a collar off a horse. If he had worn costly clothes, which he didn't, they would somehow have looked inexpensive. His necktie was always a couple of inches to one side, exposing his collar-button and Adam's apple. He was a somewhat undersized, hungry looking little cuss, too, probably not weighing much more than 120 pounds, ringside. His hair was long, parted low on one side, shoved back orator fashion—and a great orator he was.

When he started to talk, even in ordinary conversation, his voice was mellow and deep—sounded as if it were coming from a man down in a well. One soon noted, though, the shrewd shape of his nose and that his dark eyes showed a gleam of rare intelligence; also he was about the most fascinating conversationist you ever listened to. Well, as I was saying, he is just the same now as he was then.

Aside from carrying newspapers, Claude Bowers began his newspaper career, in his early twenties, as editorial writer, first in Indianapolis and then in Terre Haute. One Saturday, in Terre Haute, when he was in line at the cashier's window to receive his weekly pay envelope, the janitor of the building was just ahead of him and Claude, with pardonable curiosity, looked over the janitor's shoulder to see how much *he* received. Claude discovered that the janitor was getting more money than he himself did for writing what he assumed were scholarly, erudite editorials.

"Did you quit in disgust?" I asked Claude when he told me this story, years ago.

"No," he replied. "You see I didn't know where I would find another job!"

Only a little later, at the age of twenty-four, Bowers became the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Terre Haute district. He was defeated but it was a close race. That was the last time he was a candidate for office but he has been in politics most of the time ever since. His practical experience in politics has been a great asset to him as a historian.

I recall meeting him one afternoon, years ago, in the Library of Congress where he was up to his ears in a job of research.

"You know," he remarked, "a lot of people get fooled when they start digging into history by accepting a public statement by politicians about what they are trying to accomplish—whether it's about drafting a constitution, a piece of legislation, or a party platform. We're apt to think such a statement, not previously in the history books, must be an important discovery. Maybe it throws a little light and maybe it doesn't. You don't get the truth until you can find out what they were *really* up to. A public statement may be intended to conceal the truth—to provide only a seeming excuse for what the politicians were trying to do. The only way to get the actual truth is to find letters different members of a committee wrote to one another at the time. In old letters, or a diary, never intended for publication, you often find facts. We didn't know until fifty years after the American Constitution was drawn, when the James Madison diary became public, what the men who drew the Constitution were most concerned about. Their public statements didn't mean a thing. We know now that they were terribly afraid of permitting real democracy."

Bowers has a habit of becoming an authority on whatever he tackles. Years ago, he was invited by Irish friends to deliver a St. Patrick's Day address on the Irish question, that is, on the relations between Ireland and England.

"But I don't know anything about the Irish question," he told them.

They insisted nevertheless that he come and do the best he could.

Not much time was available, but he began to read day and night to gain background on Irish politics. The result was that for several years he was in demand as a speaker by Irish societies all over the United States. He wrote a book on Irish Orators that is still selling.

When his job as a Senator's secretary expired in 1917, he "accepted a position" as the saying is—took the only job in sight, as editor of a paper in Fort Wayne. It carried only a modest salary, but he was supposed to write two or three columns of editorials daily, besides a page of book reviews each Sunday. All that didn't quite use up his nervous energies and he worked at home each night on a book, destined to be his first bid for real fame—*The Party Battles of the Jackson Period.* At about the same time, his editorials in the Fort Wayne paper attracted the attention of the editor of the *Evening World* in New York. (He had not permitted the quantity he wrote, two or three columns a day, to lessen the quality.) An offer from the *Evening World*, of several times what he had ever been paid before, took him to New York and from then on he was in the big league.

Bowers began to be fascinated by American history when about nine years old. By the time he was fifteen, or along about the second year in high school, in Indianapolis,

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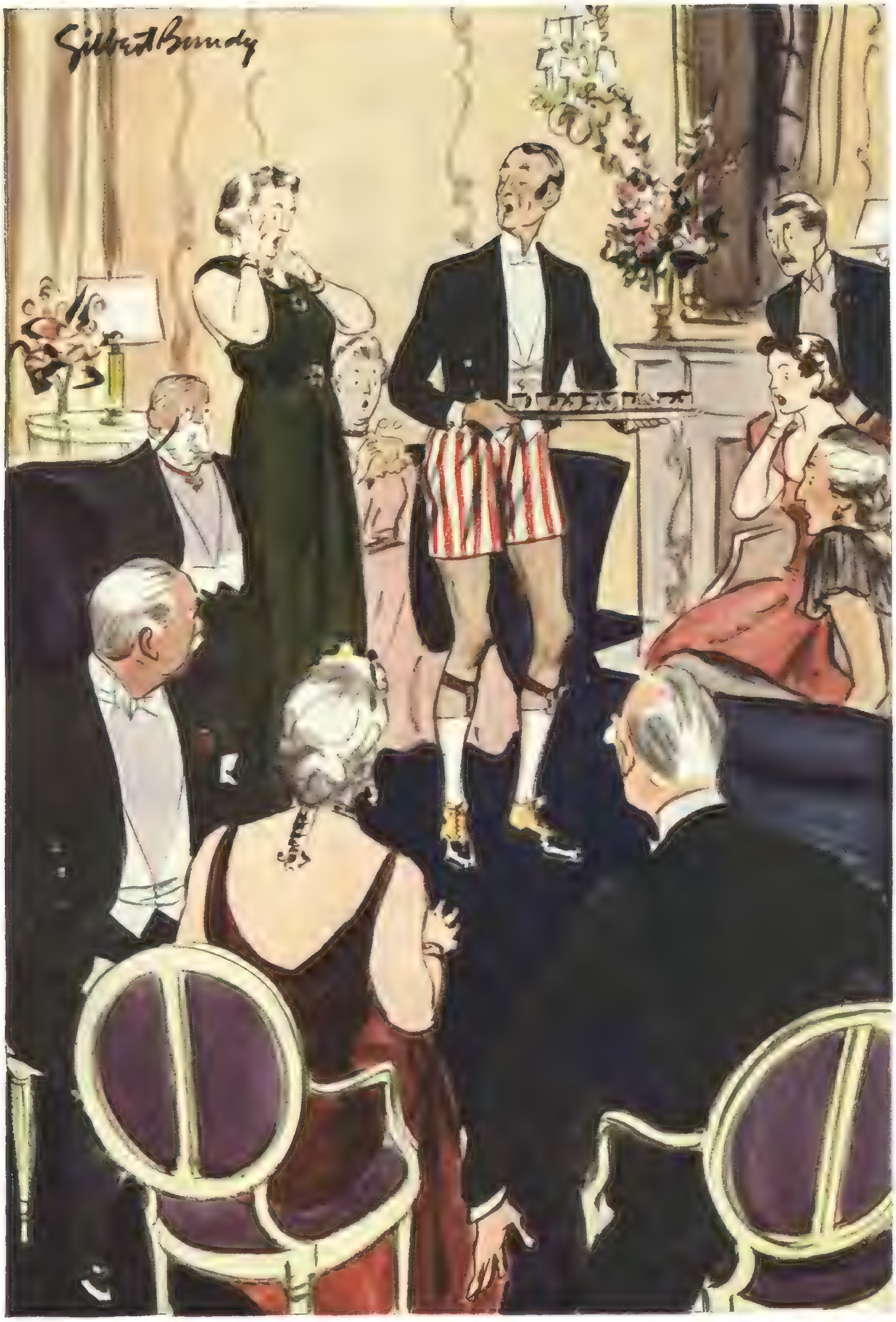
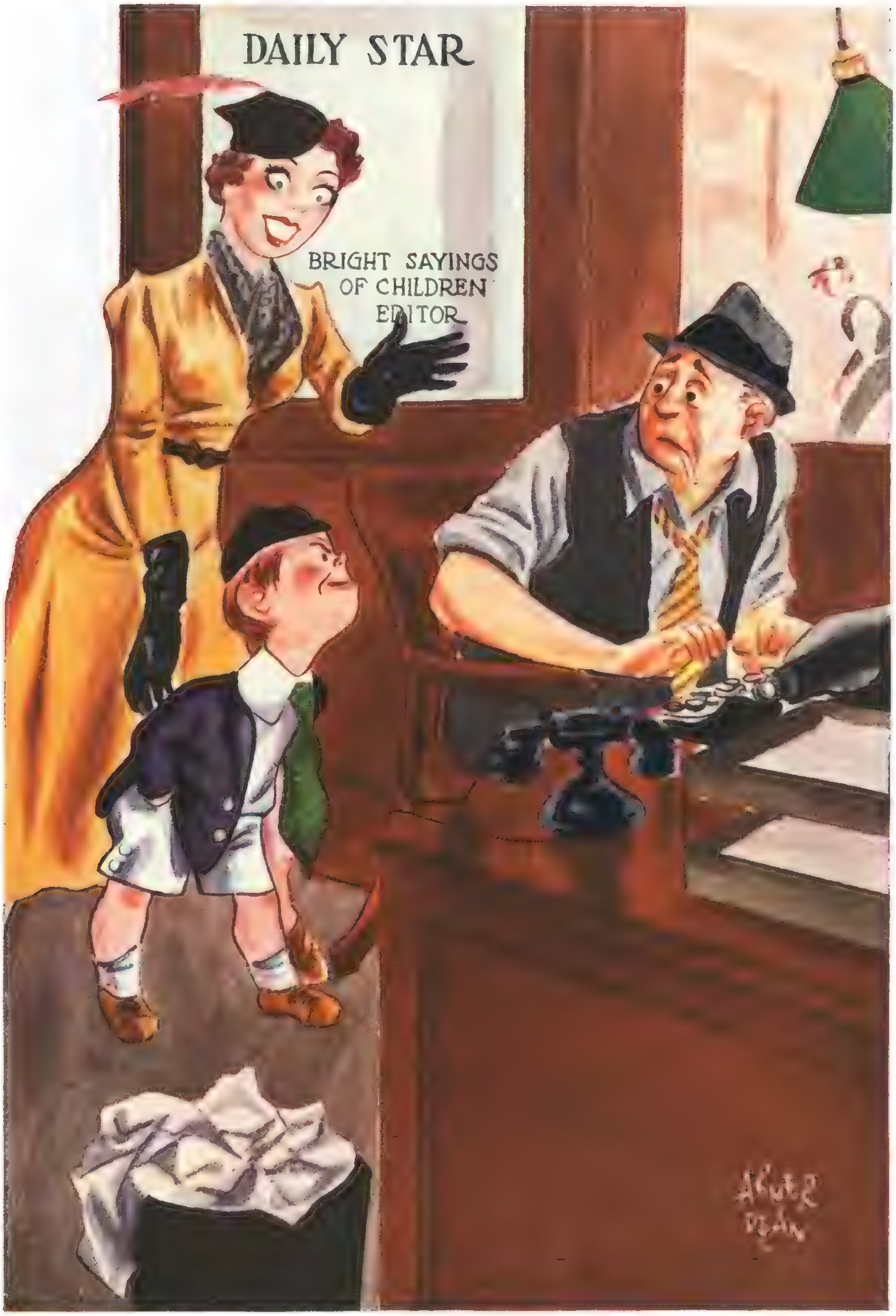

Gilbert Bundy

"The cook dared me to"


DAILY STAR
BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN EDITOR
AGNER DEAN

"All right, Egbert—let him have it!"

The Kiddy Quip Curse

It bored the hell out of him when people repeated their children's unfunny remarks

by SHANNON FIFE

SATIRE

HOMEWARD bound on the Monday afternoon commuters' special, George Upshaw and two pinochle companions, Watkins and Sibley, had settled down comfortably for their usual game when Horace Podley appeared.

Upshaw immediately experienced an acute sinking sensation. He nursed a growing repugnance for the smugly serene Podley, who was a pulpy, cow-hocked man with elk's teeth and a cackling laugh that would have made him an impressive adjunct to the American Egg Laying Association.

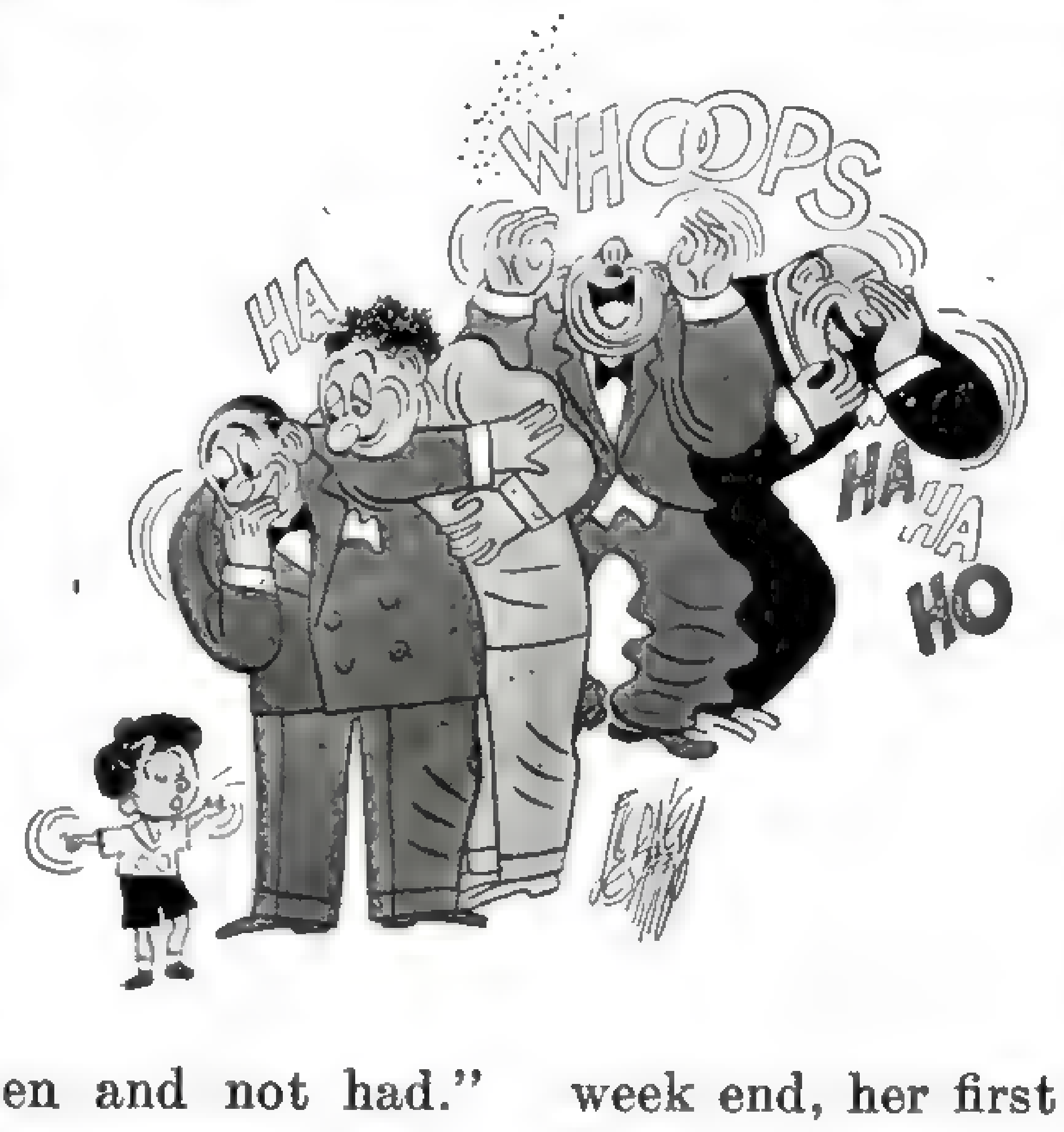
Worst of all, in Upshaw's opinion, Podley was the founder and treasurer of the Kiddy Quip Club, an organization whimsically conceived by him to perpetuate the cute sayings of children. By the club's rules, any father contributing his first acceptable kiddy quip automatically became duty-bound to donate five dollars to the club's treasury. The initiation fees thus acquired were ultimately to finance a volume in which the collective juvenile jests would be dedicated to posterity.

To Upshaw, whose prejudice was now definitely a neurosis, there was something positively repellent in this low-minded scheme to inflict upon humanity the *bon mots* of brats. Already, weeks before, he had exploded wrathfully against the whole diabolical idea, encouraging as it did a loathsome form of exhibitionism on the part of both parent and child.

"Kiddy quips are like burps," Upshaw had fumed. "If they cannot be sternly repressed, they should at least be decently smothered. The one thing worse than calling children 'tots,' 'kiddikins' or 'chickabiddies' is a grown man repeating their alleged witticisms."

"But it's human nature," Podley had gushed toothily. "It comes under the head of normal parental pride."

To this Upshaw had paraphrased a famous axiom. "Kiddy-quip children," he had snorted, "should be seen and not had."



However, beneath his outer scorn, a secret fear had long haunted Upshaw. Fundamental human nature, he well knew, has never changed, and within him had grown a gnawing dread, a fearful fixation, that in time he, too, might involuntarily yield to the cosmic urge which relentlessly impels fathers to inflict cute sayings upon helpless bystanders.

At this moment, in the club car, Upshaw was gritting his teeth, for he noted that Podley, in hanging up his hat, had been reminded of something. Upshaw's shuddery foreboding proved correct. It was a kiddy quip.

"I had Junior out to the zoo yesterday," tittered Podley, "and when he saw the bull moose, he exclaimed, 'Papa, what is that animal wearing a hat-rack on his head?' "

Watkins and Sibley, both kiddy-quip addicts, dutifully added their own laughter to Podley's high-pitched cackle, but Upshaw grimly maintained the unemotional expression of a surgeon sterilizing a catgut.

"There's real humor in anything my kiddikin says," continued Podley mercilessly. "That last nifty was almost as cute as his description of his first ride in an elevator. 'We walked into a little house,' he said, 'and the upstairs came down.' "

Everyone laughed except Upshaw, who gazed at Podley as a micrologist might study a pill-bug. His worst fears were now realized. For Podley had started something. Sibley's face had suddenly assumed a look of lyric abandon, as of one who hearkens suddenly to the song of the nightingale.

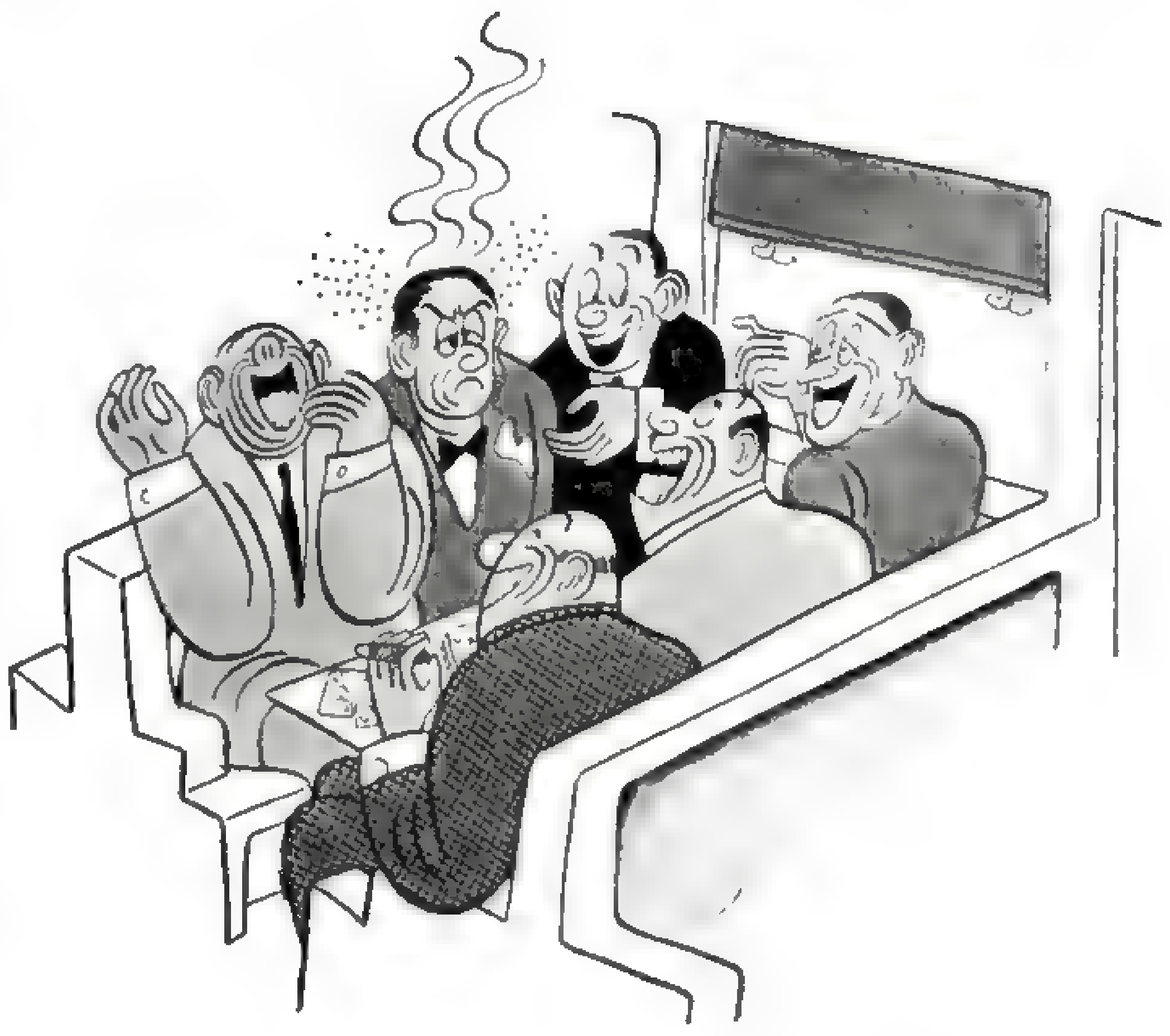
"It brings to mind my little Isabel's clever quip after her bath last night," he chortled. "She was drying a damp towel before the open fire . . . so close, in fact, that it scorched . . . when she turned impishly to her mother and asked, 'Momsey, are towels done when they're brown?' "

Again the three men laughed uproariously, while Upshaw gazed stoically into the interstellar vacancies, wearing the look of resigned suffering characteristic of Spinoza and other great martyrs.

The torture, he realized, was to continue. For Watkins had, with some difficulty, arranged his features to resemble those of a humorist about to deliver an epic.

"Speaking of real humor," he chuckled, "our little Angela was visiting my sister this week end, her first time away from home. Naturally lonely, the tot was crying, and when her aunt asked her if she was homesick, she replied mournfully, 'No, Aunty, I'm *here*-sick!' "

Once again Podley, Sibley and Watkins vocalized their parental merriment. Upshaw dug his fingernails into his palms and began to breathe as if he had been running, while his expression indicated that a large amount of hydrogen sulphide had been released in the room.



"*That*," he thought savagely, "must be a kiddy quip to end kiddy quips."

But more maudlinity suddenly cropped up from a new direction. The passing conductor, a charter member of the club, was to inflict his share of mayhem.

"You gents will appreciate this, for it's what I call real humor," he beamed, with the air of one about to scatter incalculable largess. "Last night I was hearing the bedtime prayers of my youngest lambkin, Ethelbert, and I had to warn him once more about saying his devotions too hurriedly. 'Daddy,' he replied, 'you wouldn't want me to keep the Lord up all night listening to me, would you?' "

Gustily appreciative guffaws greeted this contribution from all except Upshaw, whose throat made a queer strangling sound, as of a bagpipe being played under water.

"Wonderful thing, a kiddikin with real humor," observed Sibley with a significant side-glance toward Upshaw.

"Any normal tot has the gift," added Watkins pointedly.

"Exactly," agreed Podley, fixing Upshaw with an accusing eye. "And when a kiddie never makes a bright saying it's a logical inference that the father himself lacks wit. Such a child, unfortunately, is apt to grow up with the mind of a mummy. Eh, Upshaw?"

At the word "mummy" something startlingly psychic happened to Upshaw. With shocking swiftness he became a hapless victim of the cosmic force he had so long dreaded, and through its insidious alchemy he was transmuted into a composite of all the Proud-Parents-Through-The-Ages.

"I agree with you perfectly, Podley," he found himself saying, in a voice he hardly recognized as his own. "And that reminds me, tee-hee, of a honey my four-year-old

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Keep the Home Pies Burning

There's nothing so soggy, so flavorless or indigestible as home-cooked dinner on the farm

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

THE superiority of home cooking over the kind you get in restaurants is, as every patriotic American knows, one of the things that has made America great. This mythical monument, erected to all that is pure and sweet and lovely in our womanhood by a male population given to waxing sentimental after four beers, is recognized by the restaurant people—who could not work up much sentiment after a quart of neutral spirits—as a pillar of our national complacency.

The restaurant people doubtless would prefer to tell the truth: that their goods, judged in terms of the reaction obtained thereby from the human palate, and in terms of the effect thereof on the human stomach—leaving all beer-weeping out of it—are vastly superior on the whole to the strictly legendary results obtained by loving hands but inadequate seasoning in the average family kitchen.

Can they tell the truth? Not and get by with it. You can hit an American, the most sentimental of nationals, any place but in the folk lore. This he will guard with all his prerogatives, including the tender lining of his stomach. Thus the ruthless censorship of public opinion obliges the restaurant to limit itself, in stating its position in respect to home cooking, to modest claims that it produces the homemade article on the premises: a manifest impossibility. An impossibility, what's more, that places the restaurant in the ridiculous position of offering a product which, if served, would turn the customers away in droves. As sheer politeness, this sets a record the French can shoot at from now on.

HOME MADE PIES
HOME COOKING OUR SPECIALTY
LIKE MO

The café is forced to preserve this myth on pain of being rendered timber from timber by a populace which insists upon its right to bow low in one direction while eating in another. The citizen thus preserves the sanctity of the home ranges, eating obviously professional chops beneath the "home-cooked" sign, secure in his faith that the restaurant will not carry out its threat—and that if it does, the home cooking will be the kind he has seen advertised in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, not the kind to which he has been painfully subjected in other quarters.

It must be said in all fairness that the inviolability of home cooking as a great American institution is a creature of the American male. He insists upon this deference to his present women folk and to memories of his mother's table. If I am angrily told that if I don't like our home cooking I can go back to Russia where the food is state cooked and probably full of worms, it will be a pants wearer giving voice. If I am accused of an underhanded attack on fundamental institutions, of being a betrayer of Valley Forge, of attempting to destroy the Constitution, even of being directed by wireless telephone from Moscow, this denunciation will come, not from the indignant pages of *Parent-Teacher*, but from the crusading pen of William Randolph Hearst, a male.

The women, who read many a copy of this masculine tome beneath the blankets with the aid of a pocket torch, will not get mad at me. They are behind the scenes and they know full well the kind of hash that is dished up in the average kitchen. Witness the fact that the canned goods people currently are waging a determined campaign for their products on the flat-footed basis that no housewife, leastwise the common kind familiar to all, can approach in quality the product they turn out. They know it's true and the housewife knows it's true and the canned goods people wax fat and rich in an honest trade, honestly and openly conducted, because they appeal to the women, who are practical. The restaurant, in much the same general position, is forced to open deceit and skullduggery because it must contend with the men folk, steeped in fond memories of mother and determined to preserve an academic belief in their wives.

The plain fact is that home cooking, as a distinctive national art, does not exist in this country. Unlike many other countries, which must know, practice and pass on to their children every cooking trick which will render edible the odds and ends on which they live, we have available a supply of the finest raw materials found in any quantity on the face of the earth—raw materials which require only perfunctory treatment, as they pass through the kitchen, to prepare them for human consumption. It's nearly impossible to ruin the steaks, chops, roasts, vegetables and other standard items which constitute the backbone of our bill of fare. Most of them are pretty good even when raw.

It also is difficult to injure seriously the half of the meal that comes in cans. It does take some skill to pretend that this large proportion of the food served in our upper crust, or non-cooking, homes, is the fruit of love's labor, not the product of mechanical efficiency in California, but the need for skill ends there. If any male has any real interest in his wife's cooking ability, let him scan the monthly expenditures. The average middle-class food bill for one month should cover the purchase of enough raw materials, the kind requiring a knowledge of cooking, to supply the village of Fondette, I.-et-L., France, for one winter.

Except in its professional, or restaurant phase, there is no national consciousness of cooking in America. Cooking constitutes no part of the education of the young female, regardless of station. The young ladies of the top flight are taught the fine art of platter decoration, and fulfillment of their creative urge in the carving of radishes in the likeness of Aunt Agatha, but there it ends. They are feverishly guided in the direction of balanced meals in terms of fats and proteins and starches, of vitamins and reducing elements and roughage. This, of course, is the antithesis of cooking. It is human stoking undertaken in the spirit of pure science, with the thought that vitamin C is vitamin C, salted or unsalted. The food neurotics have no truck with taste or flavor. In their attempt to usurp the powers delegated to the digestive tract, they ram roughage down the gullet with all the finesse—and with much the same object—of cannoneers shoving home the charge. To them each swallow is a curve on a chart, and they approach the delicate task of fitting their offspring for life with the same spirit and technique as that employed by the French peasants in stuffing geese for the production of *pâté de foie gras*. If we are searching for a current or future national cooking consciousness, let us check off the ladies of the carriage trade.

Since cooking, as an art, is based on the necessity for turning poor groceries into human fodder, perhaps we can find it among those forced to it by economic pressure. But alas and alack, the poorer wenches, as those on most of our farms, in our tenements and slums and on the other side of the tracks generally, are instructed exclusively in the

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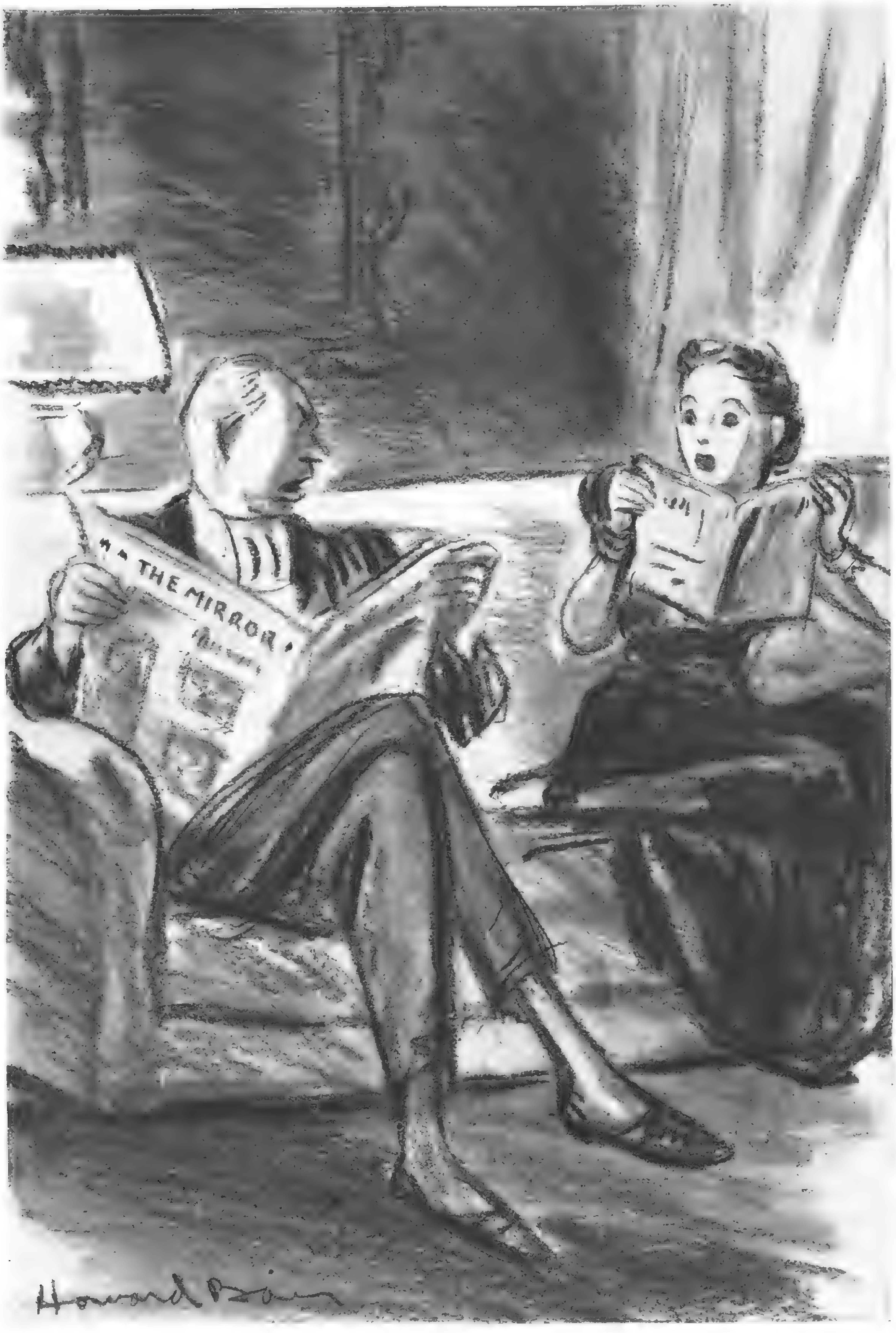
THE MIRROR
Howard Baer

"What's all this nonsense I've been reading about me becoming a father!"

In the Goat Room

He was one of those rare souls who find beauty in everything, even, poor sap, in his fraternity

by KINGSLEY FALL

• FICTION •

On a hot evening in early September, 1928, the ever-loving brethren of Pi Sigma, including myself, were assembled in the new room to make our annual ignominious retreat from the fraternal battle front.

For about four months each spring we dined, flattered and ginned every freshman who looked as if some day he might wear a letter or get elected to something. Then September and pledging week would arrive, and the fruits of our food, flattery and gin would be the privilege of watching our intended brothers scatter to the four corners of the Greek alphabet.

Pi Sigma was not a bad house, as houses went. Most of us had found it a convenient and often congenial place to get drunk, and there were usually two or three of the brethren you could still stand after three or four consecutive hours in their company. Besides, we were supposed to throw the smoothest parties on campus—a minor prestige acquired by some long-ago delegations to cover up our chronic inability to attract any halfbacks, Daily editors or class presidents. By sweating to make our dances and our women increasingly smoother, we had arrived on campus at the point where we were good enough to try for big men, but not quite good enough to get them.

So each September we would be unpleasantly surprised, just as if it had never happened before, to find ourselves with about five dotted-line pledges of the type who might ultimately be known by more people than their respective roommates and the dormitory janitor.

It was on one of these despairful nights that the Thad Marsden story really started. As I said, we were sitting around in the new room—which was the "new room" only because it was not quite as old as the rest of the house, which was a hundred and something and had a commemorative draught for each year.

We had all hurried eloquently about for two weeks, haunting sophomores with tall tales as to how their personalities would fit into that campus Utopia which we conducted over on South Street. Assisted by fatigue and bad gin, we were feeling quite humorous about it all. We sat on the floor and committed bad jokes in the form of suggesting that we pledge Jake, the half-witted Western Union boy, or Genevieve, whose position in the community had, for years, been chiefly horizontal. The same suggestions were handed down from rushing season to rushing season with ritualistic accuracy and seemed side-splitting every time.

While we were amusing ourselves on this particular night, the harassed rushing chairman was trying to get somebody to listen to him, succeeding finally by announcing loudly that if we didn't get a delegation, our dues would probably double. So we tried to think of people we had hoped we wouldn't have to take. Pat Wesson, who nightly for the past two weeks had blackballed some sophomore because he had worn his rubbers all through an open house, finally gave in with the stipulation that said sophomore should be required to wear his rubbers to every dance that year. We even laughed at that.

During the course of the retreat to the second string, Jack Stapeley, timing his wit to a long pause, said "What about the Milwaukee Mouse?" He was talking about Thad Marsden. Stapeley, who was editor of the *Jack-O* and thought he had to live up to it, had named him. I suppose Thad deserved it. He lived in my dorm, and I had met him the year before during freshman hazing. He came from Milwaukee, where he had been graduated from high school at 16 and five-feet-five.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

He was a pathetic sight during those first few days. Apparently his literary background had included juvenile flotsam of the "Dick Prescott at West Point" school, for he reveled in the third-rate hazing administered by unintelligent sophomores who had read the same book. You could see he loved being sprayed with a fire hose and ordered to lie down on the floor as a piece of ice, over which Liza would shortly be pursued by yapping freshman bloodhounds with their tongues hanging out. He even loved singing *Dear Old Milwaukee High*, to the accompaniment of another freshman who, the sophomores had discovered, could make sounds like a jew's-harp with his mouth and forefinger.

Thad used to come into my room once in a while. He lived in a single, and he was so young that nobody bothered much about him. It happened that most of the men in the dorm had gone to prep schools, which awed Thad. Both because of that, and because of his age, he was awkward with his classmates. And they, so conscious of their own awkwardness, were surprised into being just a little superior to anyone who was more ill at ease than they. Since I was a junior, Thad seemed to feel he could stop trying to act like twenty-one and be himself. When he did that, I discovered, he was an engaging, intelligent adolescent, who knew he was precocious but somehow kept a sense of humor about it.

I had invitations sent to him for the first open house in the spring of his freshman year. I imagine it was the only bid he got. He arrived scared to death, and his fear made him seem even smaller and younger. He couldn't do much more than mumble, and his hand when you shook it was wet. He couldn't even talk to me. I was no longer a friend, but had suddenly become a member of the fearful group which was sitting in judgment on him. It doesn't require a particularly high type of intelligence to keep up with the average college undergraduate's conversation. And it certainly shouldn't have been hard for Thad. But that day everything he knew was buried in an avalanche of fright, and he stumbled through the afternoon like a cretin. In some people, shyness is attractive, but Thad, unfortunately, was not given that asset as a part of his equipment.

I wasn't surprised when loud Bronx cheers greeted the reading of his name in the gridiron gathering after the open house. In most houses, this session of organized slander starts immediately after the last lingering freshman is shoved out the door. The afternoon's visitors are taken up one by one. Brother Jansen, it will turn out, dislikes Freshman A. Abercrombie because Mr. Abercrombie split an infinitive. If additional brothers think Mr. Abercrombie one of the less desirable candidates for admission into our exclusive clan, his name is crossed firmly off the list forever (or at

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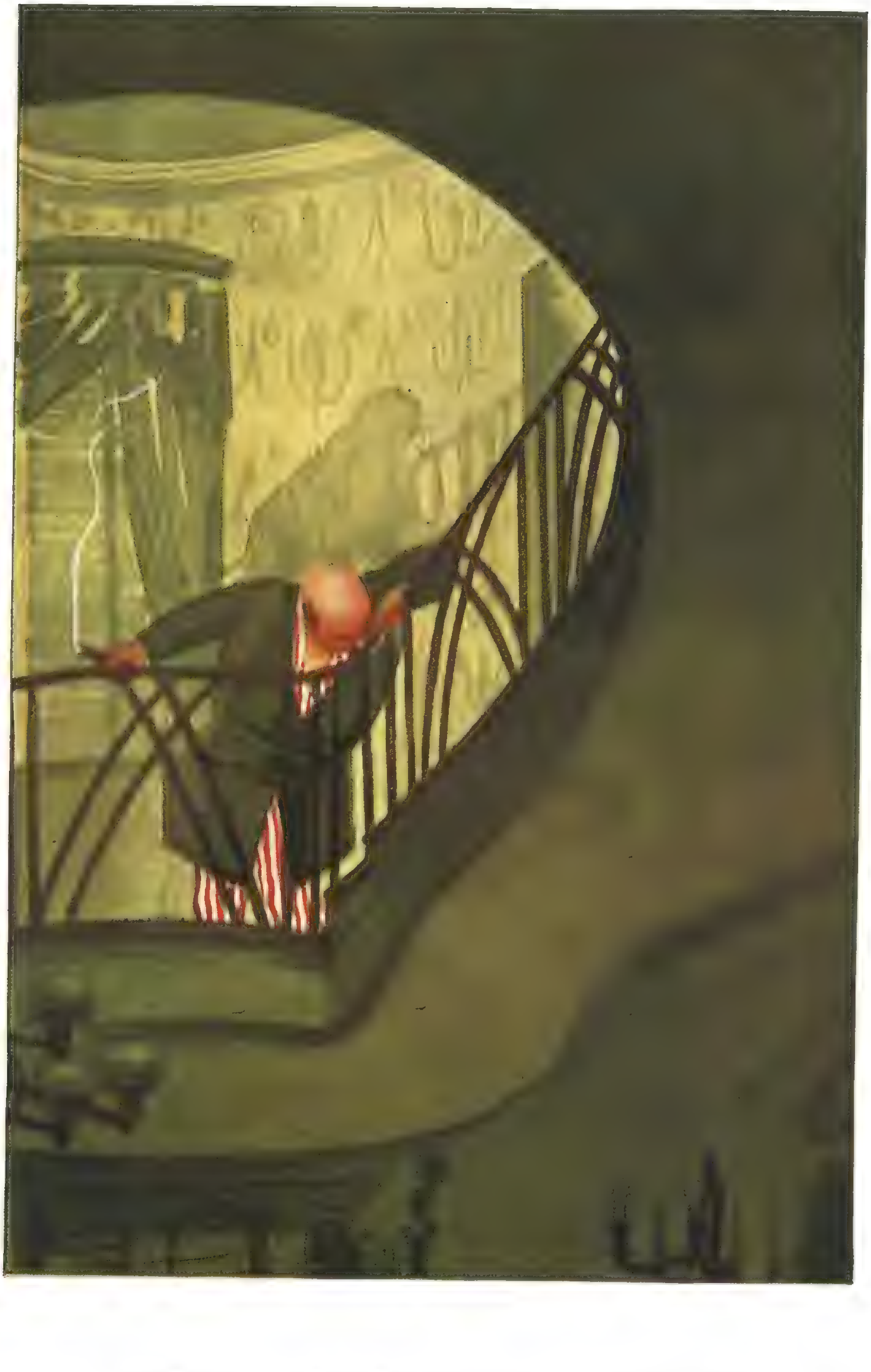
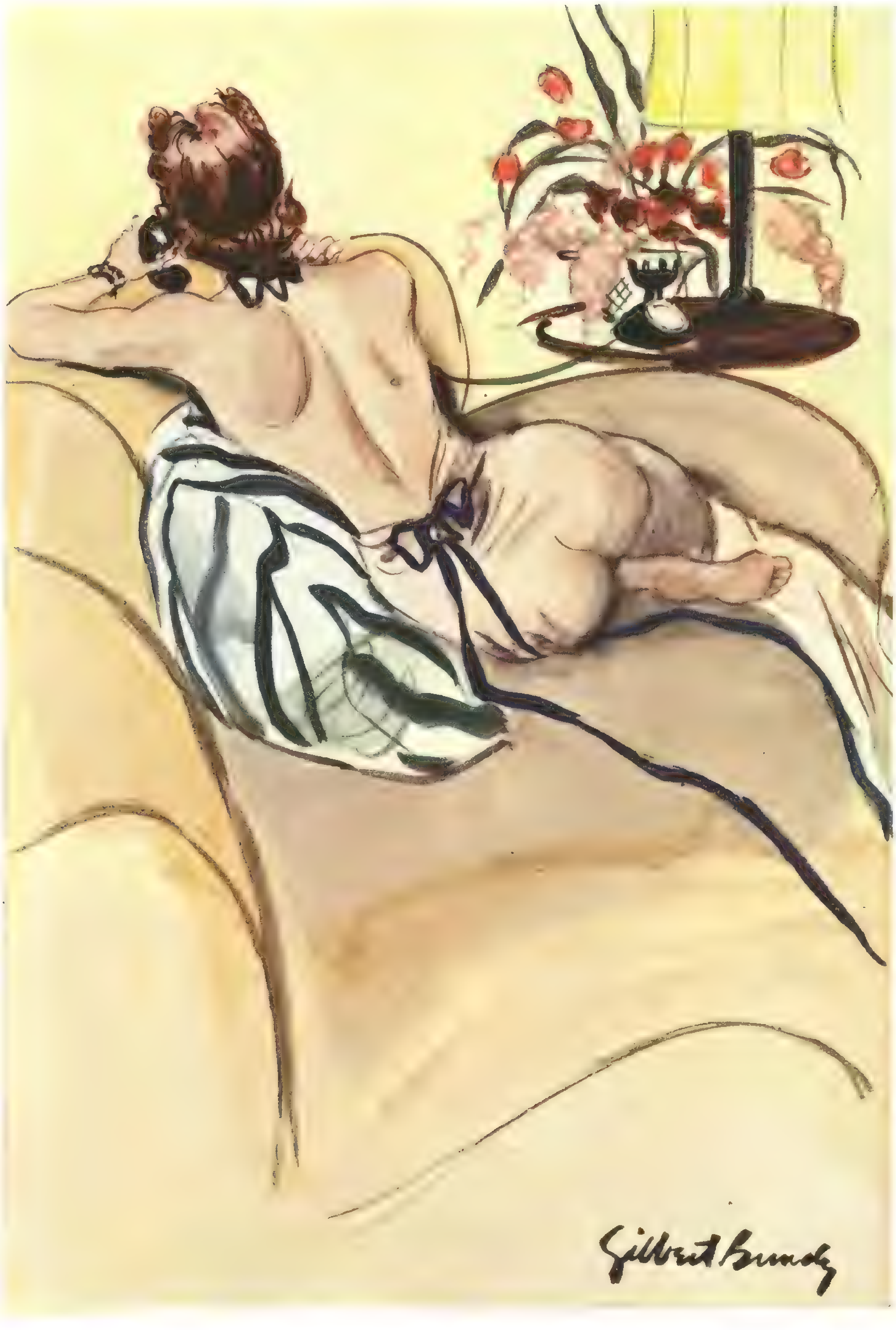


"M-m-m—so it isn't daughter's money he's after at all"


Gilbert Bundy

"Why don't you come over here, Mr. Hartman—then I won't have to bother about getting dressed"

Cameras at the Crossroads

A smart photograph doesn't show your face any more, it just shows your ectoplasm

by CREIGHTON PEET

▪ ARTICLE ▪

For some years now photographers have been driving themselves further and further into an artistic and imaginative impasse. At present they are all either down a hole or up a tree, depending on how you look at them.

Probably the trouble can be traced to the fact that photography is now so easy that all you have to do to make excellent pictures is to hold your camera up in the air in the general direction of your subject. Of course if you have weak wrists or don't know what your subject is you better go back to finger painting and forget about photography. Another thing that has been bad for photographers has been the development of supersensitive films which have made it possible to take pictures in subway stations, on back stairs, in coal cellars and under beds. I am talking about professional photographers, of course. Amateur photographers have been making pictures in darkened rooms and in the rain for years, and their results have been pretty much the same as those made on a sunny day.

In this survey we shall consider the women's fashion photographs which fill about half the pages of all reading matter. The men who specialize in this type of picture are leaders in their craft and the furtherest advanced into the mental vacuum which lies between imaginative exhaustion and insanity.

Making a picture of a girl wearing a sports jacket or an evening dress is too simple. But making a picture which will send American womanhood out to the store with $98.75 in her hand to buy the sports jacket, is something else. It takes imagination, inspiration and the artistic temperament.

Working as one man, photographers first started tilting their pictures a little. A perfectly vertical picture of a girl in an evening dress is just another picture of a girl in an evening dress. But push her over to forty-five degrees . . . and ooops, things look different! She has that indefinable *je ne sais quoi* which makes the reader twist his neck under the impression he is seeing something exciting. For a long while photographers were satisfied simply to have their pictures printed at an angle. Nice effects were obtained from a whole page of models, all tilting at different angles.

The second phase of fashion photography resulted in what we may call the Nasty-Old-Man's-Eye-View of a new dress. Photographers hid in the corners of stairways, and below balconies and terraces, and then got the models to walk by. The now familiar results showed a length of leg, a billowing blob of skirt, the model's chin silhouetted against an autumn sky, and the out-of-focus outlines of a skyscraper overhead. This idea was considered a wow in advertising circles and the word "genius" was dusted off and shoved about quite a bit. Of course such dynamic compositions didn't show the Persian lamb coat at $215.75 which was the original reason for the picture, and eventually the advertisers noticed this and complained. Deprived of their Peeping-Tom facilities the photographers were furious and unloosed a stream of talk about artistic license, the future of Art in America, and the horrors of working for crude, commercial, money-minded employers.

About this time the candid camera came into general use and photographers took to dragging their models all over the place trying to catch them in casual, unsuspecting poses. They pushed them into piles of leaves, perched them on rustic fences white with synthetic snow and dragged them to football games where they cheered frantically at $15 an hour. They caught them "after the theatre" eating corned beef and cabbage in the kitchen in gold lamé evening dresses, and snapped them gobbling up platters of filet of sole *à la pistachio* at the Ritz, almost invisible in furs. They took them to races and polo meets and ball games; caught them cockeyed in bars, asleep on superior mattresses, and in casual we-girl huddles swapping notes on $10,000 mink coats. They lurked behind doors and pictured them trying on foundation garments with the very latest arrangement of convexities and concavities. They drove them to the seaside and made them throw beach balls and engage in screaming games of tag. They lugged them up mountains and made them ski down. All this very naturally suggested the next phase of fashion photography, the running-like-a-bat-out-of-hell picture.

This time photographers took their pretty-pretties to stations, docks and airfields and shot them running at top speed for trains, boats and planes. The resulting pictures, caught with an exposure of 1/500th of a second were interesting studies in facial expression, and showed that the clothes were roomy, if nothing else. Girls with claustrophobia bought a lot of them. When the travel theme palled, some middle-aged male models were called in, partially disguised in "collegiate" sweaters, and told to chase the girls around trees, through doorways and up and down stairs. The results were not very convincing as drama and the advertisers complained that no matter how closely a model resembled a movie star or a débutante nobody could see her dress if she were behind a door or hiding in a haystack.

Then another "genius" came along, and, just for fun, started laying his models out on the floor like sample bridge hands, and photographing them from a stepladder. The idea caught on like wildfire, and within a few days photographers were laying out pretty models all over the place, on beaches, on lawns, on the decks of ocean liners, on verandas, in public buildings and in parks. Sometimes they were eating or smoking or reading and sometimes they were advertising stockings or play suits or gloves or handbags or lipsticks. Sometimes they made star-shaped designs, sometimes fan-shaped ones. But the design didn't really matter. The public was tired of vertical fashion pictures and found the horizontal ones more restful.

At present the models are back on their feet, a little groggy, and the photographers are a little vague as to what to do next. A few have tried cutting off the model's head or hands or feet—in the finished picture of course. This is an indication they are paying more attention to business. By cutting off the model's head you sort of emphasize the dress she's wearing. After all, fashion photographers are hired to make pictures which will sell clothes, not furnish inspirational matter for people like Peter Lorré and Emlyn Williams. Leaning the model against a mantel, a property Greek column or a chair and then cutting off her head and hands and feet is a smart idea, and undoubtedly gives a picture the old Zing which makes it worth $150 of any advertiser's money.

Another brilliant new idea which achieves the same effect is to light only the lower half of the picture so that the model's identity remains a mystery. Sometimes only the model's face is in darkness, and if you don't understand about things you might think

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The Girl and the Tiponi

Wing-Feather, the Fox Chief, was old enough to be foolish in his loving, as who is not?

by OLIVER LA FARGE

• FICTION •

THERE was a Hopi called Eagle's Wing-Feather who lived at Hotevilla. Although he was a widower, grey-haired, and Chief of the Fox Clan, he fell in love with a girl called Butterfly. She was not exactly a good girl. She had a number of young men on her string, all of them hopeful, and she was willing to keep Wing-Feather stirred up, too; perhaps because he had much corn-land, many sheep, many turquoise necklaces.

He was old enough to be foolish in his loving. He worried about it continually, longing for her, and seeing how she went about, hearing how she was talked of in the village. Even the worst things he heard about her made him want her more. Whatever her behaviour, she was a good worker, a skillful basket-maker, a person who would advance herself. And she was beautiful. So finally he decided to make a love tiponi.

This was witchcraft, which he had never practiced before, but he decided to do it. Otherwise the girl would become pregnant by some man and marry him, and that would end his hopes but not his desires.

There was a drought that year, and the Fox Chief should have been helping other chiefs pray for rain instead of fasting in a lonely place, making magic. He worried about the drought while he was at it, he kept explaining that what he was doing was really for a good end. With this thinking, and the lifelong practice of his religious work, the tiponi came out different from what he had intended. There was the girl's part of it, it was powerful, but also it had a set purpose, which would have to be found.

Wing-Feather returned to his house at Hotevilla, tired already from his fasting and prayer, and immediately began the four days' vigil to start the thing working. He ate nothing and did not sleep. He used a strand of Butterfly's hair and some dust from her footprint. On the morning of the fifth day it began to work.

Butterfly came in to where Wing-Feather reclined on sheepskins by the embers of a fire. There was a smell of burned herbs in the house.

"I have come to make your breakfast," she said. She was astonished when she heard herself.

"Very good," he said. "I have been waiting for you."

The Fox Chief watched her. He saw how pretty she was and how deft with the cooking. She was wearing the full, old Hopi costume, as if she were going to a ceremony. The smell of food was good. He was worn out. She was here at last. It had worked. His uneasiness left him, he relaxed, he fell asleep.

When she heard him snore, she turned to stare at him. What was this? He still looked like a gnawed mutton-bone, with his wrinkled legs and his old face. Then what was in her, and why had she dressed like this? She noticed the little bundle with her breath-feather tied to it. She studied it for a long time, at last she picked it up. Then she knew.

For a long time she sat with the tiponi in her lap, thinking. She felt the power and compulsion of this thing. How restless the young men and girls had been last night. So he intended to take her with it. She smiled. This was for her. This was strong. Now with all she had—she thought contentedly of her own beauty—now she was invincible. The best of men would compete for her; the best of all she would have. She thought on, cradling the tiponi. Perhaps Wing-Feather had to be in this, since it was his magic. She might have to marry him then. All right; he was rich. With this, she would still have the best of young men for her lover, the manliest, the finest singer. But she thought it would not be like that. At noon she thought that she was told to move, to go somewhere and see. She knew the men of Hotevilla, of Bakavi, of Oraibi, by face and voice and name. It was none of them.

She walked eight miles, on the road to Mishongnovi. It was hot and she was getting tired. Then she heard a car coming. She smoothed her dress and raised her hand. Perhaps this car had the answer.

It was an Indian Service car driven by a young white man, the new stockman who worked at Honani Springs. She hesitated when she saw him. Magic can do strange things, she thought; it might be planned. He was handsome as white men go.

"Are you going to Mishongnovi?" she asked.

Her voice was pretty, with its Indian accent in speaking English.

"Sure, climb in."

The car started again. She wondered what it would be like to marry a white man. It did not seem probable. Perhaps the tiponi would not work on him. Perhaps he was just sent to take her to the right place. The car was comfortable. White men are so much richer than Indians, and their wives do so much less work. White people have a distinct, sharp smell, not entirely pleasant.

The stockman studied her out of the corners of his eyes while he drove. He'd seen lots of attractive Indian girls, but never one who hit a man like this. Gave a man ideas. Must be going to a dance of some sort, she was in full costume, the dark, short-skirted wool dress with one shoulder and arm bare —and what a shoulder—the white, high moccasins, red and green sash, turquoise and shell necklace, turquoise and coral loops in her ears, bright, printed shawl. The effect was quaint and pretty, the dress indicated a fine figure, and then there were long eyes that rolled towards him from time to time. Not too innocent, those eyes. And she was modern enough to use lipstick.

He thought of plenty of ways to start some talk, but the girl attracted him so strongly that he was alarmed. That'd be a swell way to get into trouble; those games didn't go so good on this reservation. He put his mind on his driving, let the girl off at Mishongnovi, and went on, feeling upset and empty.

She stood in the road, looking at Mishongnovi village and wondering. Nothing had happened yet, and she felt that this was not the place. She turned when she heard a truck coming. It was a rather battered Ford pick-up, and she knew the driver. She raised her hand, and smiled when the machine stopped.

She said, "Where are you going?"

"Up to my farm. Come along."

"All right."

Question and answer were unhesitating, there was no surprise, Sun Shield took her dress and actions for granted. She saw that the tiponi was at work. She felt elated as the truck jolted over the rough road, off the mesa and then north up Wepo Wash.

Sun Shield was an able young man, well educated, a gifted dancer, and the best singer of all the Tewas. He had a good farm, sheep, a car, and made steady money in the trucking business. She held the tiponi close under her shawl. Now everything was coming right.

The man, too, felt excited. He had known Butterfly

slightly, now he felt that he'd always been waiting for this moment, and at last it had come. They would spend the night at his farm. By and by they would be married. She was a good worker, he believed, clever at basketry, well enough educated. With her help they could open a store. He hummed a song as he drove. She listened to his deep voice, and thought him handsome with his hair cut off square below the ears and his bright red headband.

It looks as if it might rain at last, he thought, but we'll get there before it starts. The rain is good, my corn has all been dying. The hope of rain made him feel even happier.

At his farm, he had a one-room stone house with an open fireplace. He had food stored there, and had brought more. Cheerfully, she took off her moccasins with the high, buckskin wrappings, laid aside her shawl with the tiponi wrapped in it, and set to cooking. Her calves and ankles were very finely formed.

He made himself comfortable on the floor, with a drum he had, made out of a piece of inner tube stretched over a lard pail. Such drums do not look like much, but have an excellent tone. He tapped on it, humming parts of songs. His mind considered pleasant things. It would be good to live at Hotevilla, the girl's clan had fine lands there, a man with a truck could get lots of freighting, it was a good place to open a store. How delightfully she moved. Between drumbeats they talked a little, joking. She laughed readily.

Now I am cooking for a man again, she thought, but this is quite different.

A little further up the valley a man was running. His name was Mountain Bird and he was a Tewa. He was machine-shop foreman at the Agency, but over week ends he went to the ranch he had with his brother, to look after his cattle. He left his horses at the ranch, and was running the eight miles back to Hano, the Tewa village.

He wore a bright blue shirt, breechclout, and moccasins. His trousers he carried rolled up under one arm. That way he ran easily. It's going to rain, he thought. Four miles to go yet, and the wash to cross. I'll be caught unless I find shelter. How good to have rain come at last; grass for the cattle, good corn, and many flowers. He turned gratefully on the side-trail to Sun Shield's farm, noting the fresh tire-tracks. Fine, there will be food. The rain is close now.

Sun Shield's drumstick paused when the Tewa stood in the doorway. He delayed a moment before he said "*Inya! Tai ise,*" and pointed to a sheepskin. Mountain Bird put on his trousers, then he took the skin and settled down beside the Hopi. He spoke in their language to the man and the girl, and she made a joke about his running in the old-fashioned way. The Tewa and the girl laughed, Sun Shield only smiled. Then he struck the drum and began to sing in earnest, a Buffalo song. His full, deep voice rang out, fine singing, and a catchy song. The Tewa joined him, they made a harmony, it was good.

The girl attended to her cooking, but she thought hard. The best men will compete for me, the singers, the real men. Everyone respects the Tewas for their manliness. This one was not tall, but wiry and well proportioned, and his movements were quick and graceful. The Hopi was broader, heavier in the shoulders, a little fatter, less quick of body and expression. Both were strong, they were the best singers of their people. Mountain Bird had a government job and plenty of cattle. If it were to be this man, she would not have to live at conservative Hotevilla; she would live partly at the Agency and wear high-heeled shoes, partly at Hano, where she would learn to make pottery. That is much less exasperating work than basketry.

The Tewa thought, this is the girl, the one I want. His voice rang out, lighter than the Hopi's. They say she's wild, but she will be an interesting wife. The rest is up to the man, if he's a man. I may have to fight for her. All right. How cleverly she moves, what pretty hands.

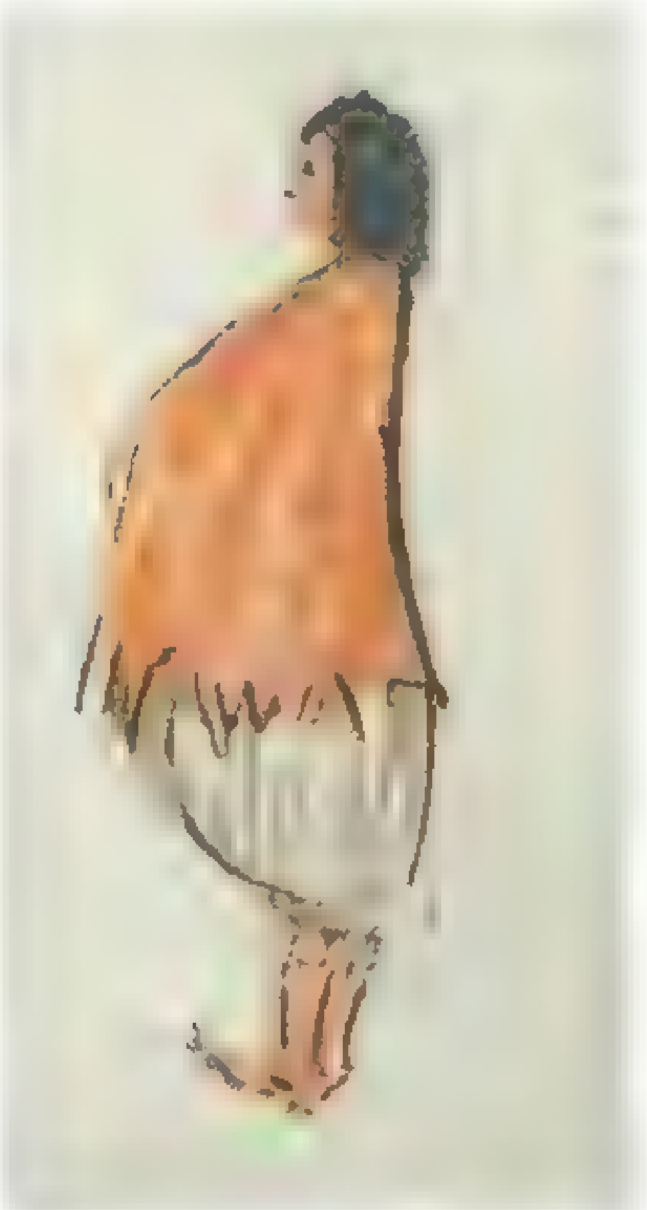
The Hopi was thinking how too bad this was. He wanted this good thing, and Tewas are quick to fight. What should be done? I have a right to this woman.

From the mesa to the northeastward a Navajo was riding. Since this story deals with magical things, his true name may be mentioned, Beautiful Warfare, but he was called Singing Gambler. He rode at a lope because that was his habit; on a poor horse, because he had a poor horse. He was just traveling. Because he would gamble when he ought to be hoeing corn, his wife had put his saddle outside the door, so he saddled up. The woman he loved was watching him out of the corners of her eyes, but he rode off. What could a man do? He would have to think of something. One could not plead.

He was poor and poorly dressed, but his long hair was neat, as she had done it for him the evening before. How suddenly a woman can decide to act. As he loped he sang a song he had made for himself:

Ai ya, ai ya, ai yan, ai ya,
Ai ya, ai yan, ai ya a a,
I know a lovely woman, ai yan a a,
But the hoe is too heavy . . .

It had a gay tune and it pleased him. Just as he paused for breath, raindrops fell on him. At last the rain had come. It's almost dark, here's where I get wet. I could do with some food. The poor land is terribly dry, the rain is beautiful. He had been hungry before, he had been wet before. He flicked the horse with his quirt and drew in his breath to sing again. Then he heard a drum beating, and searching with his eyes spotted Sun Shield's house.



A Hopi house and a drum going; food, shelter, and fun. He laid into his horse and went for it on the run.

When the Navajo appeared, a tall, lanky, door-blocking figure, the drumming stopped. There was a measurable period of complete stillness before the Hopi reluctantly said, "*Nta.*"

He made himself comfortable not far from the door, against the east wall. They sat against the north side, the fireplace was in the southwest corner. It was the Tewa who began asking the usual, formal questions. His manner was neutral. The Hopi, polite by training, joined in, but he was sullen. The Navajos are a crude people who will not learn the languages of other nations, so everyone has to learn theirs. The men's talk now was in Navajo. When the politenesses had been completed, Singing Gambler went out and unsaddled his horse, turning it loose, hobbled, to graze. After a brief spatter the rain had withheld itself. The wind, the enemy of the rain, was rising. A paleness in the east told of the moon coming.

The Navajo, sprawling again, thought how pretty that girl is. She is lovely. One can see that much pleasure could be had with her. Young men and a drum and a remarkable girl like that should make a great evening, but there is anger in the air. A Hopi—*Moki*, Dead Man—all right. He smiled inwardly. A Tewa—*Shash Dinneh*, Bear Man—a person to be respected in a fight. But a Navajo is a Man. I hope it will be pleasant, singing on top of good food, and then whatever good is to follow. Under her dress, the girl's breasts were like eyes challenging.

Having laid out the food, Butterfly sat down at her side of it, pulling her shawl about her. She covered her arms, masked her figure, assumed her mystery. She was thinking hard. Where did this lean Navajo come in? This tall man wolfing mutton. Handsome, yes very handsome, and much alive. But a Navajo—one had thought of Hopis, Tewas, a white man, but a Navajo—penniless drifters, their young men. How had the tiponi brought him? As a lover, sponging about her husband's house? Ridiculous. She was disturbed, pulling the shawl across the lower part of her face.

The Hopi was truly angry. This had been given to him first, it was his by right. Then came a Tewa, then this Navajo, this *Tashaf*. The stolen sheep and horses, the raided fields, the lost fights of generations hovered like mosquitoes in his mind. It was all wrong. He was a Hopi, it must be given to him. Something must intervene.

The Tewa felt a quickening at the pit of his stomach. He had found that which was for him, he was ready to take it. The Navajos, the *Wan Savi*, had been beaten before. It could happen again. This is for me, I shall take it.

Having quieted his hunger, the Navajo thought what a truly lovely girl. How prettily now she is quiet. Her long eyes are remarkable. Something great is in the air. Well, if there is trouble, I am a Man.

Butterfly cleared away the food. As she was keeping her shawl on now, she laid the tiponi on a corner. All the men looked at the buckskin bundle and it was then, when they were aware of it, that it began to take its full effect. She sat back by the fireplace, her shawl over half her face, wondering what was to come. The men saw each other. As though it had all been explained between them, the Hopi drew the drum to him. They were singers. This night they exceeded them-

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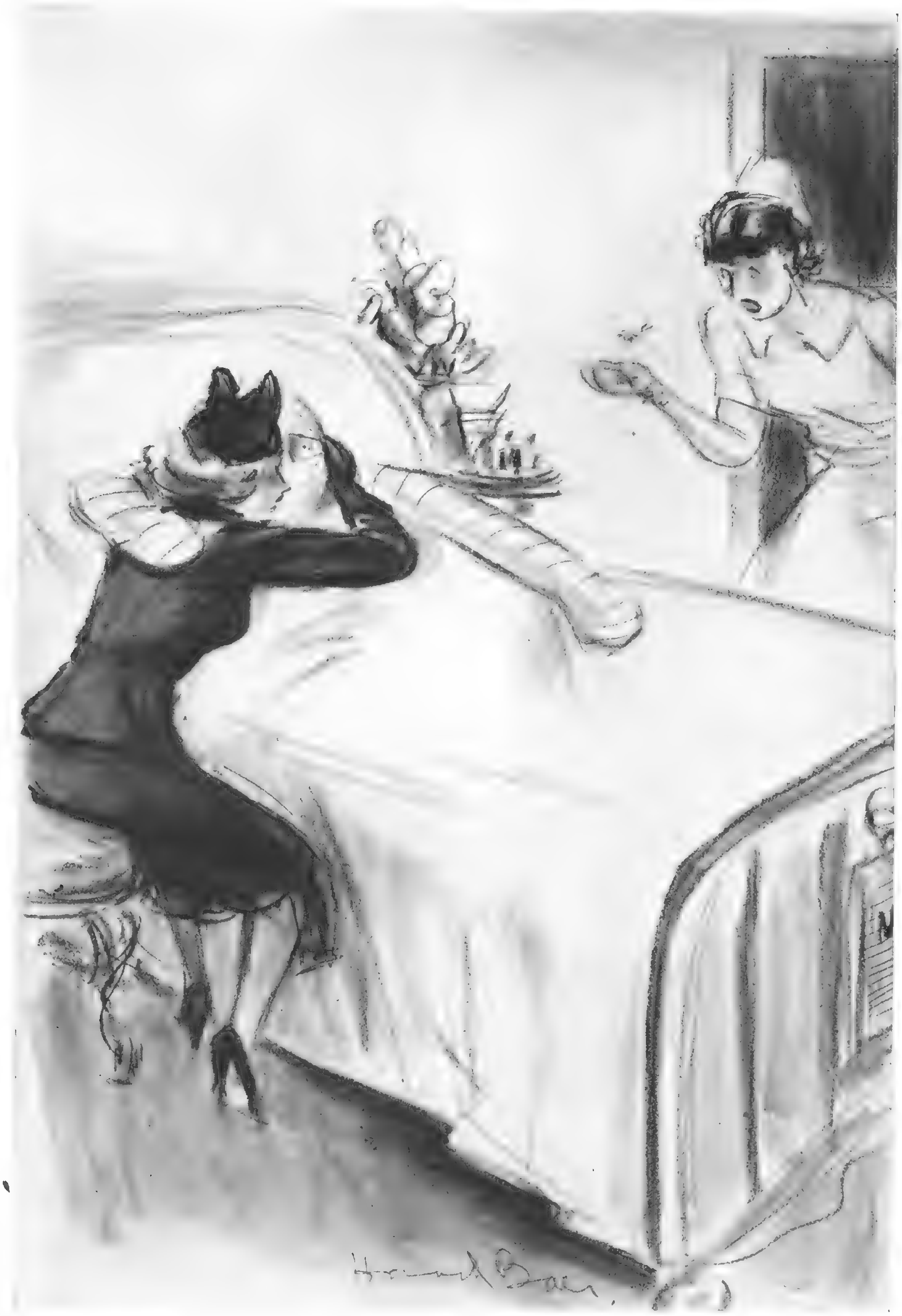
Howard Baer

"I'm sorry Mrs. Smith, but your husband is in room thirty-three"

Skiing in July

Giving you the lowdown on where to go, what to wear, how to stem and to christie

by M. SPRINGER & P. READ

SPORTS

THE Great American Public has only been ski-conscious within the last few years. In spite of Sunday snow trains which bring the White Art to *hoi polloi* for $2, in spite of the shouting of department stores on slides, skis and proper apparel, in spite of articles in every magazine with pictures of experts in flight—the fact remains, there are literally millions of citizens who think that a parka is a place to take the kiddies; that a herringbone is a tweed or something Kosher; that skiers are the daredevils of the news reels, eternally leaping off the top of Mount Royal.

This winter, the ski build-up amounted to something of a frenzy. With characteristic American enthusiasm for something new, thousands of urbanites hurled themselves downhill and spent the winter on their fannies.

To non-skiers and many of the so-called skiers, skiing is associated with zero weather, frozen ears and several sets of red woolens. Real skiers, however, prefer to do their skiing in the spring or summer. They know that some of the best sport comes in March, April and even July! Gentlemen, spend your spring or summer vacation lying on a *bank* instead of on a *beach*. Do your social climbing in the mountains. That stag hunting-trip, that fishing expedition into the wilds of Canada, the eternal golf matches—attempts to escape from home ties—all old stuff. But spring a ski jaunt in July—your friends will think you're crazy, and you will be able to depart from your present playmates without arguments.

After all, your feminine public has caught up with you on golf and tennis. They've chiseled into every man's sport there is, but only the favored few have made the grade on skiing. With a few lessons and a dash of nerve, you will have a chance to shine. You will have a sense of power, speed—and you can't get hurt, no matter how hard you fall.

But don't think you are taking yourself into an entirely womanless world! Don't think you are going into voluntary exile. Banish from your mind the thought of lady mountain climbers—those tweedy, adenoidal English women with Baedeckers and rucksacks, chained to the side of an Alp.

Thar's gold in them thar hills, buddy. New talent. Girls who are young (skiing is no lark for the infirm). Girls who are comely, intelligent, good sports. Globe trotters who ski like the wind, yet manage to look frail and feminine when they change from ski-pants to lounging pajamas.

As to gentlemen skiers, you'll find three classes. The jumpers and cross country skiers, like the Norwegians; the downhill and slalom racers such as the Austrians and the Swiss, and the ski-golos, who can make the grade on the easy slopes and who talk a good ski.

This particular type of addict leads an ideal existence. He arises at noon, does a few simple christies on a nearby nursery slope, drinks a good lunch, spends the afternoon in an igloo getting a good tan, turns up at five for tea dancing—and after dinner, when the hardy boys appear after a stout day's labor, with nothing on their minds but bath and bed—the ski-golo is fresh as a daisy, brown as a berry and ready for more snifters and a few extra curriculars.

Suppose you plan to go skiing in March. If you want to try America first, head for the Green Mountains. Temperatures in March are milder and more comfortable than in midwinter, yet not warm enough to destroy the winter snow cover. You'll ski on Mount Mansfield, near Stowe, Vermont. You'll try the Nose Dive, a magnificent downhill run, 60 feet wide in some places. Or the Taft Trail, up on Canon Mountain near Franconia and Sugar Hill, which loses some of its terrific steepness in the easy and much slower "firn" snow of spring. If you prefer West Coast skiing in March, go to Yosemite, where Hannes Schroll, famous graduate of the Hannes Schneider School, instructs the amateurs.

Crossing the Atlantic in March, go to Austria—straight to Zürs on the Arlberg Pass. Hotel Zürserhof belongs to an Austrian nobleman, and you sleep under handsome crowned and monogrammed sheets.

You'll have your midday cocktails sitting around an outdoor bar made of solid ice. You'll dine at nine in your dinner jacket, or have your meal served in your room, in solitary confinement. You'll learn to do Tyrolean folk dances—a species of one-step with intervals of "bean porridge hot" clapping which you do with your partner. All this for the privilege of being the guest of a Count.

If you have a lot of strength, go to Switzerland. From Davos, the Parsenn funicular brings you up to the top of the terrace of the funicular station, surrounded by the glorious snow-capped mountains. Casual descents, with a drop of a mere 6,000 feet, bring you down into the valley. Ambitious skiers work in three downhill runs a day, always climbing back to the Weissfluh Joch in the funicular, and piling up a downhill total of 18,000 feet.

Supposing you set forth for skiing in *April*. You'll go West, young man, to Sun Valley, Ketchum, Idaho. You can ski here until June, in an ideal place, surrounded by mountains, hills and slopes, free from timber, and with those wide open spaces that are a boon to beginners. There's a newfangled chair ski tow where you sit with

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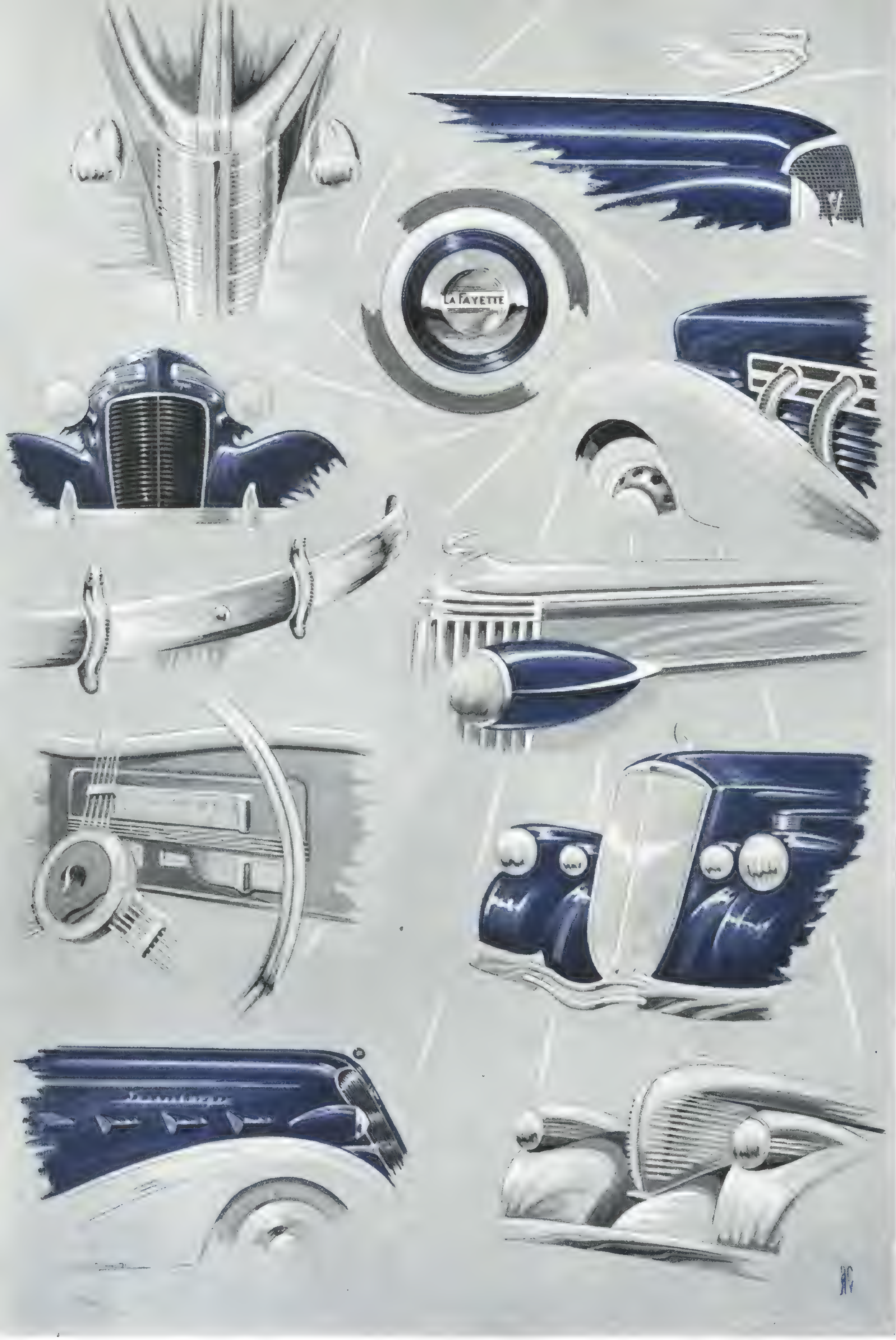
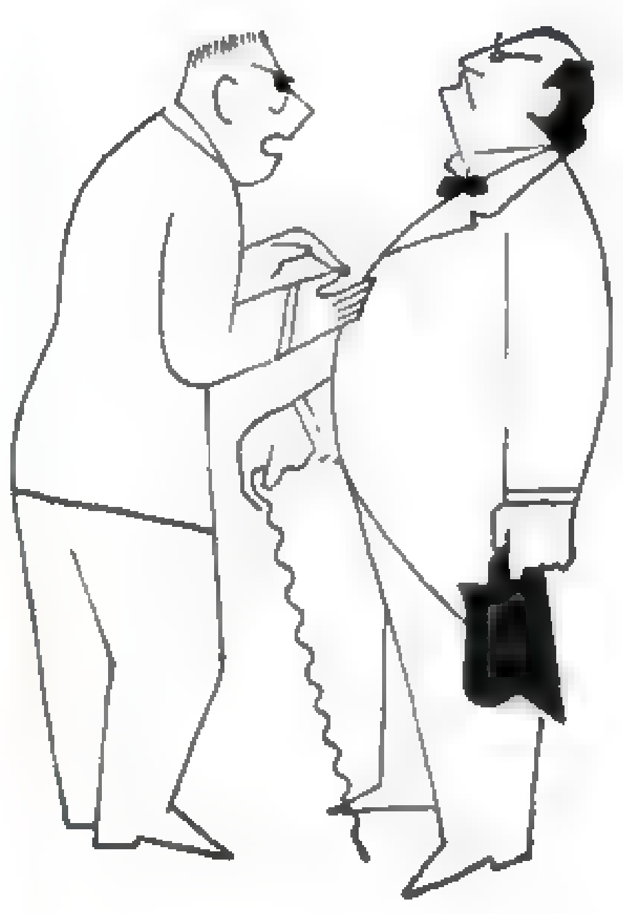
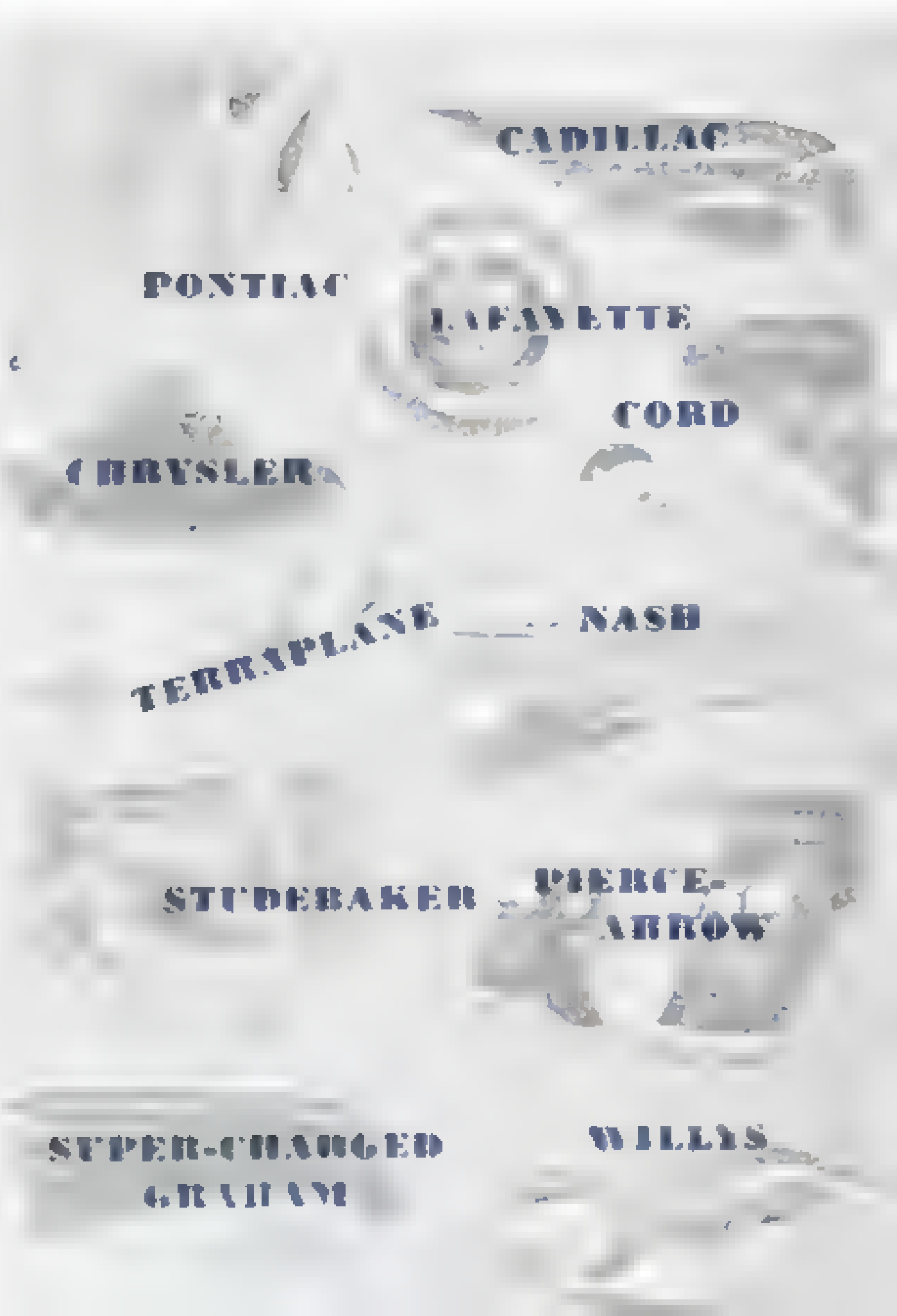

LaFayette
AS

THE 1937 AUTOMOBILES *by* ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

Selected at random are: Pontiac's distinctively sleek front end; Cadillac's smart radiator ornament; Supercharged Cord's interesting outside exhaust pipes; Lafayette's simply designed hub cap; Chrysler's impressive radiator outline; Terraplane's strikingly unique bumpers; Nash's streamlined headlamps and louvre details; Pierce-Arrow's matching headlamps and parking lights; Graham's clever louvre design; Willys' unusual front-end treatment; Studebaker's very modern instrument board.




CADILLAC
PONTIAC
LAFAYETTE
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TERRAPLANE
NASH
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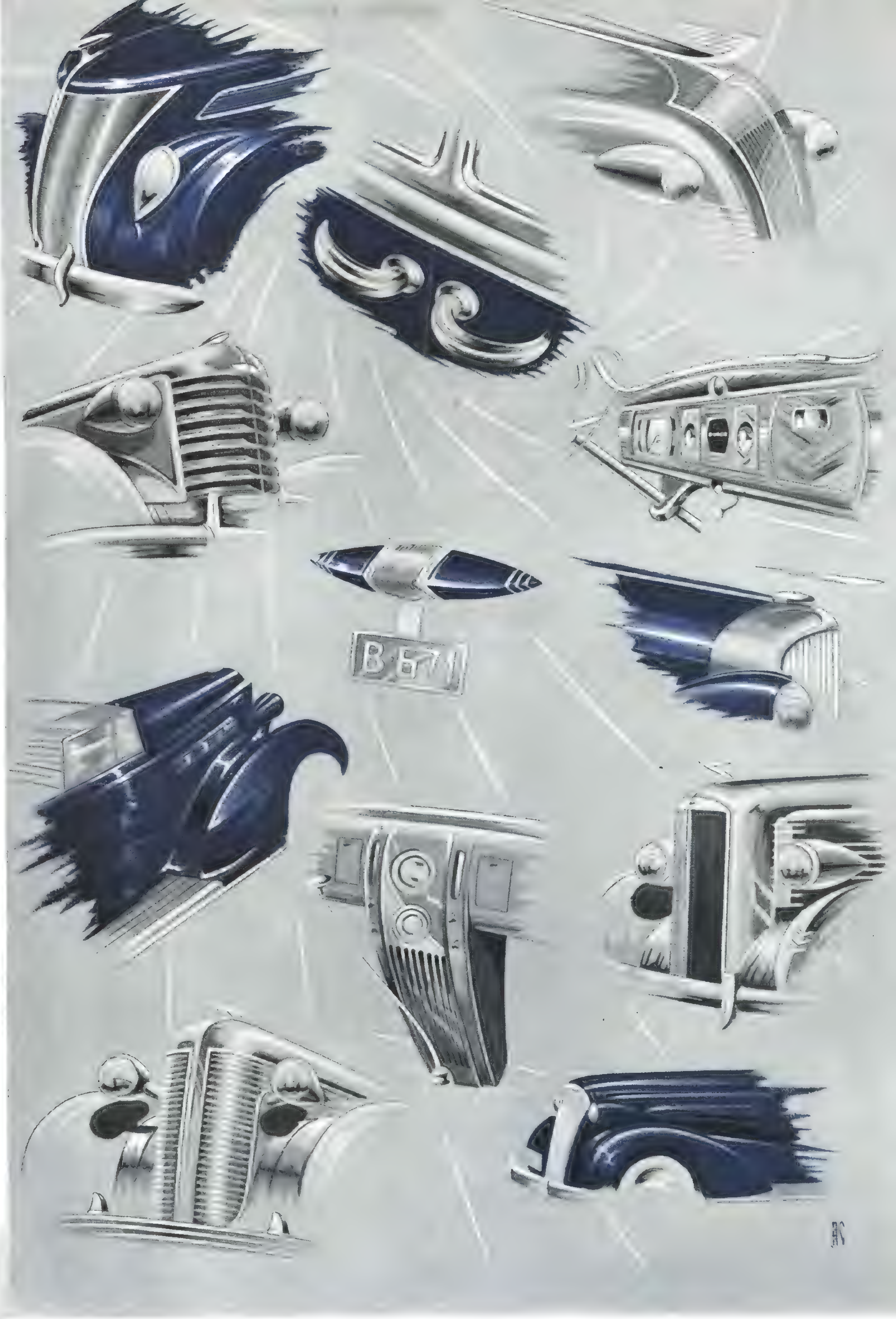
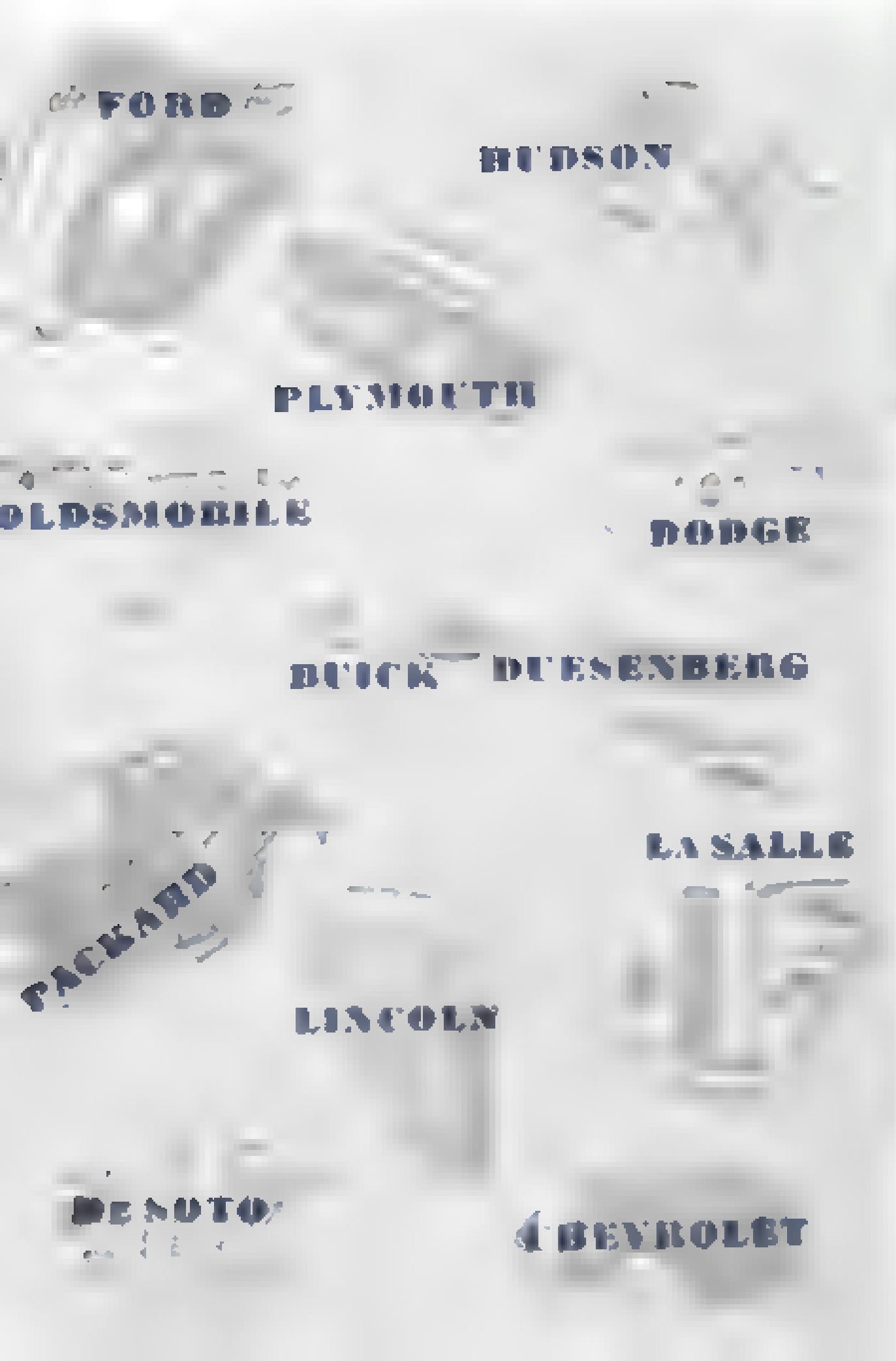
PIERCE-ARROW
SUPER-CHARGED GRAHAM
WILLYS




FORD
HUDSON
PLYMOUTH
LDSMOBILE
DODGE
BUICK
DUESENBERG
LA SALLE
PACKARD
LINCOLN
DE SOTO
CHEVROLET

STRIKING FEATURES OF THE NEW DESIGNS

INCLUDING: Ford's beautifully encased headlamp; Plymouth's grand safety door handles; Hudson's ingenious radiator grille; Oldsmobile's unusual conception of this feature; Buick's attractive tail light; Dodge's recessed knobs on the instrument board for safety; the powerful lines of the Duesenberg; Lincoln-Zephyr's combination radio loudspeaker and heater grille; Packard's characteristic sweeping hood; La Salle's nice use of chromium; De Soto's original radiator grille; Chevrolet's speed lines.

Go Magyar, Young Man

In Budapest there's glamour in the wine . . . the music . . . the women . . . and the pastry

by WILLIAM B. POWELL

• ARTICLE •

Arriving at the airport in Budapest, one of the first things to arrest your attention is the fact that half the cabs lined up bear a sign "Kis Taxi." Now you've probably heard plenty to the effect that Budapest was a gay capital—but you weren't prepared to have them put ideas in your head the minute you popped into your first taxi. You soon learn, however, that "Kis" merely means "little," though it might well relate to its English significance. For this Danubian city is a provocative place for gentlemen rovers. In my opinion it rates being called "a man's haven" just as much as London. And for different reasons.

First, consider the ladies. Those Hungarian women are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the last word. If only I were writing this in the Clara Bow-Elinor Glyn era, it would be easy to sum up their charm in one word—"it." Many men who know their way about the world manage to turn up in Budapest more frequently than in any other city. They probably don't linger as long as in places where there are more ties in the way of business, society, or English-speaking circles—but when they hear the call of Buda—and Pest—they hop a plane and fly down to the Danube.

They may not be the most beautiful creatures on earth (personally, I think the Stockholm girls go to the top) but they've certainly got glamour, the women of Hungary, and they are chic as the devil. Spend their last cent on clothes. And speaking of cents, the belles of Budapest are not gold-diggers. There is a story of a fascinating Hungarian society matron who had been playing around with a wealthy Englishman. One day he turned up in Budapest bearing with him a bracelet he picked up in Paris. When he presented it to his ladylove she refused it regretfully, saying she "didn't want to spoil her amateur standing." Well anyway, that's the story.

The first place you'll notice these lovely ladies will probably be on the Corso—for the Corso is Budapest's most famous and very original promenade. It's like no place else in the world. For about ten New York blocks, stretching along the Danube is a wide pavement (no traffic allowed), solely for promenaders. At one end is the Ritz Hotel (called Dunapalota by the Hungarians) and at the other end the Carlton, Bristol, and Hungaria. In between are a series of open-faced cafés. Most have Zigeuner (gypsy) music. One offers a crooner who strums his own accompaniment, another may have a local Ruth Etting. What makes these Corso cafés different from those you've seen on other waterfronts and boardwalks is that in Budapest they are all beautifully decorated, lighted and planted. They are finished, not crude.

As you stroll back and forth along the Corso with the various kinds of music floating out into the soft night air from one side, across the Danube on the hills of Buda (the Corso is in Pest) you see old fortresses and palace buildings dramatically floodlighted. No wonder so many romances have started in such a romantic setting.

And you'll be impressed by the over-average beauty of the gals at the night clubs, such as Moulin Rouge and Arizona. The latter, incidentally, is probably one of the most original hot spots in Europe. In fact, on a recent visit to Budapest Eddie Sutherland, the Hollywood director, was so taken with the possibilities of Arizona as a setting for a film he asked for complete specifications so it could be carried out in some future picture he will direct. The hostess, master of ceremonies—and owner—of the club is a hearty ex-chorus girl, Miss Arizona, whose robustness brings back nostalgic memories of our own Texas Guinan.

You'll see these Budapest glamour girls also in places patronized by the *crème de la crème*. Especially at tea time. But in Budapest tea time is from six to seven. You see, you don't dine there until nine. If you go to the theatre, not till about ten. So at the witching hour of six, go into Gerbeaud's, where they have the most marvelous *patisserie* in the world. No, I assure you, you won't feel like one of those pastry hounds even if you go in alone. Lots of men patronize Gerbeaud's. At one table, there may be a group of officers. At another, businessmen or diplomats who have gathered as they would at a bar. They are probably drinking coffee, served in Hungarian fashion topped with whipped cream and eating pastries which, let me repeat, are better than you will find anywhere. (Yes, and I've sampled them in Paris, Vienna, and Oslo.) If it's a hot day, go to Gerbeaud's branch in the park—the same sort of affair, plus gypsy music, and a setting reminiscent of the Paris *bois*.

If the atmosphere of a place such as Gerbeaud's cramps your style—you may not be able to overcome the feeling that it's too "tea-roomish"—go out to Marguerite Island. This garden, acres of garden, lies in the Danube in the heart of Budapest. But it's so beautifully planted and laid out, you'd think you were miles from a teeming city of nearly a million. Have tea or tokay (oh yes, of course you can get a highball or any kind of a cocktail you have ever heard of) on the terrace of the Palatinus Hotel. As the shadows fall from the tall trees across the well-kept green lawn and golf course, as the lights appear along both sides of the Danube and the gypsy band plays some throbbing tune—it's a pretty safe bet you won't sit down to a lonely dinner table.

After the belles, let me tell you something about the baths. They're marvelous. The reason Budapesters are so crazy about their baths dates way back to the 15th Century during the time of the Turkish occupation. Those old Turks had baths built just as they used to have them at home—and some of the establishments are still standing and in use. They're not like the usual Turkish baths, where you get merely a hot room, cold plunge and a lick and a promise—those in Budapest are unusually interesting because of their elaborate layouts, oriental, mosque-like architecture, and also because of the medicinal waters which spring out of the ground right into the bath house. Some of the waters are so strong you aren't allowed to bathe in them without a doctor's prescription.

The baths present striking contrasts—from the old ones built by the Turks over in Buda to an ultra-modern establishment such as that housed by the Hotel St. Gellert. This hotel-sanitarium offers not only all sorts of medicinal baths for those taking the cure, but it also boasts of the famous artificial wave pool. Now there is nothing very startling about artificial waves—plenty of our own amusement parks have had them for years. But, just as the cafés on Buda-

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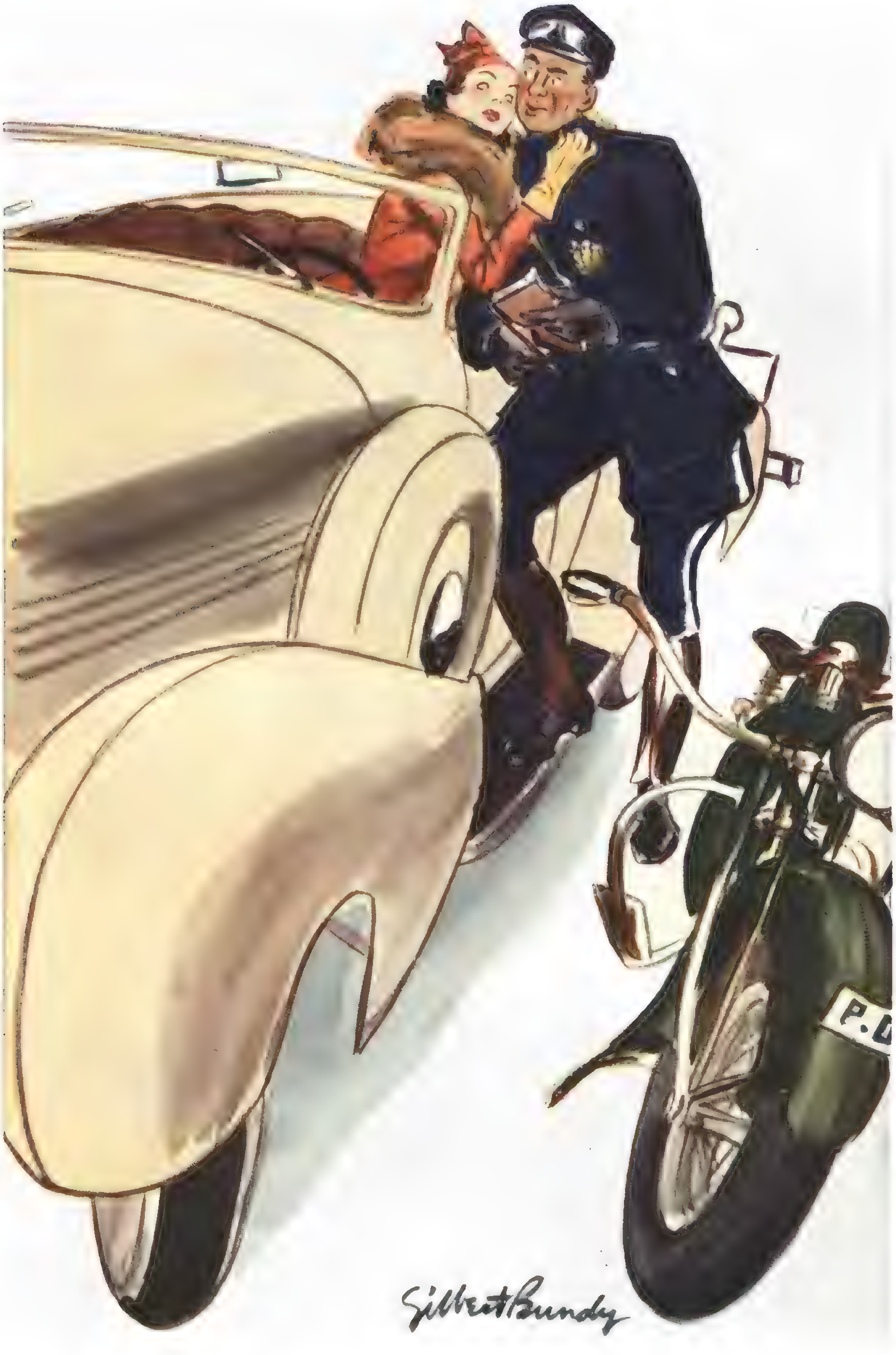
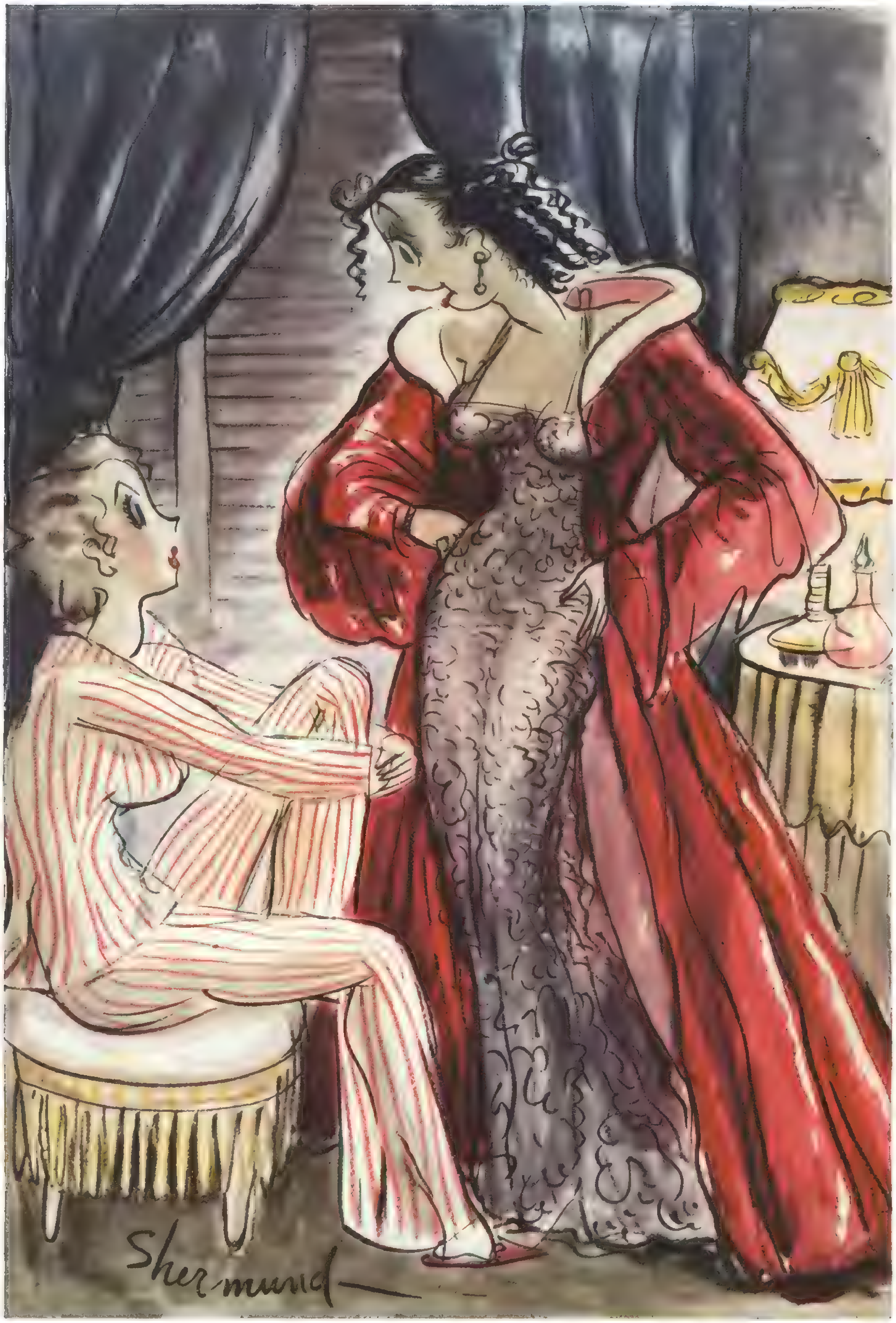


P.D
Gilbert Bundy

"Please lady!—You're just wasting your time—I think!"



"The car radio was on so loud I couldn't understand him—and like a fool I kept nodding my head"

The Car Sinister

Silent May had a lovely motor but no garage man would look under her hood

by CARLTON BROWN

▪ARTICLE▪

After winding up a summer largely devoted to bending two used cars to my will, I have a few observations to make about them that may be of interest to present and prospective operators of the earlier examples of the horseless buggy, and of value as selling points to salesmen of contemporary ones. Starting last spring as something of a tyro at automotive operation, I progressed to an easy familiarity with the superficial workings of the things—a familiarity that bred in me a curious hybrid of contempt and commendation. Balked and thwarted by one of them, I would curse her very hubcaps, but let some unfeeling brute drop a word in disparagement of Betsy or Silent May, and I would spring to her defense like a Yeoman of the Guard. My first, Betsy, I rescued from the degrading fate of being cast aside to become flotsam, jetsam and spare parts on the sea of used-cardom. My brother-in-law, an otherwise kindly man, whom Betsy had served for several faithful years, had ruthlessly decided to give her up in favor of a young hussy who wasn't dry behind the fenders, and he subjected Betsy to the humiliation of having a price of $3 put on her head by a New York City motor-monger. Fortunately for Betsy, there were depths of callousness to which my wife's sister's husband could not sink, and so he guided her willing wheels to the snug harbor of our country home. We welcomed her to the bosom of our family and sat her down at a lubritorium for a hearty helping of gas and oil, washed down with a refreshing swig of the sparkling mountain water which is the pride of our summer retreat. We took out papers of adoption, I wangled a driving license from a lenient inspector, using a more impressive car, and Betsy, to our fond eyes, fairly beamed. When I nudged her starter she gave a contended purr and strained at her leash like a greyhound at the starting line, impatient to do my bidding.

She did my bidding for about a month, and then she began to do some bidding of her own. First she bid for a new tire, and we compromised on one that had, to put it in its best light, been broken in, like an old shoe, to the point of comfort. She bid for spark plugs, headlight bulbs, and a fanbelt, and then her bidding went so wild that it would have made Ely Culbertson tear his hair and gnash his teeth in despair. Well on in her ninth year, Betsy finally bid, in a manner that would not be denied, for surcease from her toils. One afternoon when I was urging her up a steep and rocky road in second, she balked, broke an axle, and plunked down her crankcase with an annihilating thud on a large boulder.

Our life with Betsy had been reassuringly uneventful, up to the day her axle sounded the crack of doom. Her full title was Victoria Dictator Studebaker, Class of '27, and, like the car of noble birth that she was, she had borne up despite my coming indecently near to stripping her gears to their birthday suit, exposing her to scorching sun and driving rain, demanding of her the mountain-climbing abilities of a pack-mule, bashing her already battered fender and breaking a tender leaf of one of her springs, and in face of the fact that I had neglected entirely to ease her neuralgic joints with a prescription of grease. True, her footbrakes were practically devoid of lining, but we never went so fast that the handbrake wouldn't pull her up pretty short. I grant that her right door would not open, due to some idiosyncracy of the lock, but if a person wanted a ride badly enough, he'd darn well climb through the window or squeeze in under the steering wheel. And I'll have to admit that her rear bumper was non-existent—but no one but a coward and a cad would attack a car by sneaking up behind its back.

When I broached the subject of repairing Betsy to the garage man, he served me a heavy slug of the sort of double-distilled scorn they all reserve for the novice driver and the owner of the vitiated vehicle. He gave me to understand that his reason recoiled from the idea of putting her to rights. Discover the secret of perpetual motion? Certainly. Make a silk purse out of a sow's ear? A snap. But rehabilitate Betsy? Never! Unless I wanted him to jack up the horn and drive a new car in under it. He had cast out the towline, and his interest in her terminated with the hauling charge.

We could have made Betsy a plaything for our two-year-old daughter, whose dismembering proclivities have earned her the nickname of "Butch," but a bus-driver—one of the levelheaded local people who recognized true worth a mile away—offered me the dignified price of ten dollars for her, and ten dollars was something I couldn't sneeze at without the aid of snuff. I could sneer, though, at the three-dollar proposition of the city slicker who had tried to ignore the fact that beneath Betsy's rough exterior beat a heart of negotiable aluminum. We mourned at losing her, but we were consoled by the thought that segments of her would live again, grafted to a sister-ship which the bus-driver piloted.

Betsy had given our feet to believe that they were on a permanent vacation with pay, and as soon as we tried to put them back to work they went on strike. We had to have another car, and that was that. There were plenty of them around town that looked as though they could be had for a song, but generally it developed that the song was to a tune with higher notes than I could reach. As soon as I'd get reconciled to the minus quantities of an ark I was angling for, it would turn out that the owner had an expensively sentimental attachment for her. One bloke had a specimen that I thought was a Stanley Steamer until he pointed out the porous gas tank. As junk, he frankly admitted, she'd fetch about $3.47, but she'd been in the family a long time, and he just couldn't think of parting with her for less than $65. I just couldn't think of parting with $65, and so I continued my explorations.

In a nearby hamlet I finally unearthed something the auto antiquarians had missed—a Dodge of the vintage of 1924, which, I was assured, was one of the best years. She was a Business Sedan, and I soon scratched the prefix of "Monkey" on the plaque bearing her

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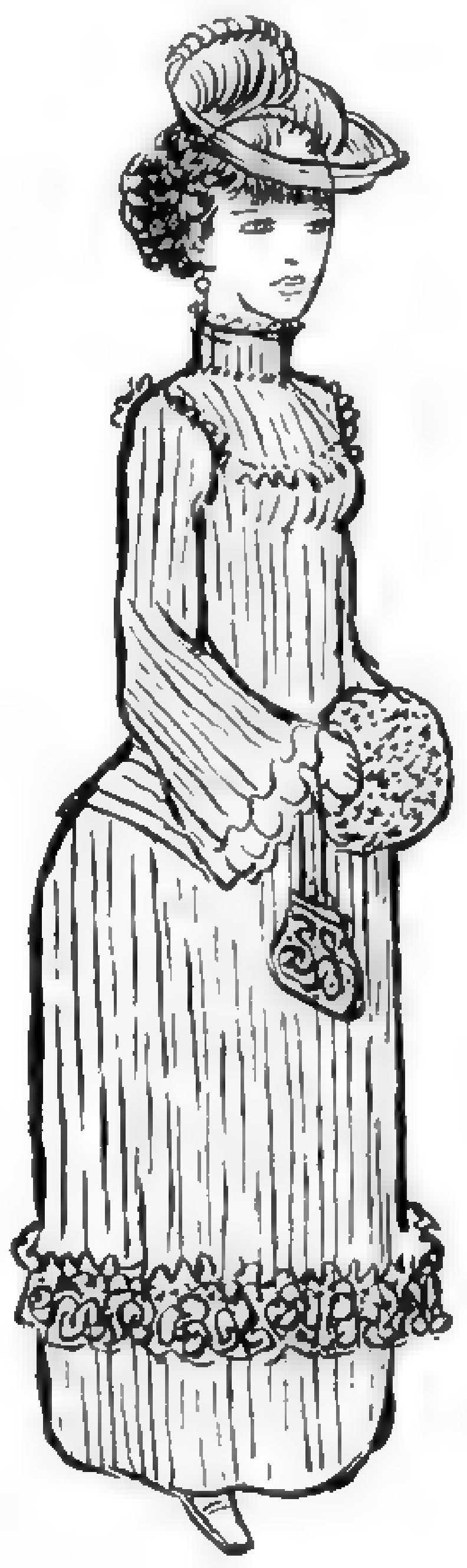
To Make Life Seem Full

It wasn't age she minded so much as having to grow old with nothing to remember

by MARK SCHORER

▪ FICTION ▪

The autumn dusk drifted down the street and a few stars came out over the trees. All the harsh outlines of the day softened in the gray shadow-stuff of evening and the street became almost like another street in another world, with all familiar ugliness turned into the strange unreality of evening's gossamer. It was as if hard surfaces were decomposing into softest cloud.



Inside that happened too. Slowly the shadows settled over the room and took the hard finish from the furniture; turned the stiff lace curtains hanging primly before the windows into softest veils that seemed to move gently in unfelt wind. Evening ate into the hard texture of the rug, into its hard flowered pattern and its hard colors until it seemed like a vague softness on the floor and nothing real. In the corners, where whatnots stood rigid, on whose shelves stiff objects perched rigidly, shadows seemed almost to swirl, and the hard shine of porcelain and metal scrubbed meticulously every day dissolved into faintest, softest glimmering. On the table between the sisters the silver tea service gleamed with faintest, softest light.

Their faces changed. The twilight seeped in from the street, softly touched them, slowly molded their stiff faces into haggard repose. They sat still in the bay window and stared out into the darkening street oblivious of each other as they felt their faces relaxing, softening, as they felt the dusk corrode their harshness. The nervous hands of Miss Hedwig went on stroking the white napkin on her knees, smoothing it out into a creaseless surface, but she had forgotten tea and her sister, had forgotten that it was time to clear away the tea things and begin to think of supper. Her hands were narrow and long, with thin, bony fingers and long, pointed nails slightly colored. She sat with her head bent forward, her neck no less thin, no less scrawny for the velvet band that circled it. Her thin lips, tightly, almost intensely closed, seemed no fuller for the touch of rouge that defined them. The wrinkles in her face, deep and hard, were not softened by the powder dusted over them but by the gray light of the room, yet her face looked no less haggard, no less old for that softening as she sat leaning forward in the dim light, her precision of carriage and gesture gone as she smoothed the napkin on her lap with thin hands whose motion she had forgotten, as she had, for the moment, forgotten her sister beside her.

And Miss Amelia had forgotten Miss Hedwig, too. Her plump body drooped listlessly in her chair, and as she stared at the blurring light of the windows, her mouth hung open a little and her breath sounded gently in the room. The dusk wrapped her in its softness, reduced her face to a pasty blur of whiteness. She sighed.

Miss Hedwig raised her head and looked at her sister. Without looking up, Miss Amelia began to speak, and then the twilight was in her speech, too, softening it, putting some unfamiliar vagueness there as she said, "Every night the twilight comes like this."

Then the dusk was within them, the softness around their hearts suddenly, eating at their hearts suddenly like some corrosive thing, uncovering there reticences long buried and rigidly habituated.

"Every night it comes," she said. Miss Hedwig felt a little foolish.

"Why not, Amelia, why not?" she asked.

"It makes us old," Miss Amelia said. "That's what."

"Well . . ."

"Yes?"

"I suppose we are old, aren't we?"

"Getting on to fifty. Is that old?"

Then Miss Hedwig sighed. "I don't know," she said on a rush of breath.

"It's not age so much," Miss Amelia said. "It's that we've grown old without remembrances, with nothing to remember."

"We have remembrances," Miss Hedwig put in weakly.

But Miss Amelia seemed not to hear. "Were we ever young?" she asked.

"Were we ever young!" It was a weak echo, no real remonstrance.

"Some people can live on remembrances. We can't even do that. I sit around trying to remember better things from the past, richer times than these—" She paused, and then for the first time moved as she slapped one hand desperately down into the other on her lap. The sound was sharp in the room. Then she said, "There *aren't* any, there never *were*."

"Tut, tut, Amelia. There were and there still are. Why, even at that lodge picnic last month, I enjoyed myself, was glad to be alive."

"Enjoyed yourself! You didn't and neither did I. We've pretended so long that it's easy now. But enjoyment—no. Sitting around and watching other people's children playing . . . You call that enjoyment?"

Miss Hedwig snorted a little. "Come, come, Amelia, you can go too far with this. *I* never wanted children, never grieved for *that*, at least."

Again, Miss Amelia, wrapped in her own dream in the dusk, did not hear, but spoke remotely, fleetingly out of that dream to no one: ". . . one child fell and hurt his arm, and all the way home on the boat his mother held him in her lap, and I sat across from them and wanted nothing but to cry. It was dark on the lake, and I could just make out the blur of his white blouse, and he whimpered . . . while his mother whispered to him, tried to soothe him. I felt terrible. I don't know why, but everything made me feel terrible . . . the waves lapping at the sides of the boat, the motor chugging, the little boy whimpering . . ." She paused. Then abruptly she remembered Miss Hedwig and what she had said. "*Enjoyed* it! Misery, that's what it was for me!"

Miss Hedwig squinted her eyes and looked narrowly at the shadowy form of her sister. She felt a vague unhappiness then, but again, weakly remonstrated: "In our childhood—why, there were many happy occasions then, many things to remember. On winter mornings we would run down into the kitchen in our flannel nightgowns, with the wood in the stove just starting to burn, and thick, white streams of smoke curling out of the cracks on the stove top, and mother would dress us as we stood shivering on chairs. Our stockings were held up by circular bands of black elastic. Then there were picnics—Sunday School picnics, all sorts, and once you got sick from too much lemonade and peanuts. Then there was the time when I fell in the mill race and almost drowned, and was saved by a branch hanging over the water, which I managed to cling to somehow. And we were the first girls in town to have bicycles, called them wheels, then, and had special wheeling clothes. Why, there are a hundred things like that, all precious to remember. We had youth!"

"Precious! That's what's so bitter! Those things—they're all we have got. Trivial,

trivial . . . nothing at all. And precious because there's nothing else!"

Miss Hedwig sat silent. There was a pause. She could hear her sister's breathing. Then she saw her raise her handkerchief to her nose and sniffle into it. The room was darker. They could hardly see each other. Vaguely the silver still gleamed, but now the faces of the sisters were dark.

"I'll light the lamps, Amelia. It's dark."

Miss Amelia sniffled. "Not yet," she said. "Wait."

Miss Hedwig looked out through the windows at the scattered stars twinkling palely through the trees, until at last the street light on the corner went on, and Miss Amelia's face was clearer to see again. But Miss Amelia did not seem to feel that the light fell on her, for she sat on, staring as if unseeing before her, her mouth still half opened.

Suddenly she spoke again. She said, "No. Turn on no lights. I'm going to tell you something. I've never mentioned it to you. It has always shamed me. But not now. It was my chance. It would have given me something now. Listen—"

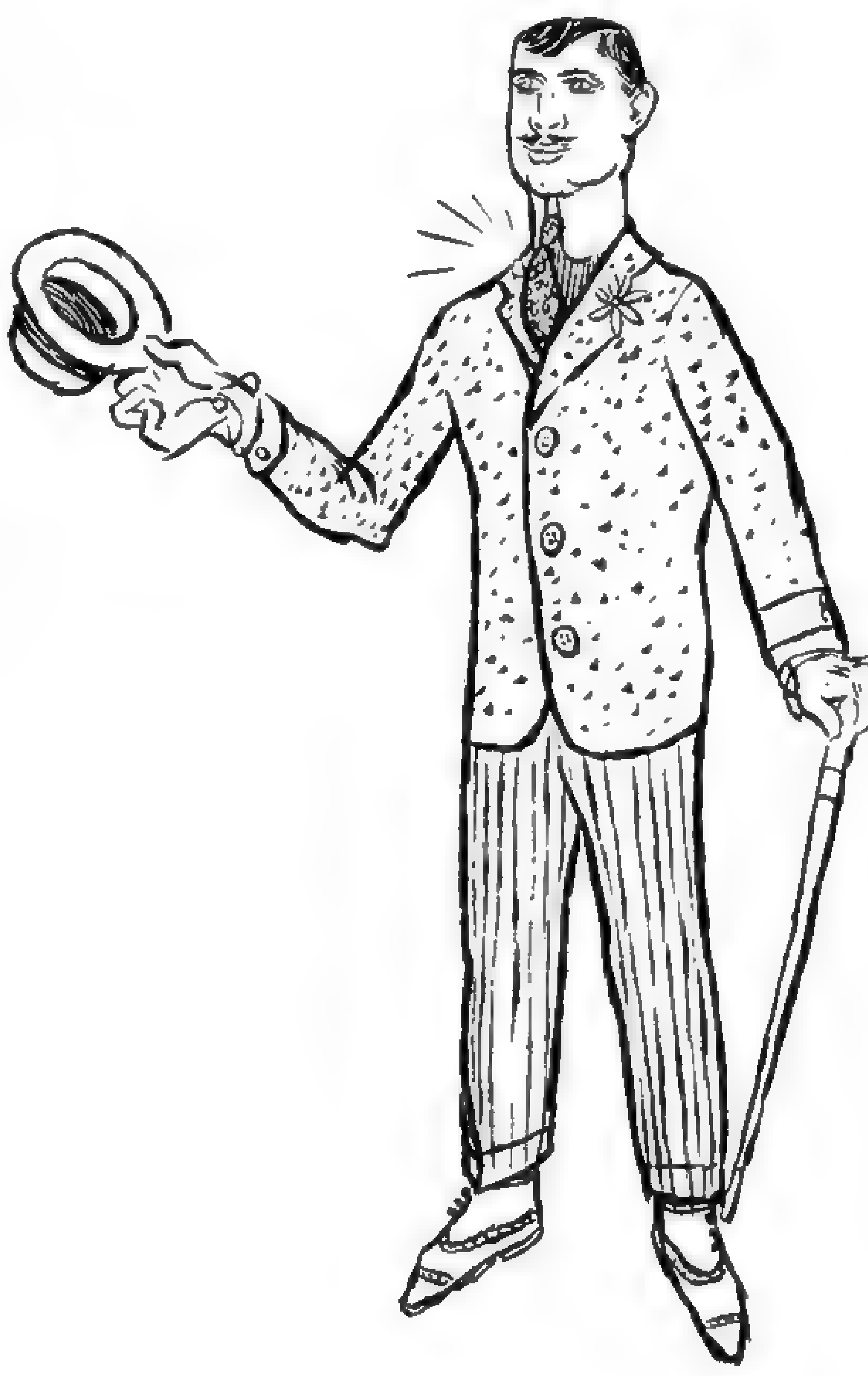
II

"You remember Burk Haydon? He was the town rake. Mother shuddered when his name was mentioned. To me he was rather repulsive. Except once. Oily and sleek, dark hair plastered down, a moustache . . . You must remember him. He got some girl in trouble finally and disappeared. I never heard him mentioned since. But that was Burk Haydon—tall, always dressed too carefully, too jauntily and loudly for a man, with a flower always in his button hole, and a kind of knowing sneer on his mouth. His mouth was heavy and cruel, his lips always wet. I have a clear remembrance of him though it is years now that he's gone. One night—I was about nineteen—I met him on a dark street. Quite suddenly. I was startled. He stopped and talked. We knew each other, of course, but we had never talked. I remember his voice, too. It was soft, with something insinuating in it, something knowing. I shivered a little when he looked at me. As though he looked through all my clothes. I had felt that before, times when he just passed me on the street, looked at me for just a second. But on that night he stopped me, spoke to me, stared long. Then he asked if he could walk home with me. I said of course. He turned and walked by my side. He held my arm as we walked. I felt his fingers on my arm. When we came to the park he stopped. He said that he wanted to talk to me, that I should come in the park with him and sit down for a while and talk. The park still has its reputation, just as it had it then. I knew at once what he meant. I refused and started to walk on. Then he seized my arm. His fingers pressed it hard in their grip. He stopped me again and I saw his eyes and I heard him say then—and I know I wasn't dreaming—that I was beautiful. I was frightened. I think I laughed at him, from fright, though. But I knew how he lied. I was not beautiful. I was not even attractive. Neither of us ever was, Hedwig. I knew he lied. I knew what he wanted. For a moment longer he held me there with his eyes, and then, in the shadows, he seized me and for a moment held me tight in his arms, and then I screamed, so that he let me go, and I ran, and ran until I came home, and then had to sit outside on the back porch for a long time until I was calm enough to come into the house, and then for days I was not really calm, could not forget how there for a moment he held me tight in his arms and how I screamed. I was ashamed, and I could not forget."

There was a pause. Miss Hedwig did not comment, made no movement. Miss Amelia looked at her hands in her lap. In the dim light from the street, her face was agitated, her full breast rising and falling with her agitation.

Then suddenly she looked at Miss Hedwig, her face tortured.

"I was a fool! Ashamed! I should have been proud! I was a woman then! Don't start. I mean it. If I had gone with him—well, I wouldn't be like this now. I'm sorry I didn't go. I'd have something now. You will say that *that* couldn't have made me happier. But I know that it could. You will say that it wasn't lovely. No. It was ugly. But an ugly thing, too, could be remembered.



Yes, and I would have known that he didn't care for *me*, that he would never have paid *me* another moment's thought. I would know it now, too. It would have been brutal, but even that would be enough for me now. The fact would remain. In this terrible twilight I could remember that fact. You will say that I wouldn't want to remember it. But I would. I know I would. It would have put me into life!"

She paused. Her breathing was loud in the room. Then she went on, talking more quietly, more calmly.

But now Miss Hedwig was not hearing, was rising slowly from her chair, like a person arising from a dream, was gripping the arms of her chair, her napkin dropping unnoticed to the floor as she stood up thin and tall in the dark room, lost to the room, something triumphant in her figure, something strong and heedless and triumphant.

III

Burk Haydon? Miss Hedwig thought with a start. Remember him! But why is she talking about him? She's never mentioned him before. Can she know? *Can she?* No—how she describes him, with what clear remembrance—the flower in his button hole—his mouth, heavy and cruel, the wet lips. How clear he is to her! As clear as he is to me. But what is she coming to? It isn't that she knows, she can't. For she describes him with tenderness, or fascination, or something like it, though she can hardly know that it's there in her voice. He met her on the street, at night—he stopped her and talked to her. His eyes pierced her clothes, saw her body naked. I remember his eyes, remember how they burned, how my skin burned under their gaze. He walked with her. He took her arm and held it. She felt his fingers.

He stopped at the park!

When he said I was beautiful as we stood there under the trees, in the darkness, I felt his strength. My mind knew that he was lying, that I was not beautiful or very attractive, but my blood did not know. I stood there limp with fright and he stood so close to me that his strength leapt across the gap between us and was in my blood, and I felt as I had never felt before, was mad. And when he took me in his arms suddenly, seized me and held me close and breathed his flattery on my face, I could not move, I had no muscles, no bones, was his completely, and let him lead me into the park without resistance, went as if commanded by a power I could not fight and did not wish to. We did not talk. We sat in the grass and his arms were around me and my fright disappeared and I was mad there. In one short moment I thought of jumping to my feet and fleeing, but the moment passed and his mouth, heavy and cruel, was on mine and I had no will at all, was mad, like someone else under his hands. The rest was terrible. I ran home alone. He did not follow me.

When Amelia came home, she is saying, she sat outside for a long time. So did I. Later I went to my room alone, avoided Amelia and mother, and all that night I lay awake, frightened to death, ashamed to death. She says that she was ashamed. Why should she have been? It was I who had to be ashamed, who could not look into anyone's eyes for days, who faltered whenever I met Burk Haydon on the street after that, who was glad when he finally left town, and only then could be myself again.

But what she has said cannot be true. She is silent now, and it cannot really be, what she has said. She has said nothing, and all this while I have been dreaming. It cannot be.

Proud, she is saying. *Proud!* She should have been proud?

But listen—it isn't, it can't be Amelia talking! Sorry? . . . Have something now? It cannot be, it *can't!*

I will say that it couldn't make her happier now?

I will say that it wasn't lovely?

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The Art of Puss Poking

When a guy asks for it there's nothing more satisfying than delivering a left-hand wallop

by ALLAN P. CROSS

• ARTICLE •

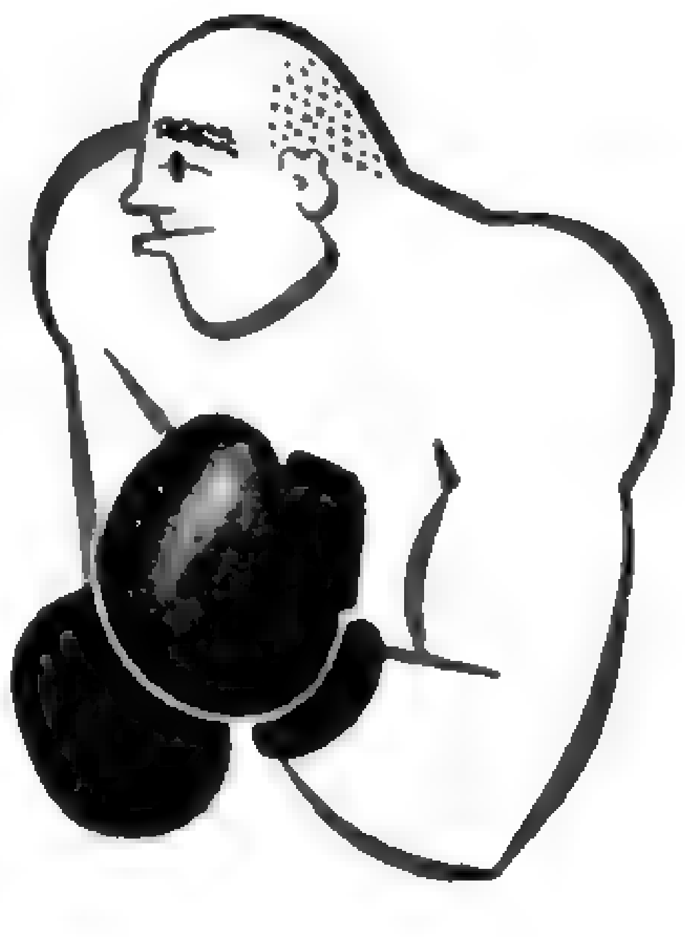
HAVE you ever had a poke in the puss? Let me answer for you: You have. Do you recall the quick blinding sensation like a white flash of light? Then every thing was dark for an instant; you felt like you had lost contact with the earth, the pain was not sharp but you knew you had been hurt; you had the gone feeling you get sometimes and then came panic and distress. Then things began to clear up a little and you found blood was gushing from your mouth, or nose, or both; or you put your hand up to your eye where there was a sharp pain, and you felt it puffing up and you could not see out of it. This, or something very near like it, has happened to you. It may have been within the week, or you may have to think back into the years, but unless you are *different* you can close your eyes and almost feel the impact of a fist in your face this moment. Funny, isn't it? How do you feel, now, toward your puss poker ten, or say twenty or thirty or even forty years ago? Can you think of the incident with a smile, and have you entirely forgiven your enemy?

There is no normal male man who has reached the age of five who has not engaged in an exchange of puss poking. This age is set as a maximum, as the probability is you were fairly well experienced by that time. The same statement holds true for the female of the species, but at about this age the art of puss poking quickly disappears and a more dangerous and subtle art takes form; therefore, she will be dismissed as irrelevant.

Puss poking is an ancient art, and it is a natural one. Although ancient it is probably not the most ancient method of inflicting injury upon an adversary. This statement, if one is philosophically disposed, may well raise an argument, but that is beside the question; we will leave it to the anthropologist. Besides using the fist to poke the puss, since early times man has used numerous other methods of inflicting injury upon his enemy, man. He used his hands to strangle, his fingers to gouge and tear the flesh, his teeth to bite and his knees and feet to kick, at one and the same time. Man has always been his own bitterest enemy, and an ingenious use of clubs, rocks, and various other implements probably came at about the same time he learned he could double up his fist and with it strike a lethal blow. If we resort to the Scripture we do not learn what transpired in the way of puss poking before Cain laid Abel low, although it would seem the final touch was accomplished with perhaps a club or rock. Although the Scripture does not always bear us out in what may seem natural and reasonable, it is strange that there was not a woman mixed up in the Cain versus Abel set-to. However, we had better not speculate on this as there are already too many conflicting opinions in regard to the Scripture. The point is, to whatever source of information we turn, we find man versus man, from the very earliest times.

In any case, it seems logical man did not look upon his fist as a principal means of inflicting hurt upon another until he advanced somewhat upon the threshold of civilization. Aside from speculation, puss poking antedates our most ancient recorded history and our most ancient languages. In all our ancient languages there is a word for "fist" and an expression equal to "strike with the fist." The clenched fist, likewise, has been used since time immemorial as a symbol of tyranny and despotism. Who has not seen the older and stronger bully double up his fist, and simply by showing it before his smaller and weaker brethren, strike terror in their hearts? It is in the heritage of our race.

Fortunately, throughout the ages of man there have been untold and unsung artists, master puss pokers, who ranked with the old masters of aesthetic principles; artists who preserved the knowledge of this art and its proper use just as the old masters preserved knowledge upon which our present day arts and sciences are builded. And today, there are members of the craft who are just as accomplished as there are men accomplished in the arts of music, painting, sculpture, surgery, seduction, theft, etc. The exponents of the genteel art of puss poking are a much needed entity in our social phase; for the most part they seldom make known their presence, but in their quiet way contribute greatly to the amenity of our society, and inasmuch as the accomplishment of their task is reward enough in itself, we may well be doubly thankful for their presence. They are those rare individuals, who, as often as not, can quiet down the most odious bully with a mere glance, or a softly spoken word, and if need be can dispose of him with a single well delivered poke in the puss. Your artist may not be large in proportions, or great in strength, but he is sure to be quiet in manner and dress, and his presence in a gathering of people lends an informal dignity. You may not realize you feel the force of his personality, but you invariably do.



He is not, nor ever has been a professional pug. He holds the professional fisticuffer in about the same contempt as a bona fide physician does a quack. He is not an amateur boxer, because to him any superficial exhibition of his art is unthinkable. Nor is he what is known around pugilistic circles as a "gymnasium fighter," although he may be frequently found in the gymnasium, as a rule making clowns of the best amateur fighters on the premises. The talents and environment that mold the puss poker are not well known. He is not a troublemaker, but rather a peacemaker; and he is also meek, therefore twice blessed. You will find him plying his art in all walks of life. In labor gangs where the tin horn tyrant rules with threats and fist; in social gatherings when some loud-mouthed gentleman gets out of place and defiles an otherwise pleasant atmosphere. Perhaps you have seen him work. No doubt the pokee was a swell guy, when he wasn't drunk, but because of a few drinks too many got loud and rough and painful. Whereupon, your artist steps up, speaks a few quiet words, then reaches out a long rapier-like left to Johnny-come-lately's puss, and lays him low. It is a most gratifying phenomenon.

In that left-hand wallop lies a secret.

It isn't as simple as it looks. Let us hearken back to the days of yore.

Two of our prehistoric ancestors have stepped out into a cleared space, face to face, until that moment each unaware of the other's presence. We will say they are Cro-Magnon. There is some enmity between them. We

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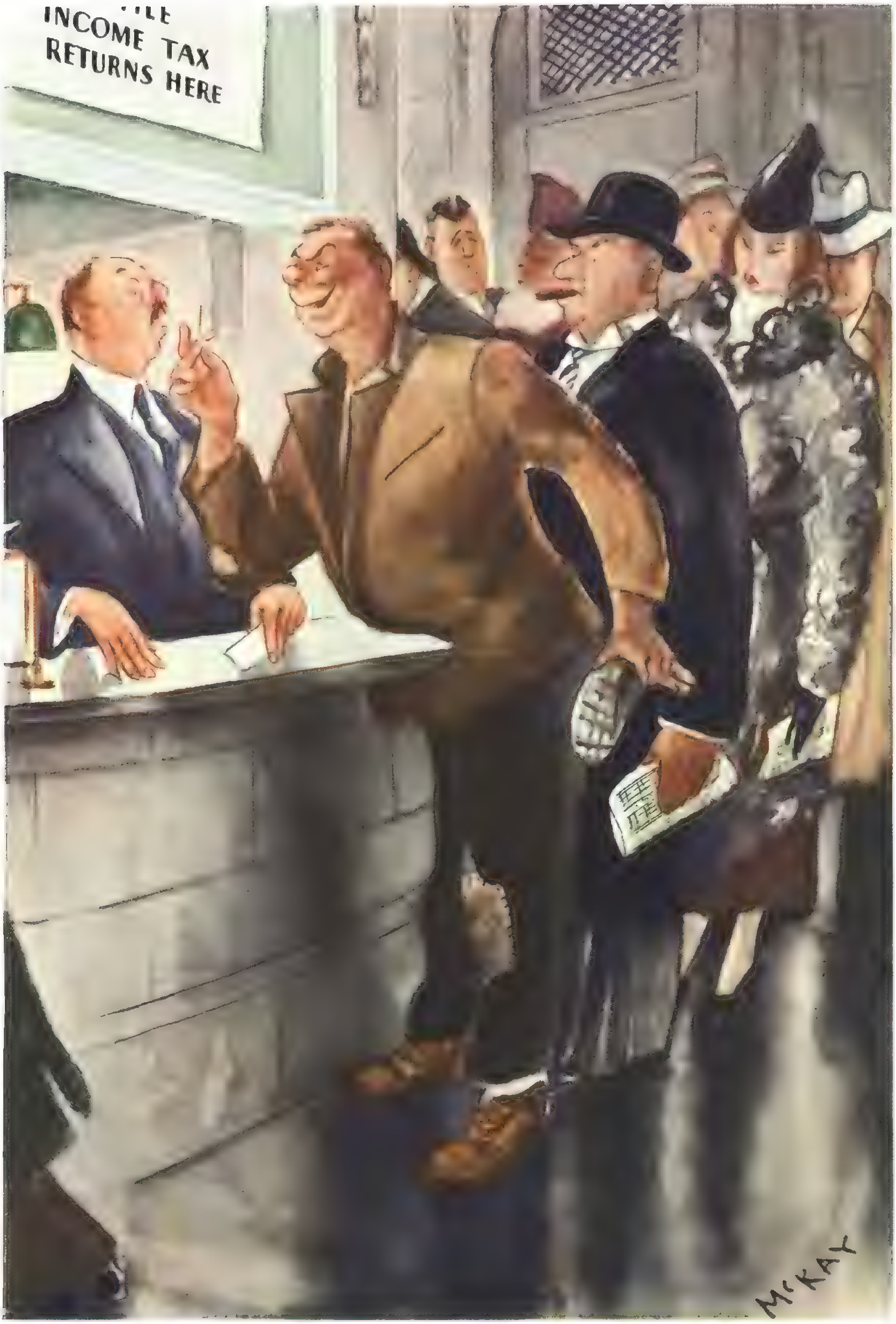
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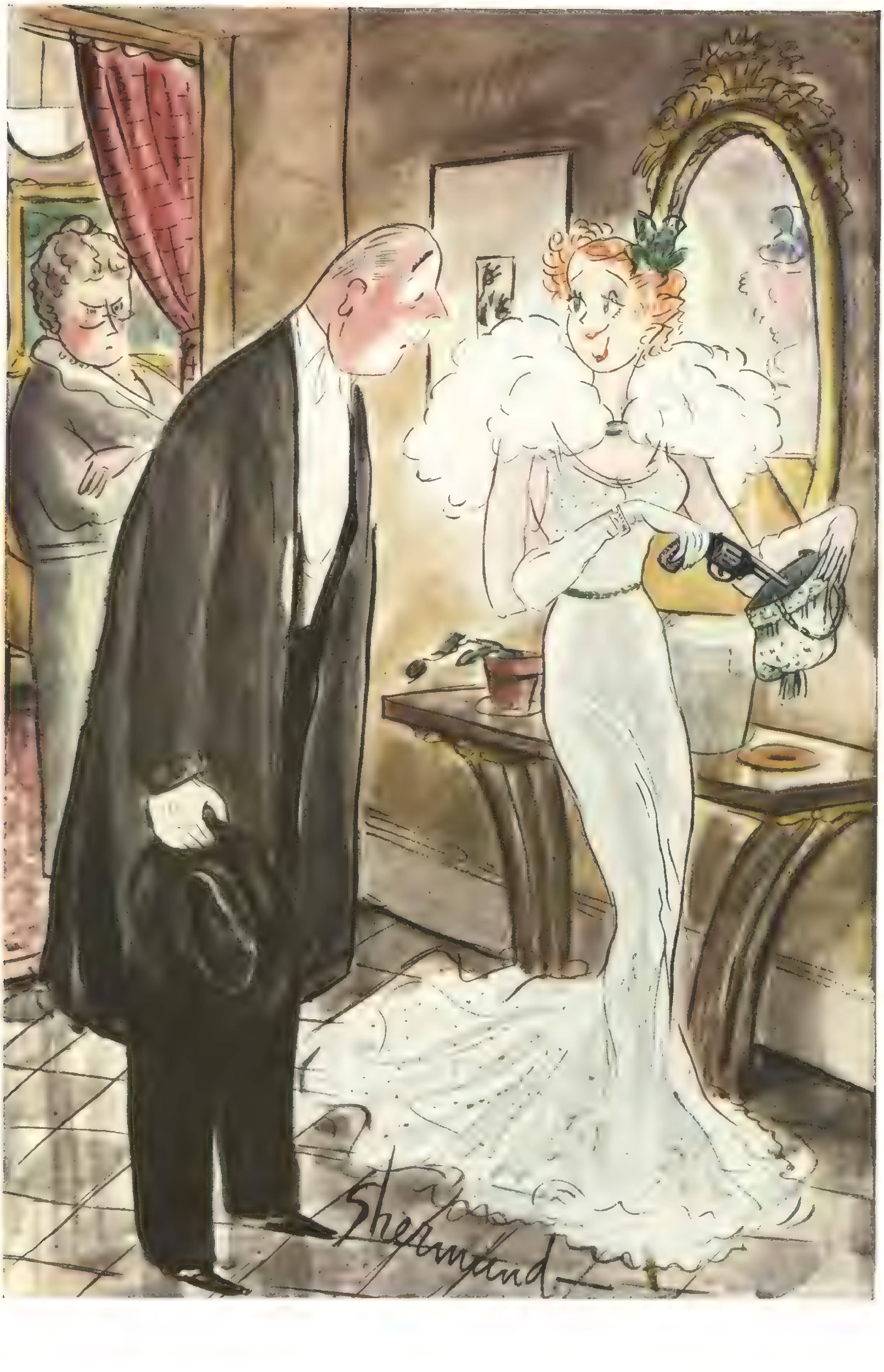
INCOME TAX
RETURNS HERE
McKAY

"Ha-ha!"



"Oh you know how mothers are, Mr. Parker—always worrying"

The Overnight Bag

Maybe she wanted to think up something meaner than cutting her poppa's throat

by JEROME BARRY

▪ FICTION ▪

Business was good that night. There were plenty of girls coming in. Nick Pappas would have been pleased, except for the way Mongiove kept looking at him out of his cat eyes.

Mongiove sat in one of the high chairs and let Jimmy give him a shine. Jimmy was Nick Pappas' son.

That's what the place was supposed to be—a bootblack stand and hat-cleaning store; but Nick's best sideline was the shelf behind the counter, full of old suitcases and handbags. They were empty and worn, but they made money for him. When one of the girls who worked the avenue made a pickup, she told the fellow, "Listen, dearie; we can't get into a hotel without no baggage. I know a place where you can hire a bag."

She brought him to Nick Pappas, and Pappas got what he could from him—a dollar or maybe two, depending on how drunk the fellow was. The girl came back with the bag afterwards and got her split.

Mongiove sat in one of the high bootblack chairs and stared over Jimmy's head at Nick. He had hard black eyes and a good-looking mouth that dug into his cheeks at the corners.

He said, "Nice racket."

Nick Pappas said, "Not so good. Just a buck here and a buck there."

Nick was afraid of Mongiove. He knew he was a killer, and he thought that maybe he was going to try to muscle in. But he didn't want Jimmy to see he was afraid. Jimmy was a velvet-eyed sliver of a boy; he admired his father's bullet-headed, bull-necked manhood.

Mongiove said, "Yeah, but look at the bang you must get out of having a lot of good-looking dolls bringing you trade."

"They're just bums. I don't care who they are."

Mongiove blinked slowly, like a lazy cat. "Take that one that was in just now, with the little guy. How do you suppose she came to be working the main drag?"

"I don't know," Pappas said. "Maybe she needed a good belt in the jaw when she was a kid."

"Is that the way to keep 'em good?" Mongiove said. He yawned.

Pappas was glad to talk about something besides how good business was.

He said, "Sure it's the way to keep 'em good. I got a daughter. She's plenty good-looking. Nicer than any of these bums ever was. And if she was to look at a guy I'd slap her around."

"Ain't you ever had to yet?"

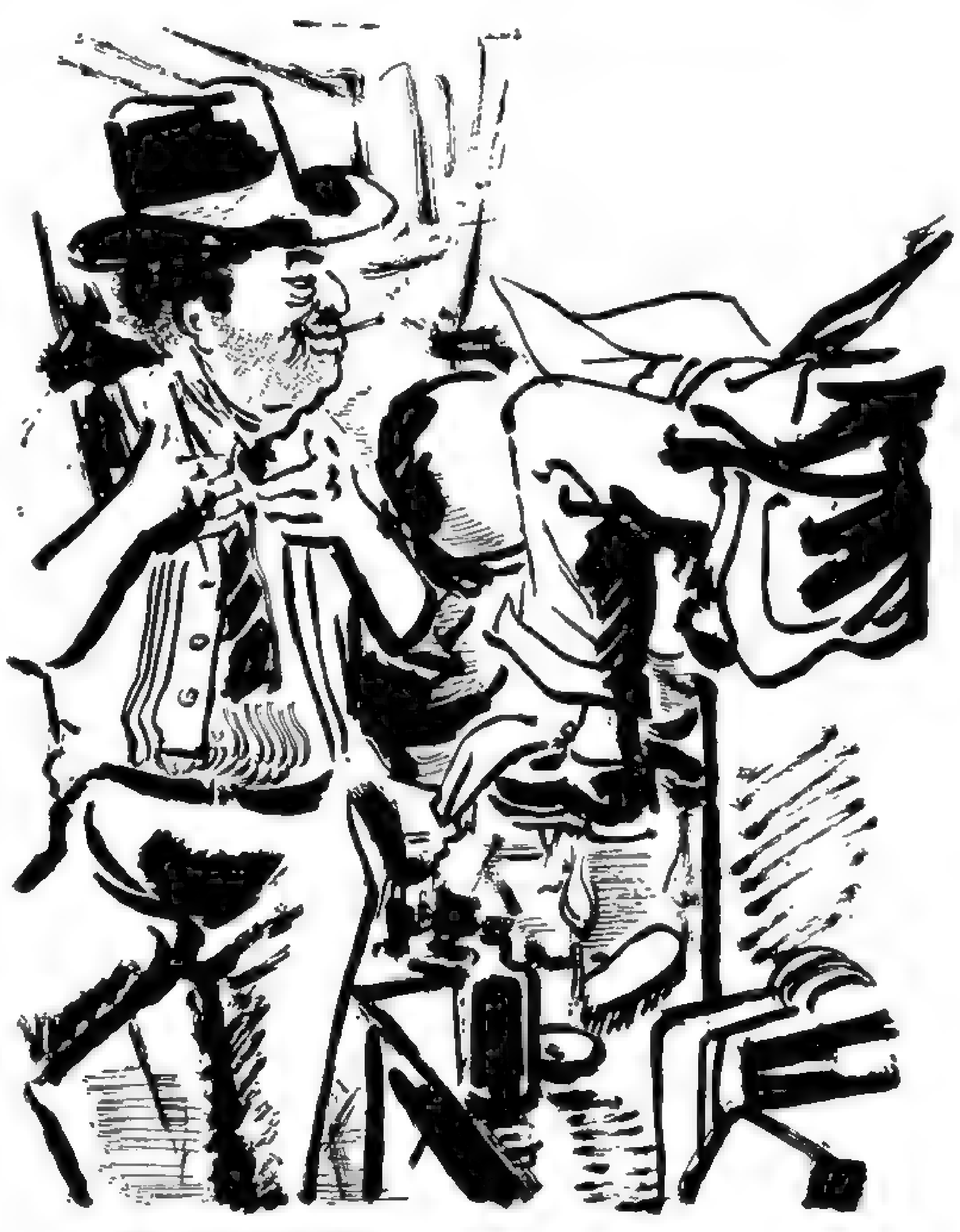
"Sure I had to. Plenty, until she learned."

"How do you know she don't? Keep her locked in a bureau drawer?"

"Listen. I know what time she gets out at the factory. The last time she wasn't home in fifteen minutes she was rubbing herself for a week where it hurt. I says to her, 'Meeting some guy, hey? I'll learn you to go meeting guys, if I have to break every bone in your body'."

"She must love her poppa," Mongiove said.

"What do I care if she loves me? When she's older she'll thank me that she ain't like these bums that comes in here. She'll thank me because I brought her up right." He blew out his cheeks importantly and noticed Jimmy's admiring glance.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Mongiove said, "And because you made her give you her pay every week. Yes?"

"Well, ain't I her father? What would I do? Let her go out and spend it all on movies and dances and clothes?"

"She must get a great belt out of life. What does she do in the evenings?"

"Stays home and washes dishes and reads the paper and sews. Once every night, at a different time, I take a run over and look in. If she wasn't there, she'd catch hell when I got her."

"And she never squawks?"

"She better not."

"That's the ticket."

"I'll bring her up right."

"You're a great bringer-upper. Only one thing I'd like to know," he continued slowly.

"Yeah?"

"Ain't she ever tried to cut her poppa's throat?"

"What?"

"Never mind. She might be trying to think up something meaner to do to you."

Nick said stiffly, for Jimmy's benefit, "Where I come from, we know how to take care of our own women. I'll make the right kind of woman out of her. She won't be a bum, like these American girls that comes in here. I'll see to that." He frowned his contempt of his customers.

"Sure," Mongiove said. "Beat hell out of her. That'll keep her from being a bum."

The door opened and a girl came in. She was a pretty girl, far prettier than any of the others who had been in there that evening.

Pappas said, "Helen!" and Jimmy stared at her.

She said, "Okay, pop."

"What the hell are you doing here?"

She leaned against the counter and looked at him with eyes as hard as bits of coal.

"I want a bag," she said.

For a moment there was a great peace in the shop, and the clash of traffic outside was distant and detached.

Then Nick Pappas said harshly, "What you talking about? A bag! You ain't going anywhere. Get home out of here."

Instead of bothering to answer she waved a hand at Mongiove and said, "Hi, Tony."

He said, "Hi, babe," and slid out of the high chair as smoothly as a leopard. He stood beside her and looked sleepily at Pappas.

Nick's face was purplish. He said, "When'd you get to know Tony?"

Mongiove answered for her. "I was the guy you clouted hell out of her for stopping off to meet."

Nick's hands opened and closed on the counter. He jerked his head at the girl. "Get home."

"Now, wait," Mongiove said. "You ain't going to turn down a piece of business. Didn't you hear what she told you?"

"No."

"She wants a bag."

Nick Pappas looked at his daughter. "What for?"

"What do any of them want a bag for?" she said.

"Sure," Mongiove said. "How would we get in a hotel anywhere without a bag?"

Nick Pappas thought for a moment, and licked his lips. He made a smile broaden his

Continued at top of page 133

A Report on Man's Best Friend

Dogs, the little helpers, are always freezing their tails or falling off boats or into flues

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

▪ SATIRE ▪

For two years my assistants and I have been studying the dog situation. We have interviewed dog men; visited pounds; inspected the booming dog industry; perused the dog press; pondered the overtones of Irene Castle McLaughlin's annual Pooch Ball; compiled statistics, and mastered the vast literature of the subject, including the Dog Encyclopedia which answers 10,000 questions about Hydrocephalus, Dingo, and Dewclaws. We are ready to report.

At the outset we must see this thing in perspective. It means sketching in the philosophical background.

Men everywhere face three problems, the solution of which is the major chore of living. First they must maintain themselves on the earth—must eat, must shelter and clothe themselves, and have enough left over for the annual pilgrimage to the old home town. This, the economic problem, poses the second: how the takings of harvest and shop are to be divided, and who will boss the show—roughly, the political trouble. From the solution of these two stems the third: by what philosophies, cosmic genuflections, gadgets, toys, arts, and other eloquent self-deceptions men will be able to kid themselves into believing that it is all worth the toil and suffering;—that, in fact, whatever the current setup (barbarism, feudalism, capitalism, fascism, or plain slavery) it is the only thinkable and decent arrangement.

This is the Cultural Problem, the problem of cushioning life; and the dog is part of it. For this animal, in his present multitudinous incarnations and mongrelisms, is a creation of man. Though designed to help on Problem One (sheep dogs, Belgian, Dutch, and Danish hounds pulling tradesmen's carts) and Problem Two (watch and police dogs), the beast is mainly a cultural contraption. His function, that is, resides in enabling us to crowd out of our consciousness the intrinsic ennui, the undependability, the treacherous lonesomeness of life.

We cannot rely upon one another for companionship or fidelity. But when all things fail, a man's Schnauzer will still walk with him, or look up from the domestic rug with utter trust and solicitude. A middle-aged matron may present three chins to the world, but to her Peke she is Juno. Socially dogs serve a like purpose. A pup in the living room keeps the conversation from dying out among a miscellany of people with nothing to say to one another, having only a need to huddle together, to be un-alone.

The emancipated intellect, free from dogphilia, loathes the dogmindedness of man with its parade of pooches led night and morning to physiological rendezvous and leaving on the city streets nasty tokens of success. But those of us who don't need a dog-pal to buck us up must realize the subject is big, that the dog, like art museums, libraries, Wagnerian operas, Rotary luncheons, and the sports page, is an institution devised to keep the Ultimate Unthinkable Uselessness of things at bay.

Realizing this, he will understand why the dog population of his country stands at twelve million. Why the dog items in our leading newspaper, the New York *Times*, average slightly better than one a day, and not a Man Bites Dog among them. Why there is a tradition and practice of dog-humaneness that often puts child care to shame. Why a far-flung business in and around dogs flourishes, from orphan puppy nipples, through clinics, dietetics, booties, cosmetics, sex aids and discouragers, to the final tombstone or crematory urn. And the world being, as O'Casey put it, "in a turrible state o' chassis," it should occasion no surprise that the dog-reliance of spiritually insecure man held its own through the weary depression—especially in the United States, which has pushed Great Britain out of first place as the dog haven of the world.

Aside from their psychic value, dogs are nuisances. Their utility has been grossly exaggerated. Innumerable canines, it is true, run little errands, chiefly to the meat market to fetch their own supper. Maybe your Collie goes to the corner drugstore for the paper, but can he be relied upon to pick the *Christian Science Monitor* from among tabloids and Hearst? On Monday we read of the dog Susie turning in a fire alarm, but on Tuesday it appears that a jewelry store thief has stolen the watch dog along with the diamonds.

The subtle propaganda of the anti-vivisection societies, with their picture of a St. Bernard dog wearing his rescue kit as a necklace, hides the greater truth that the dog is more helped than helper. That the animals, like Horatio Alger heroes, do a lot of rescue work, such as saving babies from burning houses or boys from treacherous swimming holes, is a myth. More often it's the other way around. Babies are continually rescuing dogs from conflagrations, and boys have been drowned trying to pull Fido out of the mere. In a celebrated recent case in New York State the dog Idaho was tried for playfully drowning a lad. The village of three thousand divided on his guilt; the dog had character witnesses and an alibi. He might have been innocent, but a mugg that approximated Idaho did it, for the boy stayed drowned. And when he's being useful, the dog likely as not overdoes it, like the one that stopped a fight by biting three Negroes and a cop. How he overlooked the innocent bystanders is a mystery. The research of two years puts the dog in a pathetic light. The touted rescuer is forever being rescued. He falls down crevasses. He gets marooned on ice floes (always managing to freeze his tail to the cake). He gets caught in chicken wire fences or lost in flues and ventilators. Not infrequently he may cost his owner fifty dollars for the services of six men to pry him out of a no-dog place like a culvert. A Pennsylvania freight train limped into its destination hours late because the crew stopped out in the prairie to extricate a beagle hound who was hanging by his hind leg to a wire fence. A fox terrier stopped five trains on the subway and caused rush-hour chaos while a posse gathered him in from among the furrows of live rails. Dogs are always leaping from ocean liners and being hauled in by the coast guard.

Not even bloodhounds always know their stuff. One ran down a footpad suspect, but the lie detector contradicted him. Another was put on the case of a missing girl. It kept leading the police and the neighborhood down to a slip by the river. The river was dragged, and everything but a little girl was brought up. Eventually the child was found sleeping in a neighbor's hammock. A Solomon of a judge once neatly decided a litigation over ownership of a dog by having the parties call to the object of their legal quarrel. It unfailingly answered one and not the other. Weeks later a similar case came up, and this dog came at the call of both parties, and also of the judge, bailiff, court clerk, reporters and spectators. The thing ended in a hilarious riot. It was a willing dog, but not smart.

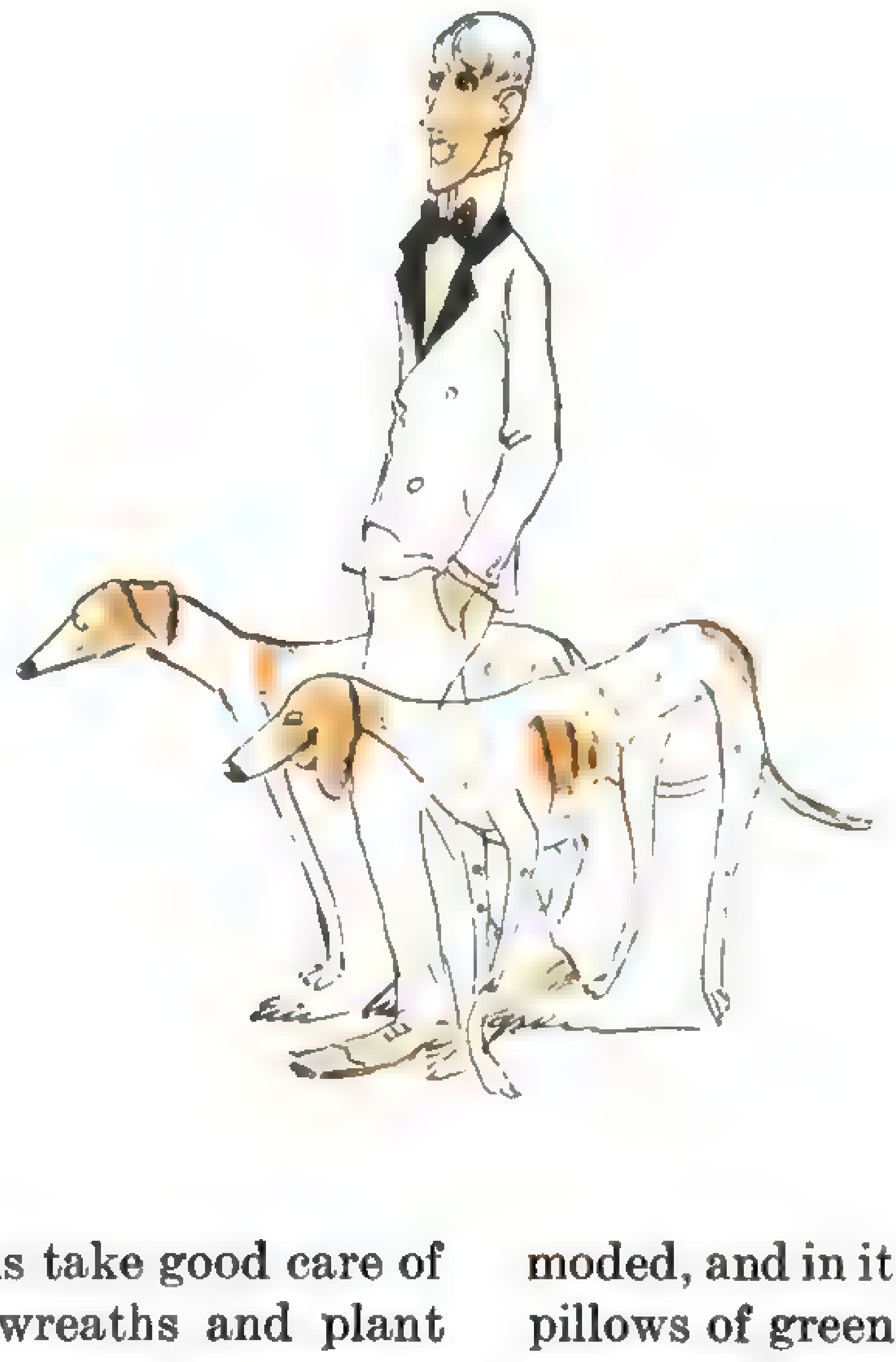
In addition to the well meaning who are forever making trouble, there is the problem of canines bent on malicious mischief, and getting into the courts and eventually into the death chamber. This extends from the Scottie that just had to bite people and the Pinscher who was an incorrigible tipper-over of garbage cans, to the wild spirits that live for the kill. In a single year in one state dogs destroyed: fowls, 24,473; head of cattle, 273; sheep and lambs, 10,729—a rather imposing score. Two co-operating Black Legion curs disposed of 35 chickens in a single raid, and a pack of Fascist mongrels annihilated 293 hens before they were rounded up.

Thus the degree of UD (Utility Dog) which is the highest rating conferred on the élite, is in no danger of attaining wholesale distribution. The lower rating, CDX, or Companion Dog Excellent, has a wider spread, for the trial balance of the dog, decidedly on the debit side, shows psychic worth as an antidote to the inferiority complex. Some dogs are hard to love, like the Loebell Brussels Griffon, a rare species but not rare enough. The animal has one eye, bowlegs, a bad heart, asthma, and a fretful disposition, but probably for reasons cited in the earlier paragraphs manages to stay in the family. A couple of years ago the tourist-third passengers on the *S.S. Rotterdam* were all atwitter because a college sophomore daily grew to look more like the Welsh terrier he was bringing back as a vacation souvenir. I knew a gaffer in Wales who had grown to look like his old Sealyham, sideburns and all. Nor does this sort of thing happen only abroad or on the high seas. Every day a man goes by my club leading a Chow, and either the Chow has grown to look like him, or he like the Chow —the family resemblance is unmistakable.

The affinity of man and dog being, then, not only psychological but in cases physical, it should shock no one that human beings go to strange lengths to see that their pet wants little here below, nor wants that little long. My agents have pried out fourteen magazines that serve the dog public. The Morris couple of Lenox, Massachusetts, were so gone on their Peke, Miss Rose, that they listed her in the Social Register.

More than thirty different brands of dog food are nationally advertised, and in any large city one can have the doggie dinner delivered. Take Kanine Kitchens, for example: it gives a balanced diet for a Chow at $1.53 a week; for a smaller dog, say a Peke, at $0.94. The food is delivered three times a week. This leaves an extra day on which, presumably, the pup subsists on leftovers, like his master dallying with the meat loaf. These Rover Rations contain meat, calcium, cereals, roughage, phosphorus, and cod-liver oil. All the vitamins and calories are there; and if this news stacks up grimly against the little known fact that one-third of American children are undernourished (in some Southern counties, 73%), the answer of a notorious dog-woman is in point: "If children are undernourished it doesn't mean that dogs should be too." A Princeton chap a couple of years ago started a dog restaurant. He now serves 15,000 pounds of beef to 6,000 dogs, has branches throughout the East and has opened a London joint. Professional dog feeding grows as more people live in apartment hotels. The meals come on paper plates done up in cellophane and waxed paper. The stuff is accurately weighed, the menus built by dieticians. The dogs even go on a Friday fish course. There are special slenderizing diets for prize dogs facing the ordeal of the show.

Chicago, a representative city, contains 38 dog hospitals, which includes one clock-around ambulance service. For the proletarian dog there is the free clinic of the Anti-Cruelty Society. When your pet fails to get over whatever ails him (and even aristocrats die—Bunjie, the $10,000 Boston Bull, passed out in a heat wave in spite of electric fans in the kennel, ice packs, and oxygen), you can give him a fancy funeral, depositing the remains in a dog cemetery which concedes nothing in beauty to the best final parking places awaiting you and me. There is one out west of where I live, on a hill, covering six and a half acres of beautifully wooded ground. People who care enough for their pets to give them funerals take good care of the graves; they bring wreaths and plant flowers. The caretaker tells of a widow who every Sunday passes up her ex-spouse's grave to deposit a floral tribute on the resting place of her pet. The "package price" burial for a small dog (they have some way of deciding when Pal is over-package) is $25.00. Caskets are white silk-lined pine boxes. Monuments run from $14.50 to $300; they usually display the name and vital facts, perhaps a picture. They run to sentiment: "To My Faithful Pet," "Here Lies Darling Bunny." Brash epitaphs like the 18th Century's "Here lies his Highness' dog of Kew; Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?" no longer rate. Cremation costs $6—ashes in plain box if your intent is to scatter them over the garden or bury them in a favorite spot; $6.50 if you prefer them in an urn suitable for the mantel.



Every dog has its day, and the paths of the dog-walking services lead but to the grave. In the meantime, between the Kanine Kitchen Kutlets and the final urn, you can get your dog aired for twenty-five cents the walk, or cut rates by the week. Private schools flourish, where the curriculum consists of manners, tricks, and not wetting the carpet. Of the many dog laundries (they wash the dog, not the dog linen) the most famous is that of little Marcia, braintruster Tugwell's enterprising daughter. When in Washington with your pet, get the animal a Tugwell rubdown, thirty cents and up. The dog industrial boom has made it relatively easy to take the creature on an extended motor trip. Along the more frequented highways like the Boston Post Road will be found concessions where dogs can get special meals while master and mistress dine and dance next door.

Nor need rain and weather longer be harsh experiences for your tender penthouse pet. For the rain which falls on blue-ribbon Borzoi and alley outcast alike, there are rubber boots at five dollars the set, and coats of rubberized cellophane in green, red, and yellow. For the shrewd winds there are sweaters, and coats in rakish plaids, even imitation leopard skins. If the pavement is hard on Prince's tootsies, you can get leather boots made to order.

No longer is it necessary for the family quadruped to eat out of a decrepit tin piepan or push a bone around on an old newspaper spread in the kitchen hallway. The new order of things which includes special feeding spoons for the little ones and nursing bottles for orphan puppies, has devised the Doggie Dinette, a two-bowler on a wooden stand, made by (of all people) the Period Furniture Company of Dayton. The old burlap sack is outmoded, and in its place "pure cedar bedding," pillows of green denim with red tufting, the Kumfort Dog Mattress—a nice ensemble with everything except a canopy and monogrammed draw-curtains, 24 x 30 and only $6.18.

A hundred years ago Americans were crude people, as the old travel books of

Continued on page 153

Business Man in Movies

Simple table tennis is too dull for Hollywood—put in trick shots and sex appeal and it's terrific

by COLEMAN CLARK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

How does it feel to be in pictures? Eight months ago I didn't have the faintest idea; I was just a peddler of investment securities. But table tennis was a hobby of mine. As a matter of fact, I thought I was pretty good. And Pete Smith, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's sports commentator, flattered my ability still more by inviting me to "go Hollywood" with the game.

"Come on out," he wired. "Give us a demonstration and we'll talk it over. Don't worry about expenses."

STOCKS CLIMB

Four days later I was on the West Coast, rolling through Hollywood in one of MGM's luxurious studio cars. Hollywood! The name still sounds glamorous to me, and the twenty-one days I spent on the lot seem like one long dream—or nightmare. Twenty-one days of hard work. Seven miles of film. To use a Hollywood expression—"it was terrific!"

Inside the lot, I was introduced to a group of keen-eyed, long-haired, carelessly dressed young men who led me quickly to a huge indoor stage.

"Here's some equipment," said the director, indicating a table, some bats, and a few balls. "Now, let's see some of your stuff."

I was a bit nonplussed. I wasn't dressed for a workout and my own equipment, sent from Chicago, had evidently not arrived.

"I suppose I'm finicky," I explained, "but I can't do a good job under these conditions."

"Oh, forget it," snapped the director. "We just want an idea—a rough idea."

They had already sent for a playing partner, and the equipment seemed all right to the director. So there was nothing for me to do but go ahead. And to make an unpleasant situation short, I finally managed to convince the big shots that table tennis could be made into a fairly decent sport picture.

"Okay," agreed the director. "We'll go ahead with it. The script men'll get right to work on the story, and when you show up tomorrow morning . . ."

"Just a minute!" I interrupted. "What story? I thought this was going to be a sport short!"

"Sure, but we gotta have a story." He eyed my bald head brazenly. "And a little sex appeal wouldn't hurt."

"But table tennis . . ." I objected. "After all, just a good snappy game or two, and maybe a couple of trick shots . . ."

"Trick shots?" he broke in. "Sure. That's the stuff. The public isn't much interested in this regular routine playing. We've got to give them something terrific. Make 'em laugh and marvel. This isn't for the expert. It's for the dub, the guy that buys the ticket —anybody."

The next morning I began to understand what he meant. Two or three shapely "atmosphere girls" were already on the set when I arrived. A script man was working on a rather nebulous plot. And instead of my own table, prop men had substituted a shiny, oblong affair of plate glass.

"Now then, Clark," said the director, rubbing his hands together, "how about those tricks?"

Tricks! The word had a nasty sound. Had I said something about tricks? I began to feel that I had spoken inadvertently.

"Well . . ." I hedged. "I've got a serve. I call it . . . my siege gun serve."

"Sounds terrific," approved the director. "Let's have it."

I looked at the plate glass table a trifle doubtfully. I wasn't very sure of myself by this time. The director, seeing my look, eased my mind somewhat.

"We've put your equipment on the outdoor set," he said. "This fancy stuff is just for interior shots and close-up. Come on out."

They have a way of getting things done in Hollywood that, to an ordinary business man like myself, is quite incredible. Outside was a brand new platform of gigantic proportions which I could have sworn was not there a few hours earlier. And in the center of it stood my own table, my own bats, and a gross of my own 37-39 grain balls. I began to feel a little better.

"How d'you like th' set up?" asked the director, waving his hand toward the platform. "Tomorrow we'll have the swimming pool in. Back of that'll be a terrace and a swell house. A country mansion sort of effect. But now about this Big Bertha serve or whatever . . ."

Well, I paced off about forty feet behind the table. Then, standing far off to one side, I delivered four or five perfect serves. The ball, curving in a high arc, bounced over the net each time with just a fraction of an inch to spare. I thought it was pretty neat.

"Fairly good," he admitted grudgingly. "Now let's see something else."

I tried to think of something unusual. It seemed a bit silly to me, though, and I wanted to tell him I wasn't a hired circus performer, but, well—maybe he knew his business. So I swallowed my dignity and put a ball in my mouth. Then, as I blew it about twenty-five feet up into the air, I shouted a quick apology for my childish antics: "Used to do this for the kids . . ." And before the ball hit the ground, I was under it, catching it again in my mouth.

"That's th' stuff, Clark. That's th' stuff." The director was openly and surprisingly enthusiastic. "Let's have some more of those stunts. Lots more."

I grinned my appreciation of his compliment. It was a rather sheepish grin, but I continued to blow. I blew balls against the side of the studio. I blew two and sometimes three balls consecutively. I blew until I was red in the face. And strangely enough, it was these juvenile tricks that appealed most strongly to the director.

"Okay Clark," he called finally. "That'll do for a starter."

For a starter! Evidently there was more to this movie business than I had dreamed. I had expected to demonstrate a sport. One or two days' shooting, I thought, and it would all be over. I would show an admiring public how to play a couple of good, fast games of table tennis, and then—back to Chicago and bonds.

Actually it was sixteen days before I ever saw a camera. In the movie business as in everything else, it was the preliminary groundwork that counted. First there was the casting. Three "atmosphere girls," three playing partners, and George, the villain. Then there were days and days of rehearsals, conferences, delays, revisions in the story, changes in the set, and heaven knows what. And the director was constantly after me for new and sensational tricks.

I suggested an exhibition of accuracy. I found out that, with a few practice shots, I could knock a package of cigarettes from the opposite end of their special plate glass table. I called the director's attention to this feat.

"Lousy, Clark!" was his comment. "Looks too easy. I think you've got an idea there, though." He called one of the prop men over to him. "Jim," he ordered, "go get me three little balsa-wood ten pins. Make 'em three inches high."

I argued and argued for a man-sized target, but the director was adamant. And by the time I realized that further talk would be useless, the little ten pins had been made up and sent over. They were tiny little things, hardly bigger than a cigarette, and to make the shots more difficult, they were placed far apart on the extreme edge of the table.

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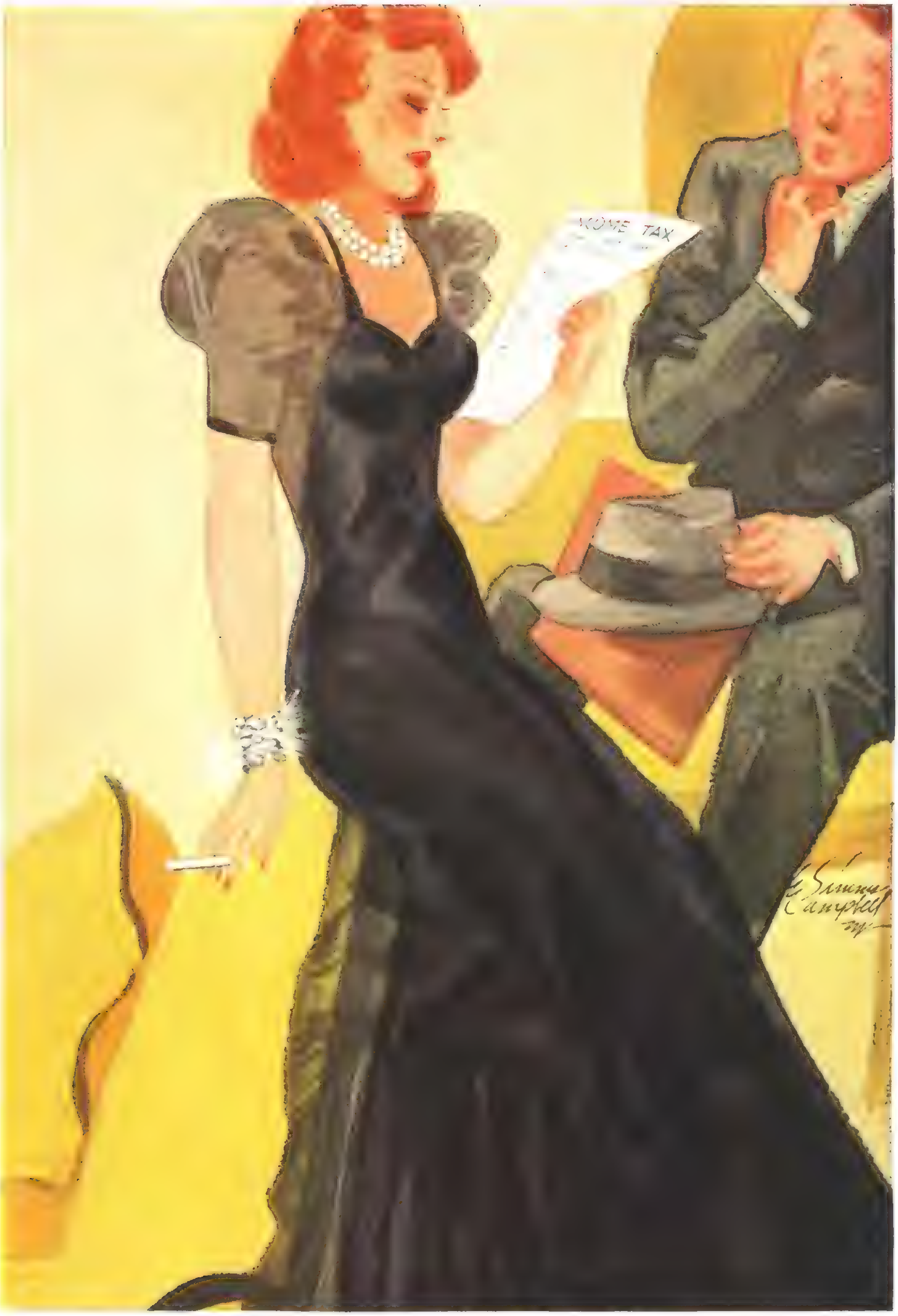
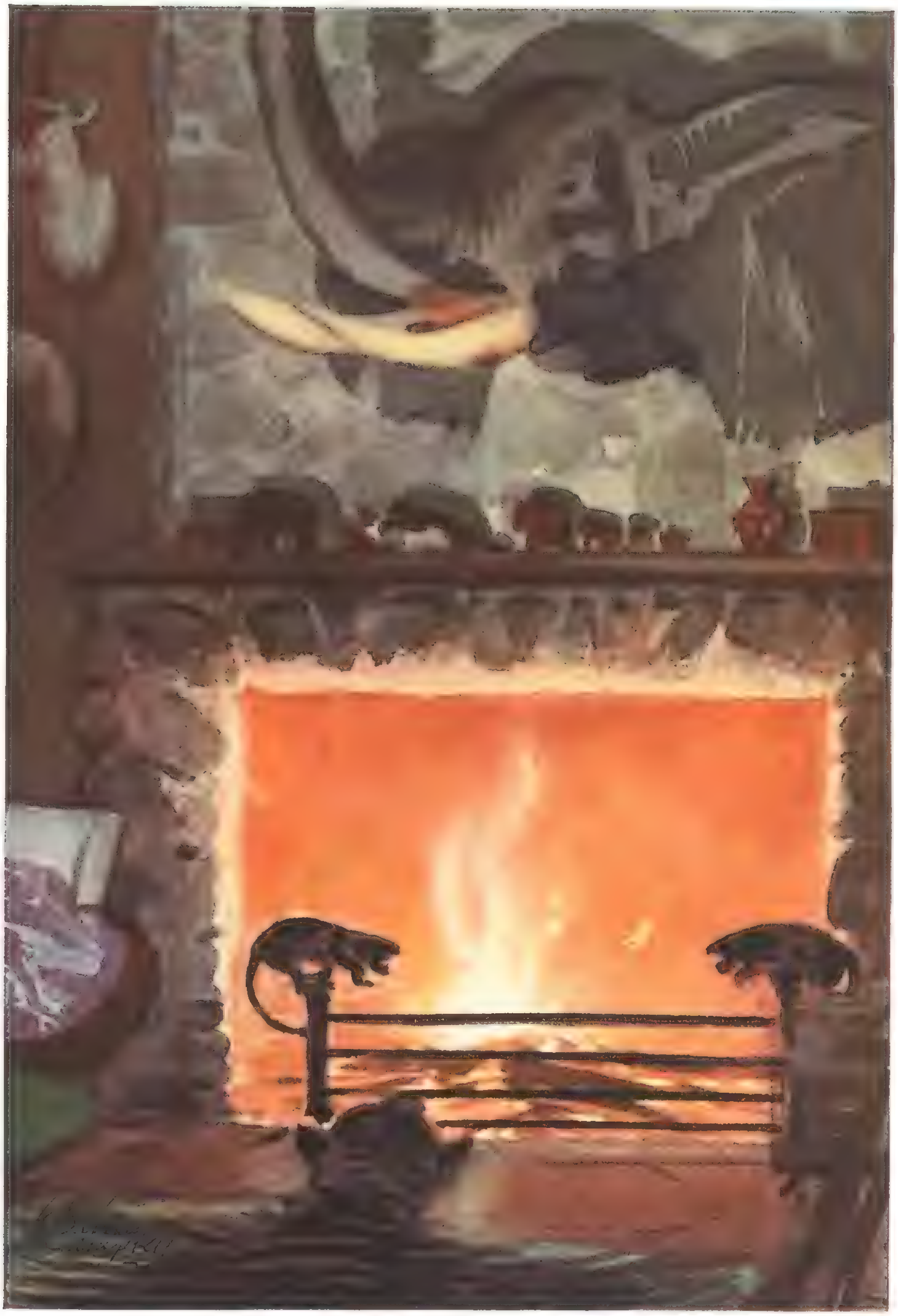

COME TAX
E. Simms Campbell

"I'll fill it out but—what will I put where it says 'Type of work?'"



"Go on Colonel—you were saying that the tiger had you down like this—then what?"

Storm Over Shanghai

She sat superior in her box and watched Rabat playing as if he were something in a cage

by CHARLES GRAYSON

FICTION

Bull's eyes were folding a little at him over the top of his cognac. Julien swore at the thick man, finishing off his own drink. Slipping his hand into the glove of his cesta he turned and went out of the dressing room—to where the great burst of light and sound threaded with his name gave him again that thing wanted by everyone who tries to live above the crowd.

For a small delicious time he stood with his head bent in a proper modesty, fussing with the thongs at his wrist. Then, with a quick glance in the direction of her box, he threw away the idea that he was too handsome to pay any attention to the stands. The box was empty. So that, then, was all of that? The rain—keeping her away? Or just late—just late—late—

Walking out on the great empty court he dropped a ball and served it up against the far wall. It blatted like a shot, came back in a line of light. With the smooth grace that was his genius, he caught it in the cup of his cesta and flung it back. Again the distant report, the stinging return.

The cries of the bet attendants barked above the thick blanket of ordinary sound, as for five years he had made them do in Biarritz, Rio, Mexico City, B. A., Havana—wherever there were jai alai fans to be persuaded by Julien Rabat's warm-up that his long, strong body, moving again with the tireless efficiency of machinery working in oil, might again safely carry their money.

That was fine . . . could it mean anything to do, sitting so calm in your box night after night? Could anything? The story of how one came to hear that sound? With your red hair and your fine clothes and your steady eyes the thought of which making roll back to show the white beneath the enormous color was keeping sleep away like a curse—would you be moved to know about a boy coming down out of the Pyrenees in search of something, and going like a pigeon to the jai alai of Biarritz? Would you be interested to learn of that boy beginning to live at last, even though only as a minor attendant in the parks, because this was it? What could you know of—and might you care about?—those long hours—weeks—months—years of practice until the ball came to hand, until the things inside got to going so fast and so in rhythm that the things outside slowed down? Then about how the great Bull Bashan took this boy on, formed him, got him his first contract, made him his partner, started him on that long looping path around the world which links France, South America, Mexico and Shanghai by means of a half-hundred men who go to fame, death, money or wheelchairs in the frontons there? Would you be interested—and perhaps not come to stare as though you were looking at animals in a circus? Might you . . .?

He missed. Frowning, he stooped to retrieve the spilled ball. As he straightened he glanced once more at her box. There was a sudden jolt along his bloodlines as he saw her preceding her friend to a seat. He tried to get his usual swagger into his walk, relinquishing the court to the others; but he wasn't swaggering in his head.

The tall, thin one with the bad eye was with her again. Her lover? How did one judge these American women? He spat into his cesta, the thought jerking at his intestines like a hand. He smelled Bull beside him.

"That nigger is going tonight. If you don't keep your eyes in the court, one of his drives will see you carried out of it."

Rabat said the word, and Bull's eyes creased at him, harshly. "Feeling tough, hey? Listen—you think this American is like those others? Ha! With her you haven't any more chance than—"

The bell rang. Rabat turned away, irritation riding his back like nettles. He was leading off the quinela. The Cuban against whom Bull had warned him came out as Number 2. He was wearing a close fitting blue shirt—the solid color of Havana. Even on this wet night it was too hot for Shanghai. Did the ape wear them all over the circuit because he thought he looked less black in them than in white? Fancy nigger.

Running abruptly toward the service line, Rabat dropped the ball and whipped it up. The Cuban, showing off, tried to make a forehand return. He missed and went off the court slashing with his cesta and showing his hate for the whole world, Julien Rabat and himself. Bull was the third of the five men who would face Rabat until he made six points and won, or was scored against by the man who would replace him. Bull was not fast enough for the quinela. He was born and built to be zaguero of a team; strong and steady as a good fort, his forward always knew that he would keep shoving back deep court shots persistently enough to break the heart even of an opposing Christ. Rabat loved him, despite the friction of the past few days. He put him out at once. That was two points. The bookies had him picked to win. He heard his name repeated again and again, like a song, like a flag. Would that grand sound affect her, too—bring him closer to hearing her gasping against his face in the dark? The thought threw him off beat and Destouches, as Number 3, pulled him out of position and took over the serve.

Bull moved over as he came to the bench. "Alfred is having *Crêpes Suzettes* tonight. It is his birthday, so we will have a good meal for a change, and on him."

"We have most of our meals on him," Rabat said.

"He gets paid before we leave," Bull answered shortly. "Besides, how much trade do we not bring to his hole of a restaurant?"

"That kind of trade? 'Mark it on the wall, eh Alfred, my chick, like a good fellow?' Much good that is!"

"He gets his money sooner or later." Bull's eyes creased in the old knowing way. "And when did Julien Rabat begin to worry about little debts, or big ones, or what became of them?"

Rabat shrugged. What was there to say, to tell Bull? Bull, whose life centered around a goatskin covered ball and a three foot wicker scoop. And there were words for Bull's side, too—for it was a good life, full of fine fellows, fast play and new scenes, with many Alfredos always willing to mark it on the wall when even a thousand a month went as easily as had two hundred. But there was something else as well. Something which had to do with the kind of people who sat quietly in boxes and looked at you as though you were something in a cage—

When the play rotated around to him again, the Cuban was serving. The dark man had five points and wanted the big one. He got it when he tried the forehand again and brought it off. He went off the floor as if he had led a revolution. He was even worse in the dressing room while they changed shirts, with boasts about having put a hundred on himself to win.

"Some call it jai alai, some—pelota," he said with his nigger grin. "But everyone call

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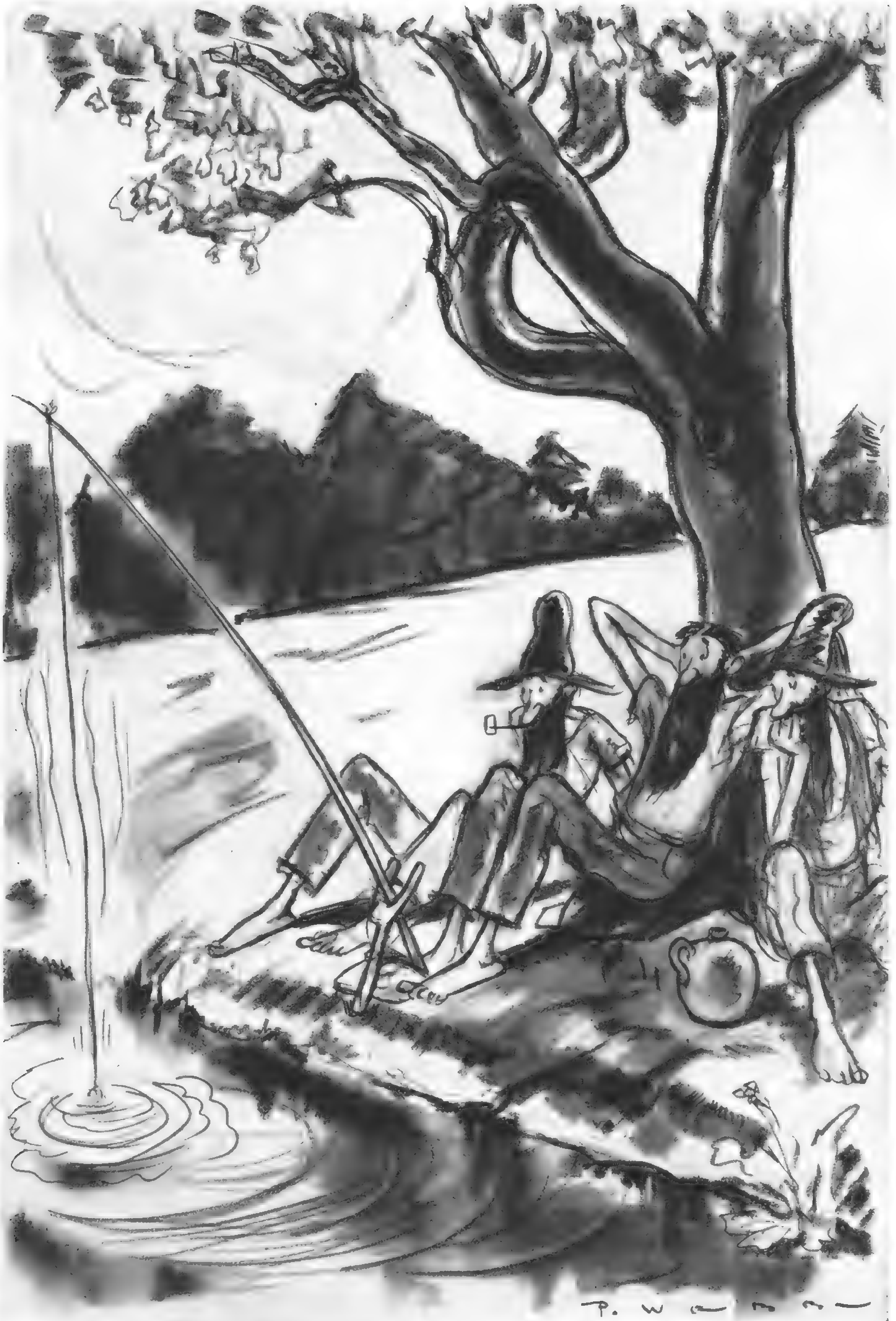

"Shucks—yew haul 'im in, Luke—I pulled th' last one in"

Yes, I'm a Hillbilly

Down in the Ozarks all the nice girls know it's better to commit adultery than smoke a cigarette

by ANTHONY GISH

• ARTICLE •

I'M a hillbilly by heritage and environment. I live in the Missouri Ozarks and I like to. It's the last land of the free men. And to hell with the wise guys who sneer at hillbillies and then rave about what fun they have roughing it in the mountains on vacations.

Unlike many of my former neighbors who have moved to town, I don't write poetry about my dear little home snuggled in the hills or sigh for the days when I slept in a cabin loft with snow drifting through the chinks between the logs. Neither do I wail about the passing of the old days. I let the folklorists and the self-exiled hillbillies who wouldn't go back for love or money do that. I don't entirely approve of the changes taking place in my native highlands. But with mountain fatalism I realize there's nothing I can do about it.

Tourist gold and tourist conduct are causing the younger hill boys and girls to ape the vices but not the virtues of "furriners" and are making them self-conscious of their mountain heritage. A lot of the government gold that is flowing into the hills is preventing hardship, but some of it is taking away the rock-ribbed independence that has made the mountaineer cling stubbornly to his stony hillside farm for several generations and take his hardships and like them rather than call any man boss.

However, we've still got our sense of humor. A hillman told me the other day that Roosevelt was the greatest man that ever lived.

"Greater'n Jesus Christ," he said solemnly. "Christ said 'follow me and ye shall not want.' Roosevelt says, 'Set down boys and I'll bring hit to ye.'"

If we've got to be quaint and picturesque for the benefit of tourists and folklore writers I'm willing to let the old ballads, square dances, play parties and dialect go between the covers of a book and be forgotten. Folklore festivals sponsored by outsiders seem to me artificial and a little sickening. For years I've hoped that some enterprising editor would hire a hillbilly to go to the city and write his impressions of the quaint folkways of the cliff dwellers. I'd do it myself, cheap, and I've got a good questionnaire tucked away in readiness. The first time anyone laughed at me for standing with my mouth open in front of a skyscraper I'd drag out a camera study of fat men in golf knickers and fatter women in riding breeches gawking at a log cabin and a hound dog. When it comes to staring it's an eye to eye race.

All the laughing isn't done by the tourists either. There's the yarn about the mountaineer who went to the city. Curious city residents kept following him from place to place and laughing at him. Finally they congregated around him at a street corner. A witty gentleman stepped forward and inquired, "I suppose you see a lot of saps down in Arkansas."

"Oh we run across one now an' then," replied the yokel. "But they don't run in herds like they do here."

LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

And of course there was the hillbilly who was asked if he wanted to buy the Woolworth building.

"I dunno," he said thoughtfully, eyeing his questioner. "Pappy said he mought buy it for me for a play pretty. But hit's kind of dinky."

We notice the ridicule, all right, and we resent feeling as if we were in a zoo and being asked by tourists where they can see some "real old-time natives." Uncle Sam protects the Indians from too much attention and intrusion on their reservations but he has forgotten those other quaint folk, the Ozark hillbillies. Our music is distorted by Brooklyn drugstore cowboys yodeling over the radio or vaudeville wisecrackers who turn their hat brims and whine that twenty-one years, Babe, is a mighty long time and apparently believe tight checked trousers are the dress-up costume down in them thar hills.

Most of those songs were brought in on phonograph records a few decades ago. The genuine Ozark folksongs are Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Scottish and English ballads and we take them seriously.

Local color writers come down into the hills and feel that since they've paid transportation they'd better try to get their money back. There are some conscientious writers who have studied the Ozarks and are either natives or have lived here for years. We don't mind having the truth told about us. But we dislike being blamed by tourists who were led to believe that the Ozarks are higher than the Rockies, that feudists wait in ambush along the highways, that hound dogs overrun the resort towns and that you can hear an old-time ballad singer by stepping outside the hotel door.

Maybe we are to blame for some of the exaggerations. It's almost an irresistible temptation to lie like hell when you see the flapping ear of a gullible tourist. We know they mean to lie about us afterward so we might as well give them some material.

The other day I heard a hillman with a blandly stupid countenance telling a tourist that the grasshoppers had plumb ruinated his corn.

"Where are the grasshoppers?" asked the outsider. "I don't see any."

"Hell," said the Ozarkian, his face impassive, "They've all gone down to Washington to collect for destroyin' th' crops."

A few days ago a city doctor informed me that Ozark hillfolks were all degenerate savages. "They're worse than beasts," he said.

I'll admit that we don't look so hot and we aren't clad in fine feathers and proper medical treatment could sometimes have improved our appearance. But outdoor life has kept most hillmen and women pretty fit. And there's good blood in the hills. Accents are Chaucerian rather than Oxford and Harvard, and many a hillbilly can trace his ancestry back to the days of the Revolution. But it isn't felt necessary to brag about it. Mountain aristocracy or "good families" is based on the behavior of several generations rather than on length of lineage.

The doctor said probably tourists had helped civilize us. The tourists have played hell at it. Many of them come down to the hills for drinking parties and some on slumming tours. They parade backless dresses in front of hill women who are taught that

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Immortal Birds and Bottles

Royalty has its little day but the guy who discovered broccoli will live forever

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

A good cook never dies. Dishes may break, pots and pans may rust but there seems to be something immortal in the gustatory secrets of the human race. When God needs a cook in Heaven, to paraphrase a last year's ballad, and touches the Escoffier on the shoulder, telling him it is time to pack his herb bags and copper pots, the fellow manages to summon enough breath to tell his apprentice just what he put in the sauce to give it that famous flavor.

Thus, even though the nostalgia guys continue to moan about the days before automats, there is plenty of good cooking in the land. Real estate booms rise to bubbles and burst, huge hotels go up, are filled, amortized and lapse to the bank or insurance company, but the good folk of the kitchen and dining room never lose their perspective. They hang onto the fundamentals and tangibles knowing that the world really travels on its stomach. So if you scratch a headwaiter or captain, you can always find an actual historian who will tell you about the famous dishes he has served, at the drop of a fork. And if you peek behind the swinging doors to the kitchen you will find Louis or Tony or André who has cooked for czars, kings or Diamond Jim Brady. Those who complain of food in these United States usually don't know what to order or where to look for it. Pause a moment and taste these samples:

When Delmonico's closed its doors, the captains and waiters dried their tears, posed for the news cameras, and went to look for work in a strange new world. John Paffrath, who had been one of the head men, moved right around the corner, founding the *Divan Parisien.* Reminiscence is John's middle name and he can tell you tales of Thomas Fortune Ryan, the elder Morgan and the rest of the town's great and what they ate. But John is proudest of his discovery of broccoli. A waiter brought him some broccoli which he had found growing on a dump in Corona (site of the world's fair). The seed had drifted over from a neighboring garden, the Italians being the only eaters of the glorified spinach. John liked the thing so much he made arrangements with a truck grower to supply him with the vegetable and for one year had a monopoly on it. Then a California grower made a trip to Italy bringing back five hundred sacks of seeds. He made a fortune on the deal. John combined the dish with chicken, calling it *Chicken Divan.* It is strictly an American dish, he says, as no Frenchman would permit using Hollandaise sauce on chicken.

Chicken Divan—Slice white meat of cooked chicken on a plate and garnish each side with freshly cooked broccoli. Beat some whipped cream into Hollandaise sauce, then spread sauce over food. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, then put under the broiler and cook until the sauce is a golden brown. Serve on the plate in which it is cooked. With this dish a Pouilly-Fuissé is recommended, or a rich Rhine wine, such as a fine *Spatlese*, *Auslese* or *Beeren Auslese*, '29, '33 or '24. A fullbodied champagne is also possible here.

The Lafayette Hotel is one of the very few to withstand the tide of so-called progress. In the café, the little marble-top tables are the same as in the nineties. Most of the waiters are the same and most of the patrons, who sit at their chess and coffee, know the waiters by name. Only once did the staid old place go modern and that was when the owner, Jean B. Orteig, offered the $10,000 check which, endorsed by one Charles A. Lindbergh, now hangs in the lobby. The kitchen has always been French. Out of their vast list the Lafayette has chosen *Coq au Vin* as one of their most popular dishes. It comes from Burgundy and is still served in the good restaurants in southern France much as it was in the days of the Three Musketeers. With this dish a full-bodied Burgundy is indicated, a *Chambertin* of a good year, a *Vosne-Romanée* or a *Clos Vougeot.*

Coq au Vin—Take approximately 4 pounds of broiler, if two broilers are used, cut into quarters, and season with salt and pepper. Place ¼ pound butter in a casserole, allow the butter to melt, and when this is very hot, place the chicken in the casserole and cook on a hot fire. When the chicken is well browned, add to it some chopped onions, and some mushrooms cut in halves. Let this cook five minutes, then add 1 tablespoon of flour and a glass of red Burgundy wine. Allow this to cook for 10 minutes. Season to taste. Cut some bacon into rectangles, sauté this in a pan, the bacon not to be crisp. Add the bacon to the chicken before serving. If the sauce is too thick add some consommé. This is for 4 people.

There is one dish served in the Russian Eagle of the Sherry-Netherlands which has become popular with the Russ-minded folk of the town. It is prepared by the Russian chef, Stronin, a pupil of the great Avreef, known on the continent before the war as the private chef to Grand Duke Vladimir. The Duke always carried his private chef with him. This recipe was given to Stronin by Avreef.

Filet of Beef Stroganoff—Pare and trim well all the fat and nerves from a nice tenderloin, cut the latter lengthwise, and *en julienne*, about two inches long and half an inch thick. Put ¼ of a pound of butter in a sautoir, and when very hot, add the tenderloin. Cook over a quick fire, and season with salt and pepper. Now smother some finely chopped onions, add minced mushrooms. When the moisture has evaporated from the mushrooms, wet them with thick, sour cream, and heat for 10 minutes, but without boiling. Dress the beef on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over.

Joseph, maître d'hôtel of the Sherry-Netherlands, suggests as the best wine accompaniment: a bottle of *Chambertin*—say, *Leon Grevelet Cusset*, 1929.

Another popular way of preparing beef, according to French cuisine, is as Theophile, maître de cuisine of the Sherry-Netherlands, does it. We know of no pleasanter place, especially in the spring, than the tables near the window of the handsome café. Here is a place modern and also in good taste, a rarity in America. And through the windows you can see the green stretches of Central Park, over the gilded General's head. Here is Theophile's recipe:

Noisette of Beef Tenderloin Rossini—Trim a tenderloin of beef, cut in slices and beat these, flattening them to a third of an inch in thickness. Then trim them until they are round, like a twig. Each should weigh about three ounces. Salt them on both sides, put in a saucepan a mixture half butter and half oil, and set on a hot fire; now add the meat and let it cook quickly. It will require about 5 minutes to have the meat rare,

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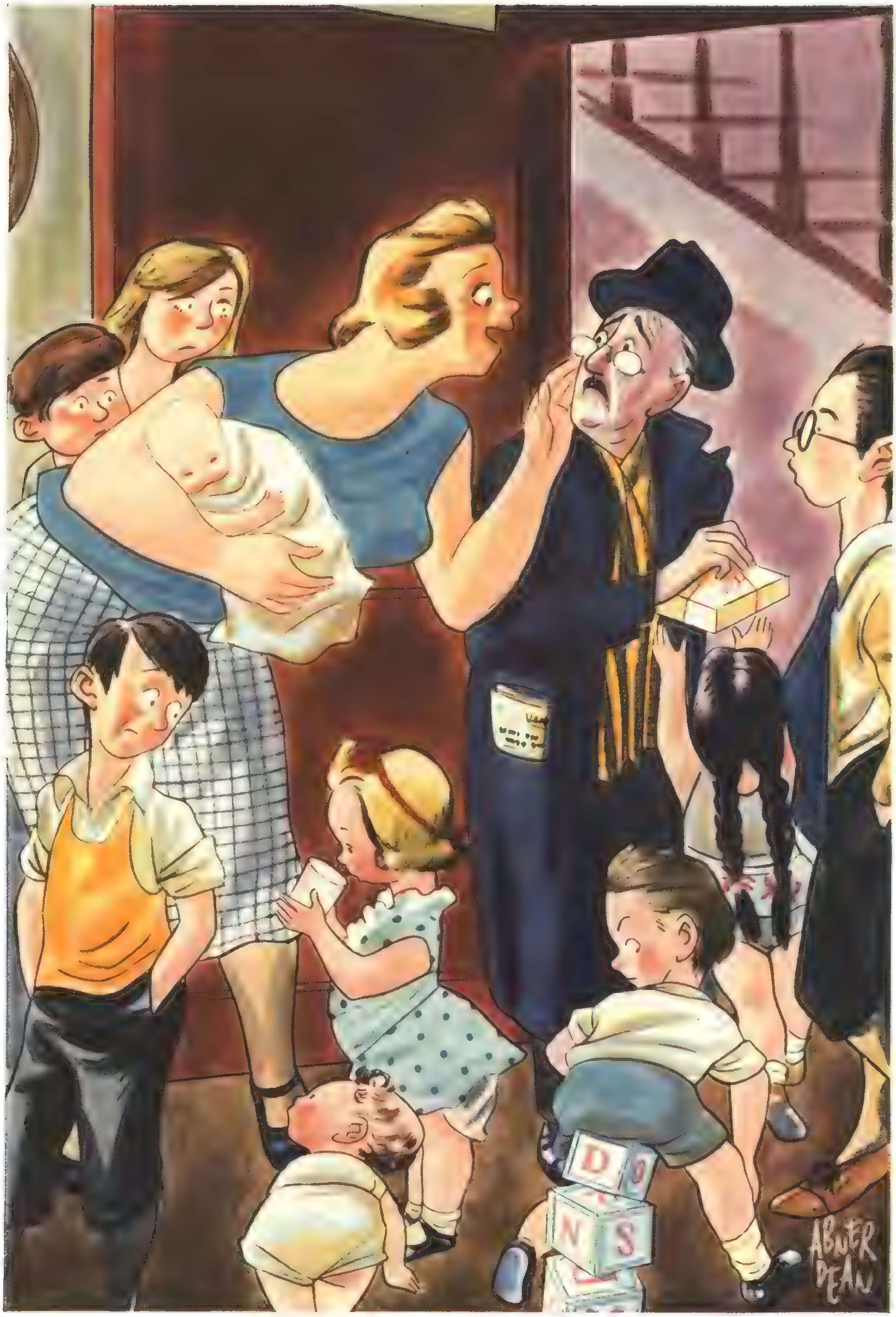
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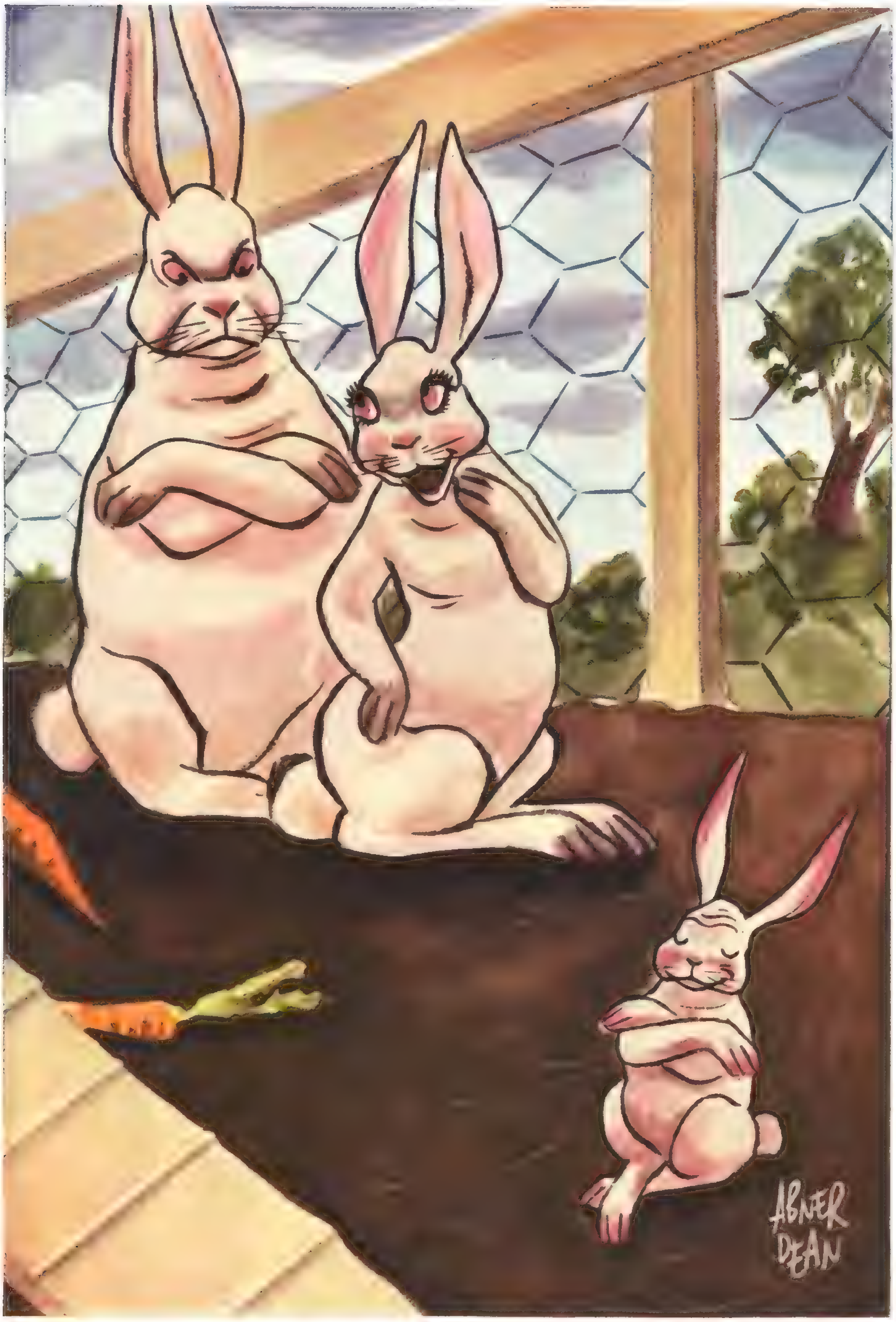
"I have a surprise for you darling—I'm not going to have a baby"



"Guess what—Junior learned how to multiply today!"

The Juvenile Leads

Exploding the myth that nothing can happen in the presence of the chee-ild

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I HAVE not yet seen the play in which, it is reported, a little child crawls into bed with Mummy and assures her that Daddy, who by this time is married to a dreadful creature, loves Mummy still—thereby bringing to a charming conclusion a play (even if I haven't seen it, there's no use being mysterious about it—it's *The Women*, by Clare Boothe) which is full of a venomous dissection of female frailty. This new version of the patter of baby's footsies has been marked down as sentimentality, but it has a great significance. The child, you understand, brings the father back to the matrimonial bed; something has happened through the agency of the child. And this throws into bright relief the fundamental assumption of plays, movies, and radio sketches, that nothing can happen in the presence of the child. A little child shall lead them all—to sterility. A most ingenious paradox.

You must give Miss Lillian Hellman credit for having made something pretty terrible happen in the presence of children in her play. There they were, the foul-minded little brats, and they thought up evil and told about it and *The Children's Hour* was really exceptional because at the end it appeared that the worst of the little ones had struck somewhere close to the truth. The adults were innocent, but not in spirit. As *These Three*, in the movies, the same thing occurred, but the evil invented was only sin. Neither the movies nor the radio took their general cue from the success of this experiment. Nor, in fact, did the stage. Two plays about military academies swept on and off the boards before you could salute their virtues, and only a third, in the comic spirit, where nothing happens, but everything is funny, made a hit.

I suspect that children are being used as a disinfectant. You are allowed to believe that the foundations of the house of Lloyds (of London) are firm because Freddie Bartholomew had something to do with the honor and integrity of the company. I haven't ever heard a word against Lloyds; if it has been muckraked as a capitalist vulture feeding on the bones of sailors drowned in the seven seas—from insured or uninsured boats—which would be a miraculous event for the vultures, but not beyond the capacities of the cinemas, if it has been so exposed, I've never heard of it. I only suspect that hard-headed business men did a lot of shrewd dealing to make Lloyds go. I don't believe Freddie Bartholomew had much to do with it.

Now there is plenty of criticism about the uses to which Miss Shirley Temple is put, but this should be said: she has not yet been produced as the power behind the throne of the Czars, nor as an *intrigante* giving Talleyrand the dope. Our Shirley may play an obnoxiously cute child at times, a child too trained, too given to acting, but she still plays a child in dramas (if I may stretch a point) about children. In *The Devil Is a Sissy* there were several remarkable boys, one with an unusual aptitude for expressing tragic emotion, and things did happen—before the major story began and toward the finish, when a couple of gangsters had to be brought in to give a happy ending. The rest of the picture was concerned properly with children.

The prospect that worries me is that the success of little children will lead producers to bring them in not merely as disinfectants, but as insurance. One good child actor may save a rocky play or movie, and if one, why not two or three? The little ones spread a vapor of sentiment, unknown to science, which has the peculiar attribute of putting all the mental faculties to sleep. Even in common affairs, you do not criticize a child, you either slap or hug. And, minus the slap, that is what producers want you to do with their works.

If you imagine that the danger is not great, I will confess that children are only a beginning. The adolescent is nearly as bad. Set two people, of opposite sexes, and of tender years, on stage or screen, and you can bid a long farewell to any hope that an event of significance will take place. Consider the comparative merits of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello* or *Macbeth* or *Antony and Cleopatra*. In one you have young love; in the others, the overwhelming passion of jealousy and an intrigue for power (Desdemona being merely a pawn in Iago's game, which is not a game of love); you have ambition in *Macbeth;* you have the fall of an empire in *Antony and Cleopatra;* and all of these passions and actions have grandeur, whereas in *Romeo and Juliet* the only possible grandeur, which I have never myself felt, lies in the poetic conceits of the lovers. A multitude of events transpire in this play, but none of it has any particular significance—no more, let us say, than the thwarted love of any other two young people.

In musical shows, you have the adolescent at his highest level and the love of anyone over twenty-three is considered comic. Hence the secondary plot always goes to the fat comedian and the ugly woman. Those of us who have to peer into the distant past to remember our thirties, take this sort of insult indulgently, just as we take the passion between the juvenile leads as a mere formula; real emotion in a musical comedy would be as inappropriate as a toothache. Nevertheless, that is the standard, and when young people break through the formula, they disquiet us, as the lovers did in *Winterset*. That play, and to a great extent, the movie made from it, grafted *Hamlet* on *Romeo and Juliet*, and virtually proved my point, because you had to choose between them. The young man seeking to avenge his father's murder (Hamlet) fell in love with the girl in the house of his enemy; and if you were interested in justice, the love affair was an intrusion; also the other way round, I suppose, but I have only the report of others on that side.

Now even the lightest plays of young love are written by grown men and women of adult age if not of adult size. They represent defeats and longings and sometimes happy memories and regrets. And the lives of grown-up men and women are complicated by a variety of things, social and personal, digestive and economic, which all have some effect on their love affairs, but which also set those affairs into a position which is not always commanding. The genial statisticians who know about such things tell us that a million marriages failed to take place during a certain period of the depression, which would indicate that some part of a million love affairs, at least, were not carried to a successful conclusion. At the same time, a number of those who did not marry had other troubles; some didn't have enough to eat; many were prevented from doing the work they wished to do; thousands must have suffered a serious spiritual defeat, because they had grown up in the illusion of their capacity to make their way in the world, and could not even find the first step. The proletarian writers are keenly aware of this: they may have an episode showing the defeat of love at the hands of the capitalist system, but it is one of the twenty-five or so into which they usually divide their plays. Love is a private business and the Communist theory is more inter-

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The Man on the Street

Mr. Stone plans a surprise for the nice radio interviewer and all the good folk listening in

by PETER DE VRIES

• SATIRE •

"Thank you, Bruce! Ladies and gentlemen, Whiz, the delicious new wonder cookie, brings you another series of informal interviews with—*The Man on the Street!* In this program we bring you public expression of the thoughts and opinions of those average men and women who pass us by daily on the street, and whom we never give a second glance, but among whom are very, very interesting people . . . Now here's a gentleman right here. If you'll just step up to the microphone here. What's the name?"

"De name is Stone."

"And where do you live, Mr. Stone?"

"No place."

"*No* place?"

"Yeah. I was jist evicted. I'm de man on de street."

"Well, that's too bad, it really is. I'm sorry. Now, Mr. Stone—"

"If ya wanna hear a view or opinion, ast me what I tink o' de City Council."

"I'm sorry, but I can't ask a question of that nature. But I have an interesting question here sent in by a listener in Philadelphia. Do you think a young woman should give her seat in a streetcar to an elderly man?"

"Ah, fa chrisake, I don't have opinions on dat stuff. I didn't come here fa dat junk. Ast me sometin' important. Not dat stuff like who oughta comb de dog's hair afteh de honeymoon. Ast me fer an *opinion*, fer a change."

"Well, I have just asked you for an opinion on whether a young—"

"Ah, cut it out. Ast me my opinion o' de City Council."

"I'm sorry, but we can't have everybody coming up here and airing his views on everything—"

"Well den what's de program for?"

"I'm afraid you might become abusive."

"Well now ain't dat too bad. Jist too bad. Ain't it jist too bad when a fella dat's abused wants to git abusive back at de people dat abused him. It'd be jist too bad, wouldn't it, if I told what I thought o' de mayor who trows us out of his wormy rotten hovels—"

"Now, Mr. Stone, I'll have to have you forcibly removed. You're becoming personal—"

"Poisonal? Poisonal! How de hell can you talk about udder people widout becomin' poisonal? Dat's a peach!"

"Well now, you know what I mean."

"Sure. I know what you mean. You're paid by de system to bring a microphone down here to ast a lot o' silly questions about love at foist sight an' aritmetic problems an' wedder mortah holds de bricks togedder or keeps 'em apaht, to kid de people into tinkin' it's dere ideas dat count an' dat run de country, but all de while you keep dere minds offa de important tings. Well, I come down here to give my opinions, like dis program is suppose to be for, an' you ain't gonna waste my time. Now if you're afraid to ast my opinion on important tings, den I'll jist spout widout—"

"All right! Just to prove to you that we *are* interested in hearing people's opinions on vital things, let me ask you this question then . . . Mmmm . . . Here. What do you think of the Supreme Court?"

"I tink de Supreme Court is a bunch of old ninnies an' dat Congress oughta appropriate some dough fer paper dolls to cut out an' take up dere time wit."

"Well, that's—heh—to the point—"

"Sure it's to de point. Whadda you tink?"

"Of what?"

"De Supreme Court. What else."

"Well, I am most definitely inclined to the opposite opinion."

"Dat ain't an opinion. Dat's a prejudice."

"Now, now, let's not be so intolerant. I think the Supreme Court serves a very good purpose."

"What poipose?"

"Why, the protection of the Constitution."

"Oh, de pertection o' de Constitution, hey? Well, dat's nice. I'm glad somepm in dis country is bein' taken care o'."

"Ha, ha, I see we differ, Mr. Stone. Well, I happen to be one of those old-fashioned people who think the Constitution ought to be preserved."

"Oh, so it needs presoivin', eh? You mean it oughta be embalmed?"

"Ha, ha, ha, you certainly—"

"Who's on de Supreme Court?"

"Who? Mmmmm, let me see . . . I—Cordova . . . Mmmm—"

"Ah, fa chrisake, you don't know any of 'em. Dey're all great guys but you don't know who dey are. What do you tink o' Jefferson?"

"What do you?"

"I ast you foist."

"Oh, but I'm here to get opinions, you know, not to give them. Ha, ha. Well, thank you for coming down, sir, and here's a gift of fresh Whiz cookies."

"I ain't t'rough yet."

"But we must give others a chance. This gentleman here—"

"Dis gentleman 'll be glad to wait. I ain't t'rough yet, see. I'm probly de only man on de street here, an' I'm gonna make my comin' here woit while before I go back to my street."

"But I must insist—"

"Don't insist too hahd—you'll ovehdo yourself."

"But you've had your turn."

"You believe in equality?"

"Surely."

"Well, you talk de whole program, so why can't I? Dat's equality."

"But I get paid for it, I—"

"I'll do it fer nuttin."

"But, my dear man, there are others to be considered."

"Dey're listenin'. Ain't youse listenin'? See?"

"Very well, I shall ask you one or two more. Here's a question sent in by a lady in New Jersey. What in your opinion is a woman's most effective beauty asset?"

"Dat's a hell of a question to ast."

"Sir, we *must* be *careful* what goes over this microphone!"

"Dat's why it's a hell of a question."

"My dear man, your language is a scandal. I must ask you to speak decently."

"Listen, you want de man in de street, don't you—de average man?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, dat's how de average man talks. De average woman, too. An' you know it."

"But not over a microphone."

"I'm not talkin' about dat. I'm talkin' about how de average man talks an' dat's

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The Dying Hobo

by JIM TULLY

WASH DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Along a western railroad
One cold December day,
Within an empty box car
A dying hobo lay.

A road kid stood beside him
With silent, bowed down head,
And listened to the last words
The dying hobo said:

Just tell my girl in Wall Street
Whose face I long to view,
That I'm catchin' a freight to the Heavens
And I mean to ride it through.

Where the cigarettes grow
Near the whisky springs
And biscuits fall from the sky,
And softer than silk
The nightingale sings,
In the Land of the Sweet Bye and Bye.

Where the ham and eggs
grow on bushes
Near by the champagne fountains
And bright yellow gin
much sweeter than sin,
Trickles in all of the mountains.

Where the pleasures of life
Roll on without strife,
And fear is no longer allowed,
And the mad rush for coin's
Like a bum in Des Moines—
With a shirt made out of a shroud.

Where rivers of wine
Flow through the hills,
And each man's a king
Where here he's a slave—
And maidens lovely as daffodils
are thicker than thieves
At a lawyer's grave.

Where the woods are dappled green and gold
And hummin' birds fly with eagles' wings
And youth is a pal who never grows old—
And time a violin with emerald strings.

Where grief is an egg
with a broken shell
And pity's a rose
on the grave of a friend,
And love is a bird
with a silver bell—
With wings still light at the very end.

Where people are hatched
out of purple eggs,
And come full size
and never die,
And no one works
and no one begs,
In the Land of the Sweet Bye and Bye.

Where you do not go
with a staff in your hand,
Chasin' the moth they call desire
'Till it twists you around
like a rubber band
Burned to a crisp
In a wornout fire.

Where one can walk
When the moon is bright,
With a maiden graceful
As Rin Tin Tin—
Through the valley of dreams
To the morning light
Where no one marries
And no one sins—
And love is soft
As a breeze in June
And no one loses
And no one wins—
In the eternal rigadoon.

Where hope is a guy
With a hole in his pants.
And no more needles
And no more thread—
And windy with lies
As all romance
In the heart of a poet
Early dead.

So tell my girl in Wall Street
Whose face I long to view,
That I'll wait for her in the Heavens
When my golden freight comes through.

The hobo breathed a last farewell
To the road he had known so long,
And like a bullet shot from hell
His soul it whizzed along.

The road kid gazed in silence,
With eyes so full of pain—
That he copped the hobo's coat and hat,
And caught the east-bound train.

The Average Actor

The only thing that makes his setup endurable is the hope for that long looked-for break

by BERNARD SIMON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

There are six thousand men, women and children in the United States who make, or attempt to make, a living by acting on the stage. At least there are that many paid-up members of the Actors' Equity Association. Of these, the names of perhaps 250 at the most would be recognized by the average theatre-goer. They are the stars, featured players, oncoming youngsters and celebrated has-beens. And their stories are well-known. The tradition is that they live in a world of fabulous weekly salaries, exploding temperaments, frenzied plane trips to and from Hollywood, de luxe hotels and super de luxe transatlantic liners.

At the other end of the scale are perhaps two thousand others who make little or no living out of the profession in which they persist in including themselves by paying dues to Equity. Of those who make no living, some are admittedly retired and maintain their memberships out of sentimentality or habit. Other are retired—momentarily at least, and probably permanently—though they will not admit it. They are the one-part actors who, having once tasted the excitement of playing on a professional stage, go on for years in the fond hope that they will be summoned to other roles, though they have of necessity gravitated into other means of earning a livelihood which are, they insist, "temporary." Their stories are familiar, too, the studies in futility presented to the unwary by implausible bores confiding how they used to be actors once themselves.

Another thousand at the low end of the scale are those who make a partial living from the theatre and hold on in the hope of making a full one—the beginners. Their stories also have been frequently unfolded. Their tradition is defined in terms of bohemianism, understudy and butler parts, high hopes and ambitions, dogged knocking on the doors of managers and agents—the gloriously sudden distinction that, on a fateful opening night, leads to stardom.

But what of the great majority of actors, the rank and file of Equity members who are not conspicuously successful but who manage to make a living out of acting—the $150-a-week, dependable but never brilliant people who, as a class, speak more lines in Broadway theatres than all the stars together?

Theirs is a story that is not well-known. They make up the supporting casts. They are the people who have one good scene, or appear throughout a play in a "second lead." They have the faces that make theatre-goers say, "I saw him in some other play once, I can't remember what." They have the names that theatre-goers see on a program and say, "I never heard of him before."

Let Jeffery Acton represent this stratum, this backbone of the acting profession. That is not his real name, but this is his real story.

* * *

He is thirty-six years old and he has been on the stage for nine years. He lives with his second wife and their baby on the Upper West Side, carries $10,000 of life insurance, appeared in two plays last season for a total of only fifteen weeks, yet he earned almost six thousand dollars in his fiscal year, which runs from Labor Day to Labor Day. He owns no real estate and no securities. His only financial assets, outside of clothes and furniture, are the cash value of his insurance and $265 in a savings-account. He can pay his way for a month on that $265, get along another month on credit. At the moment he is "at liberty." No jobs are even pending. But he is not deeply worried. The telephone will probably ring one day soon. Something is bound to turn up.

Acton was born and raised in one of the larger cities upstate. His father did moderately well as an automobile salesman. When he died, leaving too meager an estate to support his family, Jeffery dropped out of the local university, where he was in his third year, and went to work as an adjuster for a casualty insurance company at $25 a week. By means of gradual raises he was receiving $52 a week when he left the job six years later. He left to go on the stage.

When he was seven years old, his mother had taken him to a matinée performance of Montgomery and Stone in *The Red Mill.* Ever since, the theatre had been his chief enthusiasm. The second balconies of the two playhouses in that town had been his favorite resort in his teens. He exultantly played Cassius and the melancholy Jacques in productions of the university dramatic society. It was almost inevitable that as he settled down into his insurance job he would drift into the city's Little Theatre. That institution was run for and by a small clique of socially prominent snobs, but they made Acton welcome because they had to have *some* members who were good actors, and Acton was undoubtedly good, by comparison with most of the others at any rate.

After he scored a mild sensation in the community with his performance of *Marchbanks* he was the established favorite of the Little Theatre, and he was taken up by the country-club crowd. Looking back on that period now, he doesn't know whether to think he was too clever or not clever enough to take advantage of its opportunities. There were two girls he could have married if he had set himself to it. One was the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, the other was the daughter of the owner of the biggest department store in town. They were nice girls, too. He was too busy soaking up theatre-lore to pay proper attention to such opportunities.

He read *Variety* and all the plays of Shakespeare, he spent his evenings studying roles in Ibsen, Sheridan, O'Neill and Chekov, or interminably discussing Gordon Craig and the Moscow Art Theatre with a little group of serious thinkers. He seized every opportunity to learn more of the lives, and more particularly the technical methods, of stars as many light-years away as Katchaloff and Hugo Thimig. Movements like expressionism and constructivism and names like Stanislavsky and Reinhardt took on sacred significance.

"You ought to go on the stage, Jeffery," people said to him. He agreed. Some day he would do it, too. When great stars played the city he called on them at their hotels, ostensibly to ask their advice but secretly hoping they would perceive his gifts and forthwith engage him for their current companies. But George Arliss merely suggested

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JEAN MUIR
Hurrell Photograph

MARGARET TALLICHET
Hurrell Photograph

Behind the Eight Ball

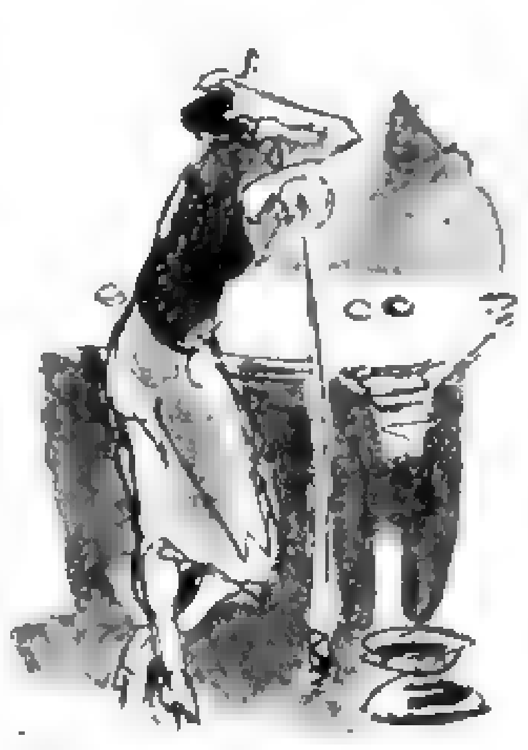
Women billiardists have taken their cue from the men and left them holding the chalk

by BYRON SCHOEMAN

▪ SPORTS ▪

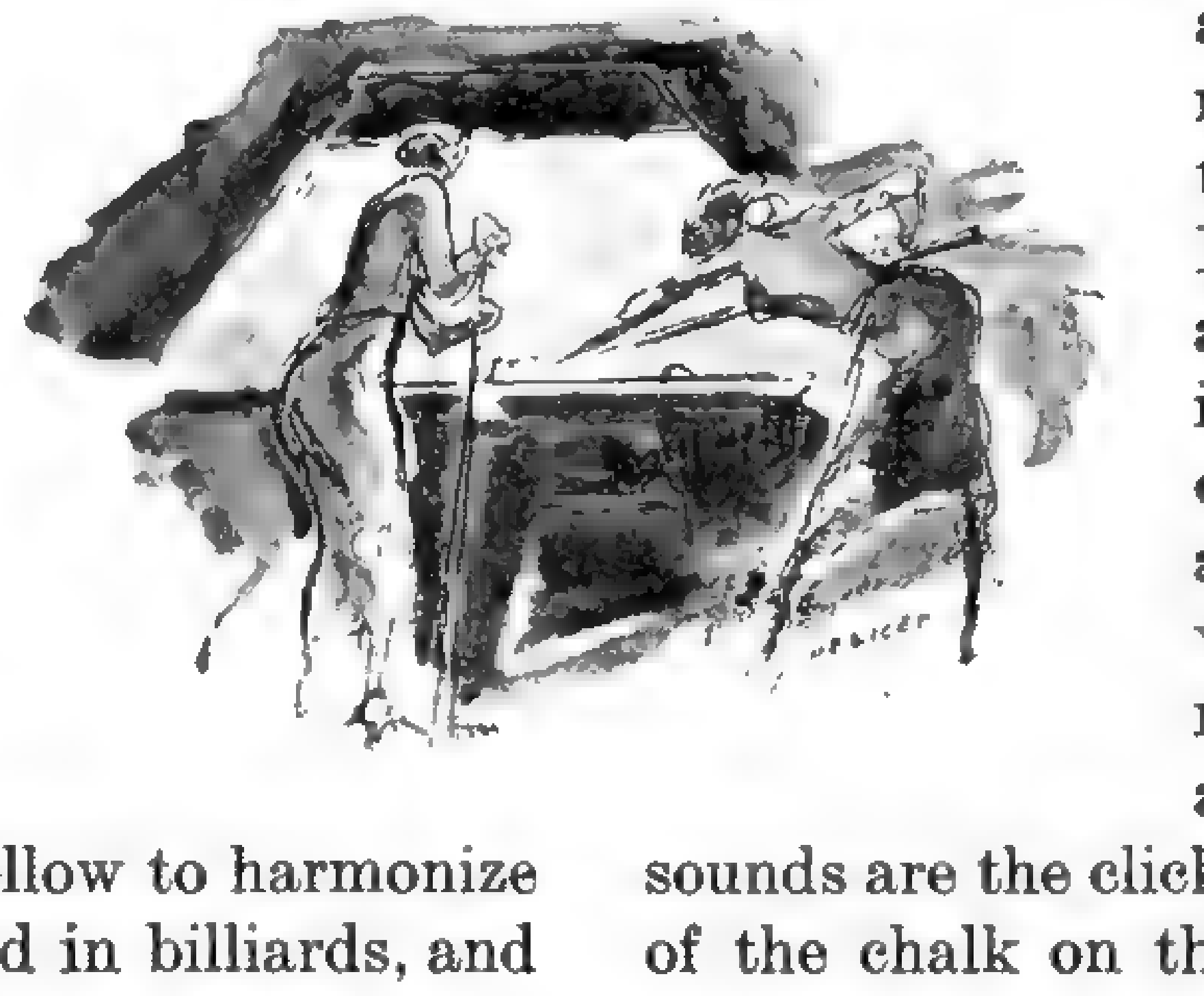
"THERE'S no chivalry left in the world today," says Miss Ruth McGinnis of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, the left-handed lass who reigns supreme over the women pocket billiardists (pool to me—and to you, no doubt). She is speaking of men in general. "No chivalry—just chiselry."

The world's professional feminine pool champion, who is so far ahead of women cueists that none can give her real competition, continues, "Every man I play seems to think the world's championship depends on the result. There are no Sir Walter Raleighs around. I may be a bit wrong about that, however. Under certain circumstances, perhaps I could find a man who would spread his overcoat in a puddle for me so I wouldn't get my feet wet, but never yet have I seen a man—I doubt if I ever will—a man who would let me beat him in billiards—if he could help it."



So that's it, is it? At least it's one of the reasons why such celebrities as Eleanor Holm, cork-popper-de-luxe-gal; Miriam Hopkins, one of Hollywood's choicest eyefuls; bewitching Mary Brian, talented Mitzi Green, several of Park Avenue's ritziest debs, and some few others who refuse to be referred to as the weaker sex, have taken to the former exclusive "gentleman's game." But it's not the predominating motive that has caused women to pick up their cues and start playing billiards, leaving the men holding the chalk—not by a pool pocket full.

The manly art of billiards has recently taken a new lease on life, emerging from its chalk-dusty retirement in a blaze of color. Instead of the time-honored green felt in mahogany, we have a claret-colored cloth and cushions set in a chromium-finished table of streamline design. It would not be surprising if the balls were slightly elliptical in shape, to cut down wind-resistance—but they're not. Their color scheme has been altered, however; the red ball has turned yellow to harmonize with the lurid background in billiards, and solid colors, including cerise, now greet the pool players' eyes instead of the conventional stripes of the two-figure spheres (the pay-off babies). Even the cue chalk has been colored claret with a sneaking suspicion prevailing that it has been scented, too. At least it smells sort of funny now and then.



The manufacturers say that these startling changes are the result of scientific experiments which have determined that a delicate claret tint is more restful to the eye than the familiar green. But they don't say whose eye—and, perhaps, Mother Nature, like most gals, didn't know what she was doing in her youth. It is my suspicion that the eye in question is feminine to the last lash. The billiard-table tycoons are making a play for the ladies, and the next season we may see tables upholstered in mauve, pistachio, beige or midnight blue—depending upon the current decrees from the Rue de la Paix.

Ever since it was invented, billiards has been a man's game. But then, so were golf, tennis, bowling and lacrosse—and look at them now.

There is every reason why billiards should appeal to women; it requires delicacy of touch (which we must admit they have in any signification) and not much muscular effort; it is literally a clean sport, and one need not submerge one's individuality in a uniform to play it.

Yet it is only within the last year or so that the gals have taken up the game seriously. Perhaps seriously is not the word, if one is to judge by the hysterical squeals with which most women players greet each shot.

For several months now, Monday night has been set aside as "Ladies' Night" in the billiard room at the East Teabone Country Club. It has been set aside, but in the opinion of the older members, not far enough. The shrieks of the fair contestants can be heard for at least three miles as the old crow flies.

Go into the billiard room any other night of the week and you feel as if you were entering a Trappist monastery. There is no sportsman so sad and silent as the veteran cue expert. He goes about his game as grimly and methodically as a surgeon in an operating room; and for all the play of expression visible on his face, he might as well be wearing a gauze mask. The only sounds are the click of the balls, the scrunch of the chalk on the cue and an occasional gentlemanly grunt as he executes a difficult shot from the center of the table.

But on Monday, when mixed doubles are the order of the evening, the billiard room is a twin bedlam. It is then that the members gallantly instruct their wives and sweethearts in the erstwhile gentle art of making one ball hit two other balls, or one ball force another into a pocket, depending on the style of game they prefer. Some think that sixteen balls are much more ducky and cuter than just three—and vice versa. Chivalry is strained to the breaking point on these occasions, but mixed doubles are imperative because most of the feminine billiardists are still in the embryonic or what-do-I-do-next stage of development.

They handle a cue as if it were a torch, and shoot with a full body-swing and follow-through, somewhat in the manner of a Scotchman tossing a caber. They make ordinary body-English, displayed by most male players, as insignificant as an elevator starter. If they miscue, they let out wails of dismay; if they hit one ball, they scream with delight; and if, as sometimes happens (the table, after all, being finite) they hit both balls, their self-approbation is deafening.

Roughly speaking, there are two types of lady billiardists; the maddeningly meticulous and the devil-may-care. The former plays each shot mentally from every angle before she even brings her cue into position. Crouching, she peers over the edge of the table with one eye shut, like a surveyor settling an important boundary dispute. She repeats this routine at all four sides of the table and then begins her preliminary stick-work. This corresponds to practice swings in golf. As her opponents chalk their cues impatiently, she makes innumerable threatening stabs at the cueball. Then, just as she is settling down to hit it in earnest, she discovers that she is aiming at the wrong ball and the whole procedure must be repeated.

Her method of play resembles a burlesque acrobatic act which, after many cries of "Alley-opp!" and tossing of handkerchiefs to and fro, never comes off. By the time she finally does make a shot, her fellow players are in a state of nervous exhaustion and galloping ennui.

The devil-may-care billiardette, on the other hand, believes in inspiration rather than calculation. She shoots whichever ball happens to be most accessible when the mood strikes her, regardless of whether it is her turn or not. Except when shooting, she pays no attention to the game and when reminded that it is her turn to play, she always asks brightly, "Now let's see—where am I?" To a man—they wish she were behind the proverbial eight ball. Then she picks up each ball, in search of the "little beauty spot" or "where-is-that-darn-

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Roulades and Cadenzas

After years of bellowing to no purpose, baritones are the fair-haired boys

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

The baritone is the male of the moment. He is tops in opera, radio, in crooning, cinema, concert halls, record booths, and first in the heart of milady. She likes him tall and sinewy, square-faced, with plenty of hair, and a rangy frame. He can snort, rant, and sputter . . . smash his fists together . . . do anything, in fact, so long as he does it powerfully. He can be uncouth, noisy, overbearing, even insolent, if he has swagger. A devil-may-care, swashbuckling manner gets him over. And a few dirty stories do him no harm.

As a matter of fact, the baritone's approach to life is healthy. He takes it where he can get it, and never hunts. No doubt, his comfortable and passive outlook accounts for the notches in his belt. Whatever the reason, he stirs the embers. Sulky sophisticates prefer to be seduced by baritones.

It was not always so. This is the first decade in operatic history that a bellowing bull has drawn better than a bleating ram. There have always been plenty of capable, low-voiced pot-wallopers around. For years they have snarled and grunted and boomed to little purpose.

They got only the castoff rôles of clergymen, villains, cuckolded husbands, and jilted lovers. Their romantics went unnoticed while the tenor strutted off with the gal. Composers somehow only visualized baritones as foils for the tenor. Every Wagnerian hero except the Flying Dutchman and Hans Sachs is a tenor. The titles tell the tale: *Tannhauser*, *Rienzi*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, *Siegfried*, *Parsifal*.

When an auspicious rôle came their way, some tenor out-shouted them. Rigolettos didn't boss their Dukes. A Scarpia seldom outshone his Cavaradossi. Canio always overtopped Tonio. Otello eclipsed Iago; Faust, Valentine; Pinkerton, Sharpless. Don José yelled louder than the Toreador. Amonasro couldn't hold a candle to Rhadames. And the troubadour cut out his rival. Opera has been a tenor's paradise. For a century the baritone has blown second horn.

No longer is this true. When the baritoned wooers girded up their loincloths and determined *they* would get on top, impresarios began to take notice. In almost no time deep-throated Bluebeards usurped the tenor's job as lady killer. And the females have registered approval at the boxoffice.

Composers who were writing title rôles for tenors chose a lower key. With not one exception, the recent Metropolitan Opera novelties featured a baritone. Lawrence Tibbett is the reason for *Emperor Jones*, *Merry Mount*, *In the Pasha's Garden*, *Caponsacchi*, the 1936 revival of *Gianni Schicchi*, and the 1937 edition of *Tales of Hoffman*, in which he sang four different rôles.

No doubt about it, the baritone today sets the fashion and leads the dance. Athletic, strapping, and self-assured, it is he who brags about his unconquerable soul, who wants everybody to know he is the Master of his Fate, the Captain of his Destiny. And, strangely enough, concert goers believe him.

He battles the winds and waves, and foams at the mouth himself. He goes to Mandalay to see the flying fishes play. He slobbers over Sylvia's charms, and moans for his home on the range. He puts the yeast in *Shortnin' Bread*. He is the Green-Eyed Dragon and Ol' Man River. With the entire country listening, he hangs Danny Deever and gets hanged himself on the highest hill. Then he turns to imitating dinges on De Glory Road and G'wine to Hebbin! It's the same old guff week after week. But it goes over!

* * *

The current headliners are unofficially listed at thirty-five, forty-one, and fifty-one years, respectively. If their predecessors furnish any indication, these musketeers will keep on until their wigs turn grey. Baritones, like coffee and rubber heels, should be dated. The older they grow, the more scowling they do and the more grouchy they are.

The old blowhards of the past got more jealous as they grew older. Then they wore long beards as protection against colds, and married some young soprano who would sing joint recitals with them. One sexagenarian was singing the Count di Luna to his wife's Leonora in *Trovatore*. They agreed to hold the high notes until one or the other signaled to cut. Running out of breath, the poor old guy squeezed and squeezed for her to stop, and finally gave up. The wife hung on. When the curtain came down he had his revenge. He yanked her off to her dressing room and proceeded to choke her for showing his lack of breath. After several minutes of applause, the audience began hissing, and the manager came out and announced that, after the excitement of the duet, Madame had fainted.

Another married couple, baritone and soprano, specialized in singing *Tosca*. In the second act during the moments when there is little acting for Scarpia to do, the aged husband often nodded and fell asleep. Upon finishing *Vissi d'Arte*, his wife would kick the table to wake him. One night he forgot where he was, and blurted out Scarpia's first-act entrance cue: "What? Such a noise in the *church!*"

Formerly, baritones were made the butt of countless slights. When they explained that they were getting nervous and didn't want to see anyone, they were told, "Why don't you give a recital?"

And when Lully went to Mass and heard a baritone singing an adaptation, to sacred words, of one of his arias, he raised his hands towards Heaven and prayed, "Excuse me, God. This wasn't intended for you."

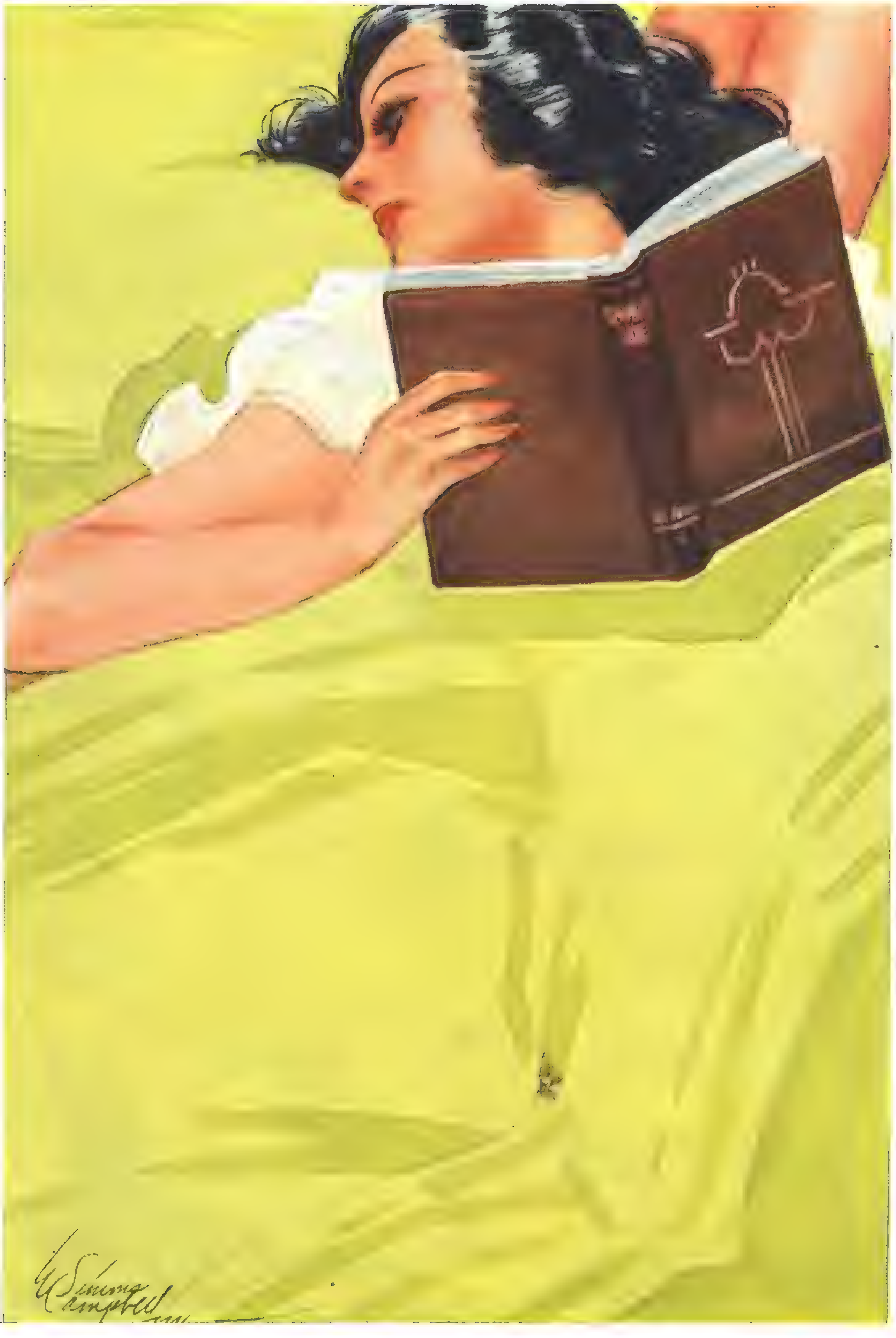
Not long ago, a famous baritone announced his retirement from opera and received many presents prior to his sailing for Italy. It happened that he did not go. A critic, encountering him on the street, cracked, "Ah, forgotten, but not gone!"

No one would dare talk back to any of our leather-lunged matadors today. They are the big blokes of the vocal arena. And, actually, they do sing better than tenors. They know that the words are more important than the music, and they all strive to tell a story in song. Also, they have learned how to murmur into the microphone with conviction. At least, their teeth don't chatter.

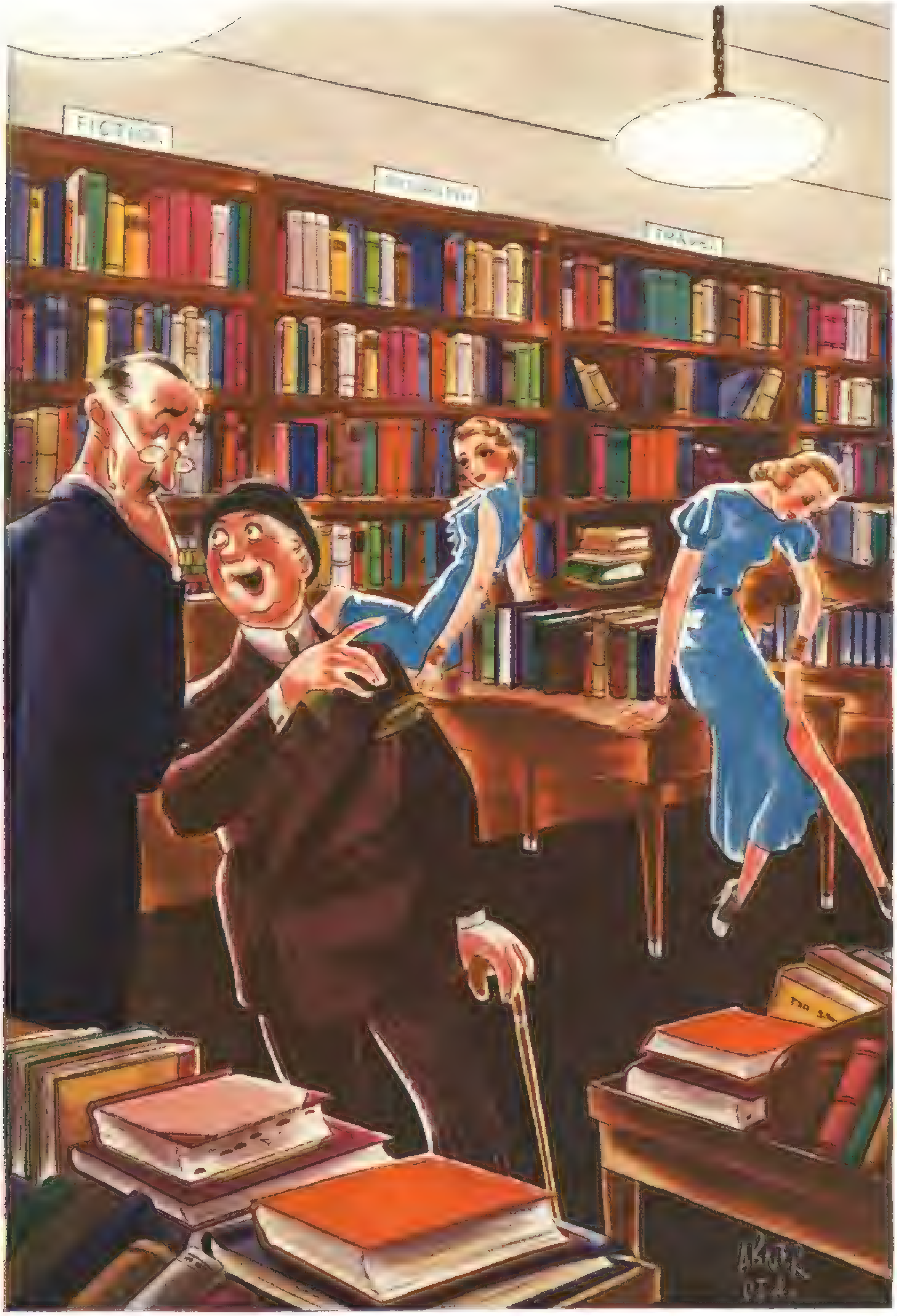
They all have good natural voices. But that hasn't put them in the headlines. It is rather their nose for tabloid "scoops" and the fact that they live in an age which does justice to their publicity talents! As a result, they figure as prominently in the national life as a prize fighter, a gangster, or a kidnapper.

One of them addresses Congress more regularly and with considerably more attention than any Member. Another specializes in mother hokum and greets his own mother over the radio, contrary to the law. When, as would be expected in our lawless country, nobody noticed it, Mr. Baritone was griped. Immediately before Mother's Day last year, he made a pronouncement that he would quit the radio if he was not allowed to continue his greeting. Startled Washington authorities were surprised to learn he was doing it. They had no thought of stopping him!

Continued on page 157



"That's all you ever think about"


FICTION
TRAVEL
ABNER

"I'll take that pair of book-ends"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Strange and wonderful are the ways of a jury for choosing literary awards

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

Have you ever wondered how a jury of literary awards went about their business of choosing the names of the recipients of largesse which it is in their power to bestow? I have. I have longed for a report of the Nobel Committee in session. Theirs is a momentous responsibility, which may have political and social reverberations they cannot foresee. Of this I am now sure: that these have always been men acting according to their best judgment even when they bestowed the annual $40,000 award for literature upon Rabindranath Tagore.

Tagore you remember; but do you remember some of the other recipients of the Nobel Prize in literature? In their order these are the men and women who have won the Nobel Award:

1901. Réné François Armand Sully Prudhomme.
1902. Theodor Mommsen.
1903. Björnstjerne Bjornson.
1904. Frederic Mistral, and José Echegaray.
1905. Henryk Sienkiewicz.
1906. Giosue Carducci.
1907. Rudyard Kipling.
1908. Rudolph Eucken.
1909. Selma Lagerlöf.
1910. Paul Heyse.
1911. Maurice Maeterlinck.
1912. Gerhart Hauptmann.
1913. Rabindranath Tagore.
1914. No award.
1915. Romain Rolland.
1916. Verner von Heidenstam.
1917. Karl Gjellerup, and Henrik Pontoppidan.
1918. No award.
1919. Carl Spitteler.
1920. Knut Hamsun.
1921. Anatole France.
1922. Jacinto Benavente.
1923. William Butler Yeats.
1924. Vladislav St. Reymont.
1925. George Bernard Shaw.
1926. Signora Grazia Deladda.
1927. Henri Bergson.
1928. Mrs. Sigrid Undset.
1929. Thomas Mann.
1930. Sinclair Lewis.
1931. Erik Axel Karlfeldt.
1932. John Galsworthy.
1933. Ivan Bunin.
1934. Luigi Pirandello.
1935. No award.
1936. Eugene O'Neill.

Do you know that I have not read a single line by Réné François Armand Sully Prudhomme, Frederic Mistral, Giosue Carducci, Paul Heyse, Verner von Heidenstam, Karl Gjellerup, Henrik Pontoppidan, Signora Grazia Deladda, or Erik Axel Karlfeldt? What is more, I had never heard of six of them before, until I looked up the record of the Nobel Awards in the *World Almanac* about five minutes ago.

Or, if I had heard of them (and it is my business to be acquainted with these matters) I had completely forgotten them.

Vaguely do I remember that I read something by Carducci, some epigrams, and I think I tried to read a novel by Signora Deladda in translation but bogged down on page six and gave up.

All of the rest of the recipients of the Nobel Award in literature I have read, some of them extensively (that is to say practically all of their published work)—Kipling, Lagerlöf, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Tagore (God help me), Rolland, Hamsun, France, Benavente (Oh, for Heaven's sake!), Yeats, Reymont, Shaw, Bergson, Undset, Mann, Lewis, Galsworthy, Bunin, Pirandello (there was an artist still unappreciated) and O'Neill.

MODERN CLASSICS

Mommsen I read when I was very young—histories of Rome and Egypt. I forget about most of it, but I remember something about the tombs at Luxor. Mommsen must have been an exceedingly dull writer because I remember so much that I read in those days, vividly. Bjornson I remember as a man liberally endowed with benignity and whiskers, whose novels said that life was pleasant in Norway whereas his rival, Ibsen, had a contrary point of view about precisely the same people.

Sienkiewicz almost became the bane of my life, like General Lew Wallace: for a long time the only theatrical performances I could see as a child except *East Lynne*, *Midnight in Chinatown*, *St. Elmo*, *Faust* and *Ben Hur* was *Quo Vadis?*

Kipling was never as much a part of my life as he seems to have been with most of the people I meet. I knew him through the poems and through *Plain Tales from the Hills* but not through *Kim* and the *Jungle Book* until late in life.

Eucken I read in 1910, two years after he had won the Nobel Prize. I was not quite eighteen. I read his *Collected Essays* in translation, and thought I was growing great in wisdom. No one else noticed the pregnancy: all the other people could see was a skinny lad in shiny blue-serge who shook out the ashes of the furnace at the Carnegie Public Library at six o'clock in the morning, dusted off the tables and shelves, opened up the doors at eight; ran all the way to high school to make an 8:15 class; came back to the library at 12:20, stamped in the books returned and stamped out the books borrowed for an hour, went back to class, emerged at 3:15, ran down to the Shawnee *Herald* and became a reporter, editorial writer, and column conductor until the paper was put to press around midnight. And that's all there was. If I thought I was bulging, I was mistaken. I don't recall, at this moment, one phrase of my liaison with the great intellect of Rudoph Eucken; and, although his book stands there before me, I don't dare take it down, because I have a feeling that he was a terrible phony. From the philosophers I *do* retain something out of Plato, Aristotle, Locke, Pascal, James, Dewey and Beard. Or even out of pseudo-philosophers like Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, Gourmont and Bergson, Poincaré and Havelock Ellis.

I mooned over Maeterlinck's *Pelleas et Mélisande*, long before I oozed with sentiment for Mary Garden as she leaned over the balcony of the Chicago Opera and let down to Pelleas long ropes (false) of her blonde hair, by which the tenor might have swung himself easily into Miss Garden's embrace, if the Debussy script had called for it. And I read the *Life of the Bee* and the *Essays*. And later I was to meet his inspiration, Georgette Le Blanc, and to see Maeterlinck himself in Fanny Butcher's bookshop in Chicago when he had another inspiration with him, about thirty years younger than he was, and was on his way to Hollywood to draw $100,000 for doing, as far as I have been able to learn, absolutely nothing.

In 1911 I knew *The Sunken Bell* by Gerhart Hauptmann by heart, in the German as well as in the English text, and I used to

Continued in center of page 196B

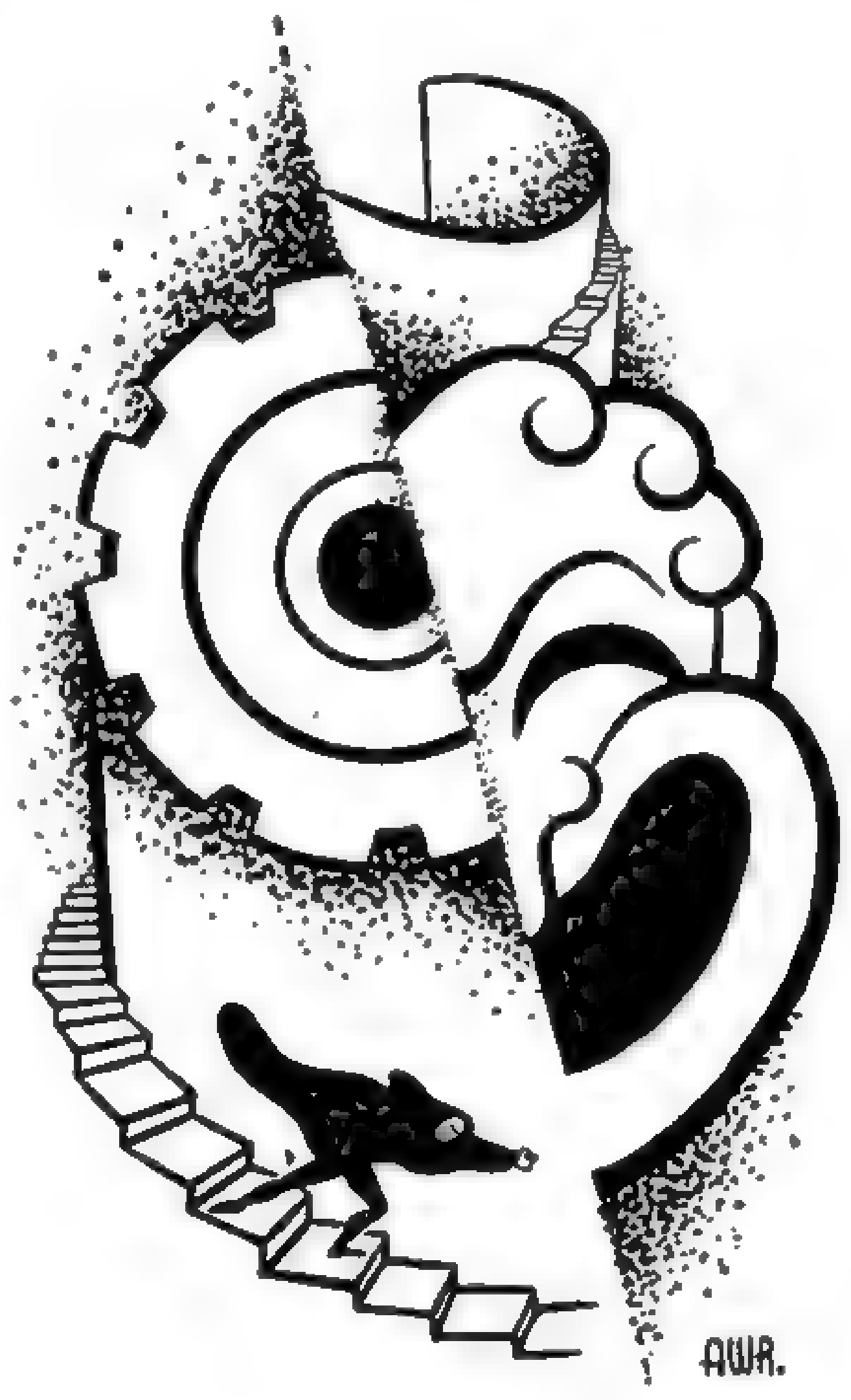
First Nights & Passing Judgments

No expense was spared on *The Eternal Road* and still it smells of the library

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

After more than a year of postponements Max Reinhardt's spectacular production of Franz Werfel's drama, *The Eternal Road*, finally made its appearance at the Manhattan Opera House. That is, the spectacle made its appearance, but it was immediately evident that the drama had been postponed indefinitely. This was more or less inevitable, for what Werfel, one of the most talented of living dramatic poets, on this occasion has written is a dilatory liturgical pageant based upon incidents in the Old Testament and related to the present plight of Jewry that lacks in itself the drive of the theatre and the beating pulse of the stage. Considered apart from the theatre, it has—at least in the original German—certain mild merits. It has traces of imagination; it is written with the comprehension and sympathy that inform much of Werfel's work; and it has always upon it the brand of the Werfel dignity. Considered as theatre material, however, it remains still the library crying for the calcium moon. It is, in short, theatrically monotonous and theatrically tiresome.



Reinhardt's share in the proceedings, and more particularly Norman Bel Geddes', is, on the contrary, all that the theatre might ask for. These two boys, as is well-known, seldom do things by halves. The first thing that Reinhardt does when he gets hold of a script that strikes his fancy is—after calling in all the bankers in town for a financial Kaffeeklatsch and adroitly persuading them that they are men hungry for an adventure in the cultural arts—immediately to pull down the biggest available theatre in the town and to call a second meeting of the bankers to build it all over for him again. And the first thing that Geddes does under the same circumstances is wait patiently until the theatre has been put up again and then to rip up at least half of it to make room for the amalgamation of Bethlehem Steel Works, Wauhegan Lumber Mills, Otis Elevator Co., General Motors and Edison Electric Co. which customarily constitutes his idea of décor. Reinhardt would not be above demolishing the Empire State Building if he thought the rest of the building got in the aesthetic way of a room on the first floor ideally suited to the production of a two character play, nor would he be above rebuilding it—provided the bankers had not in the meantime got cold feet—if he desired to follow the two character play with something containing more people than the French Revolution. He is the Cecil B. De Mille of Salzburg, the Billy Rose of quondam Berlin, the Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken of the theatre of Vienna. Give him something like *You Can't Take It With You* to produce and it would end up with the whole Bronx Zoo substituted for Mr. Vanderhof's box of snakes and with the Russian ballet brought in to back up Essie, the toe dancer. And give Geddes the job of doing something like *A Kiss For Cinderella* and you may bet your last dollar that when the curtain (made of solid brick) went up you would see a stage that was difficult to distinguish from the engine room of the *Normandie* slightly crossed with the Sussex and Essex Realty Development Project.

Both the boys have had a voluptuous time with the Manhattan Opera House and Werfel's play. After pulling down about half the house, they have dug up so much ground under the old stage to install Geddes' scenic and mechanical contrivances that for a while they considered abandoning the play altogether and confining themselves to the much more promisingly lucrative pursuit of continuing the digging and possibly striking a copper or maybe even a silver vein. The old proscenium has been torn out, the orchestra pit has been made part of the stage, the stage itself has been lifted to five levels, enough electrical equipment has been installed to light New Orleans for the Mardi Gras festival, dozens of elevators have been put into place to hoist the angels periodically out of the cellar into heaven, platforms have been constructed up into the eaves, enough loud speakers have been distributed about to serve the Olympic games, and the old Opera House has otherwise and generally been made substantially unrecognizable. It all cost, they say, close to a half million dollars. But though the play that inspired the theatre earthquake shrinks dramalessly and, truth to tell, very dully into the luxurious shadows, the incidental Geddes spectacle directed by Der Max shines forth as a beautiful, often moving and consistently eye-oiling thing. Its colors are magnificent; its lighting is the theatre at its very best; its groupings and movement are fluid with loveliness; and several of its stage pictures are genuinely thrilling. Together with Kurt Weill's music, it contains all the drama that Werfel's play does not. It is, in a word, an applaudable spectacle that owes what undeniable tedium it betrays to the intrusion into it of the Werfel script.

* * *

Gilbert Miller putting on Henry Bernstein is as surprising as it would be to find the Minskys putting on the *Philoctetes*. It is hard to understand. No one any longer produces Bernstein in America and even in his own Paris Bernie has to be produced by Bernie himself. In fact, he has bought a theatre (the Gymnase) for the pleasure of giving himself the big treat.

Promise was the Bernstein exhibit with which Mr. Miller saw fit to deflower his previous reputation as a good picker. Like all of Bernstein's plays it was as painstakingly manufactured as a Louis bustle and equally as full of sawdust. Taking the hardly vernal theme of the vain woman who selfishly wrecks the happiness of those about her and in the end finds herself sad, lonely and desolate, the playwright ground his living materials so exceeding fine that they came out from his mill as pulp. This, of course, is no news to those familiar with the Bernstein dramaturgy. It has ever been his practice to squeeze his thematic and dramatic orange so dry that when he is finished the orange is indistinguishable from a prune. I use the word prune carefully, and not in any lamentable and cheap attempt at humor. For what emerges at the end from his plays is, for all the 1895 dramaturgical virtuosity he expends upon them, quite as withered, quite as sapless, and entirely as unappetizing.

In addition to his intricately contrived dramatic mechanism, as highly perfected as that of a doll that can say "Mama," "Papa" and even "Nuts" and proportionately as dazzling and impressive in its counterfeiting of life, we engage as one of Bernstein's deficiencies his evident belief that a platitude may be converted into a schnitzel of profound and very *recherché* wisdom by the simple means of having the character who speaks it meditate silently and with considerable ponderous brow-wrinkling for at least a minute before he opens his mouth. If the platitude is an especially ancient one—one familiar to the least usher in the theatre and even the average first-nighter—it is Bernstein's conviction that he can make it seem akin to a newly delivered tablet of Jehovah by having a second character, once the platitude has been delivered as above noted, cogitate for still another minute and

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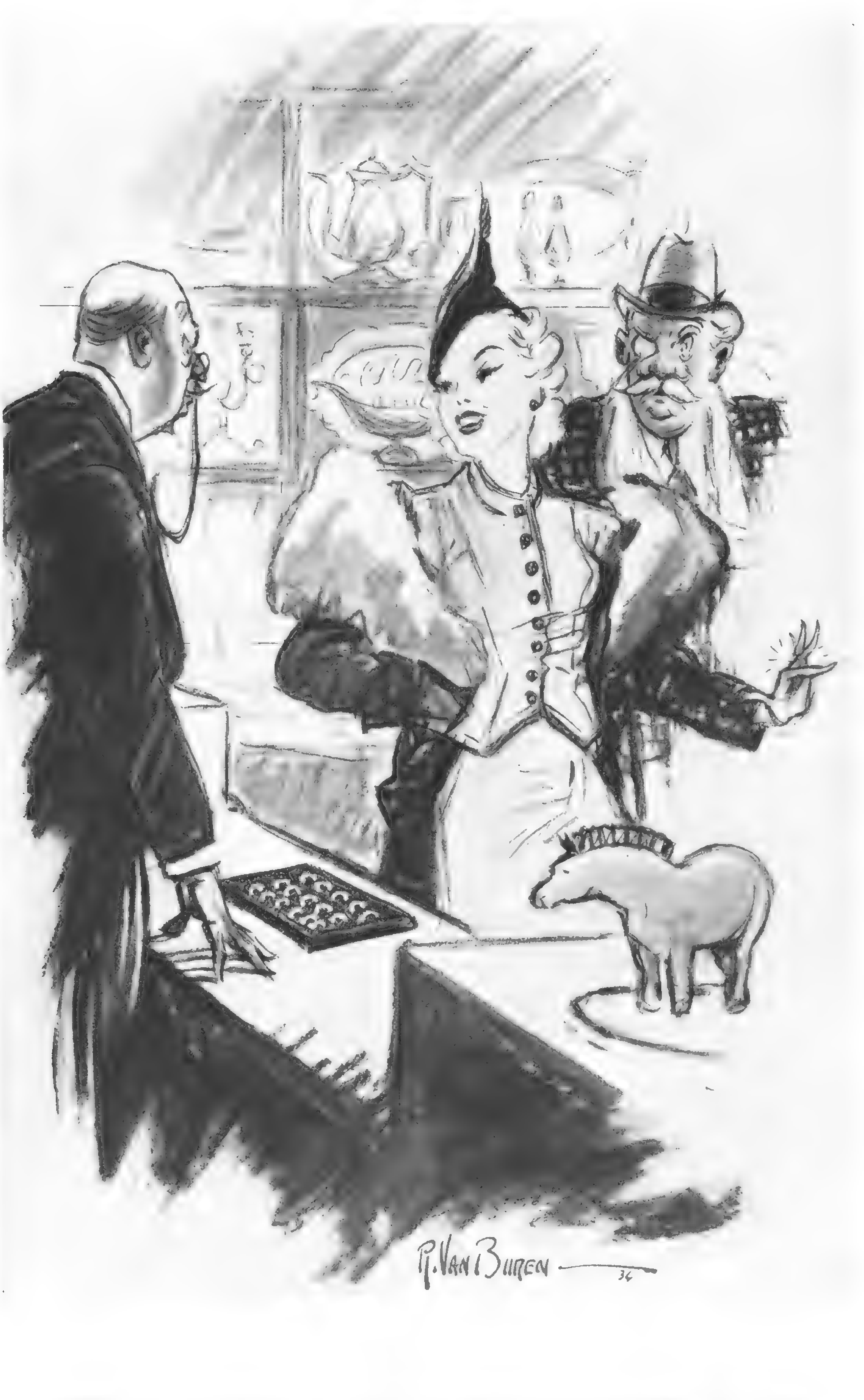
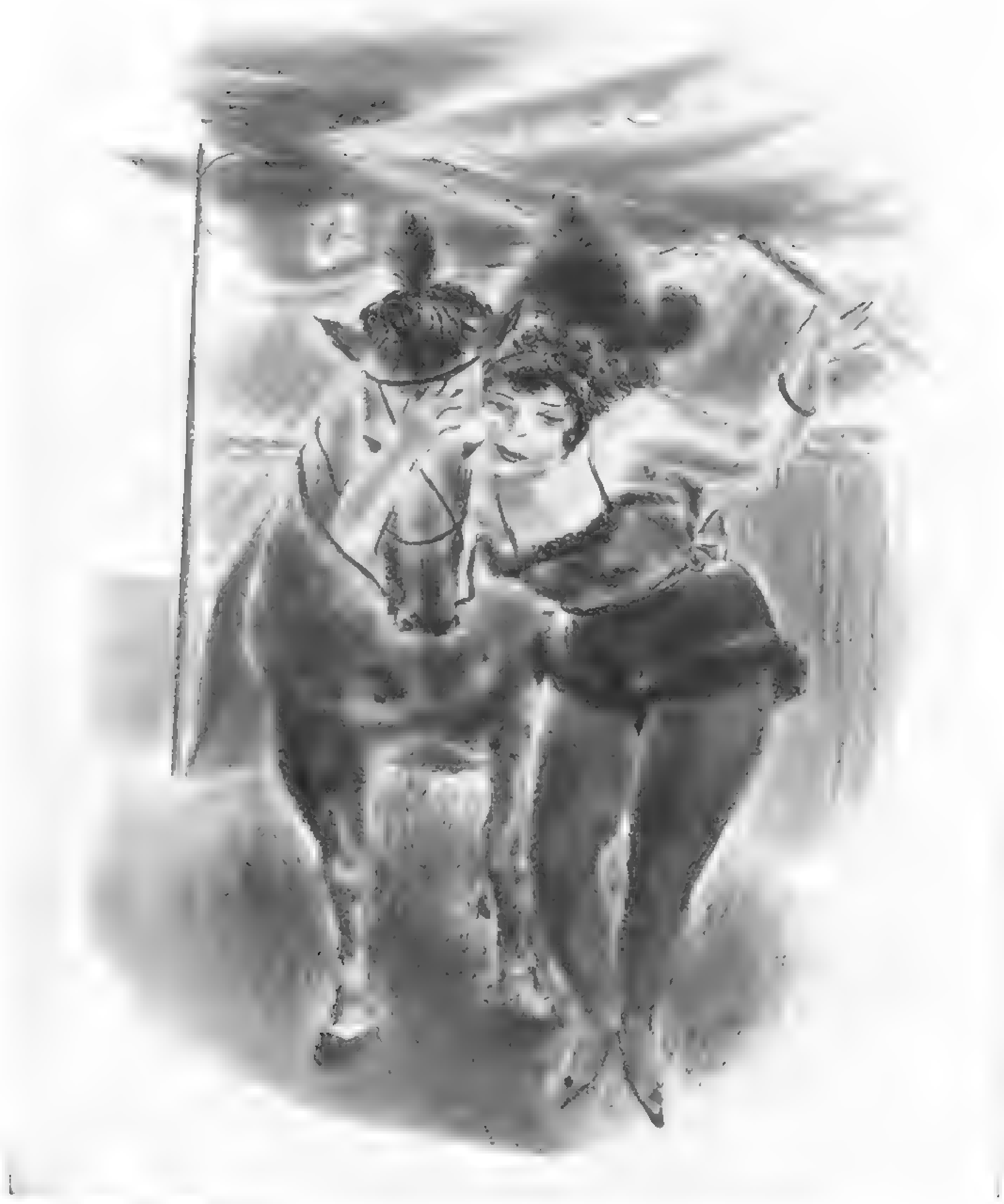

R. Van Buren 36

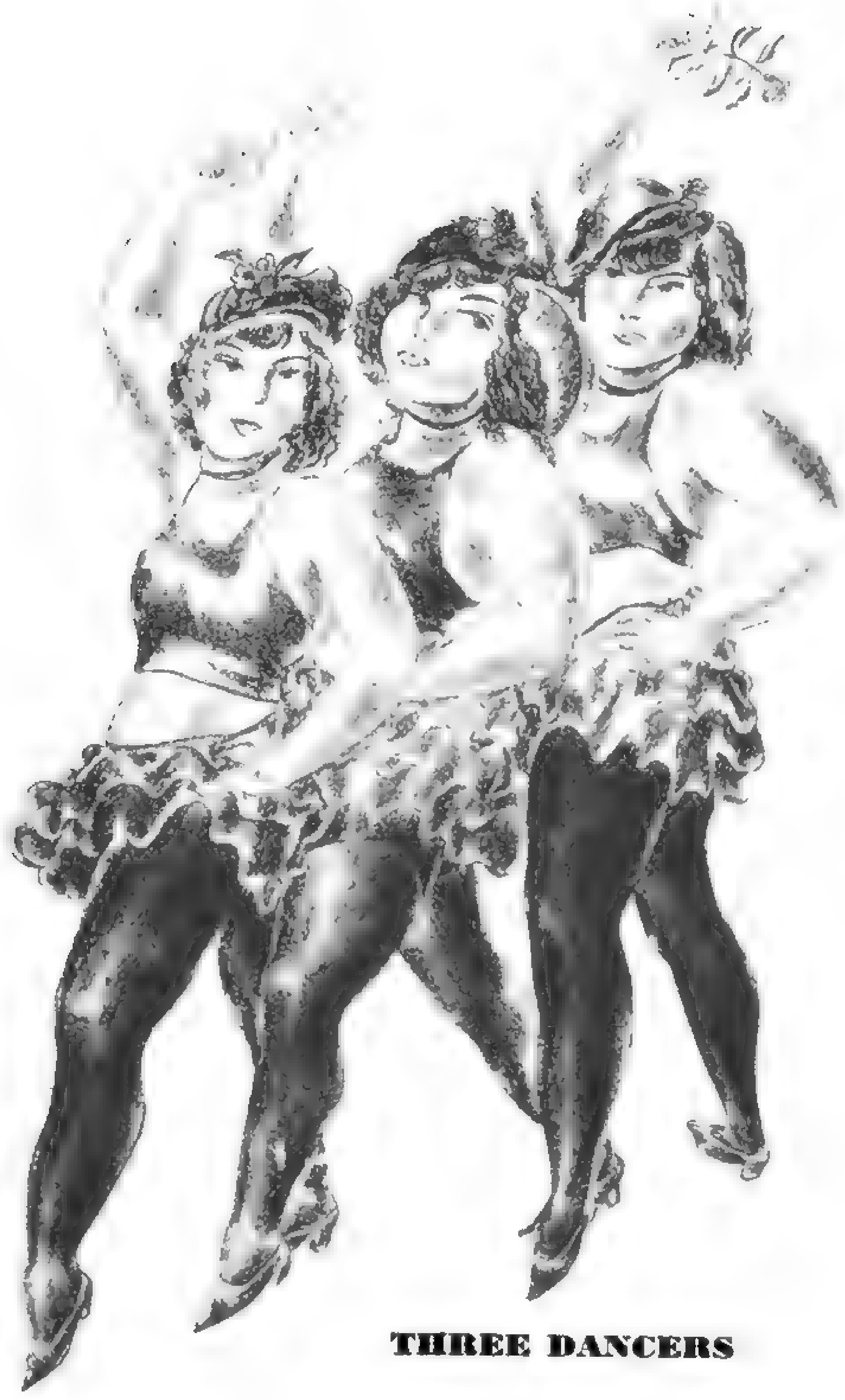
"I'll bet we bowled you over when we asked to see wedding rings!"

Five Lithographs

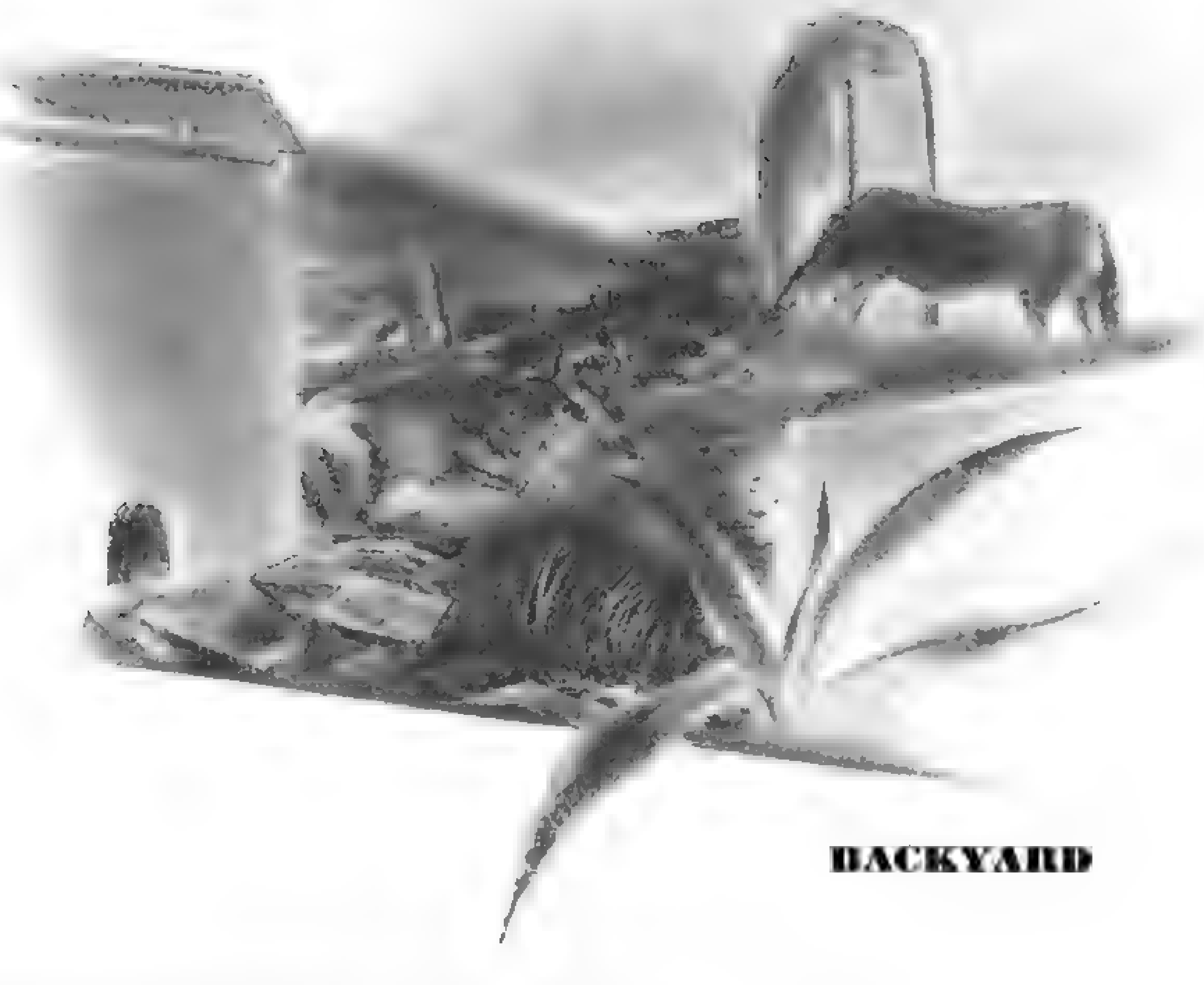
by KUNIYOSHI



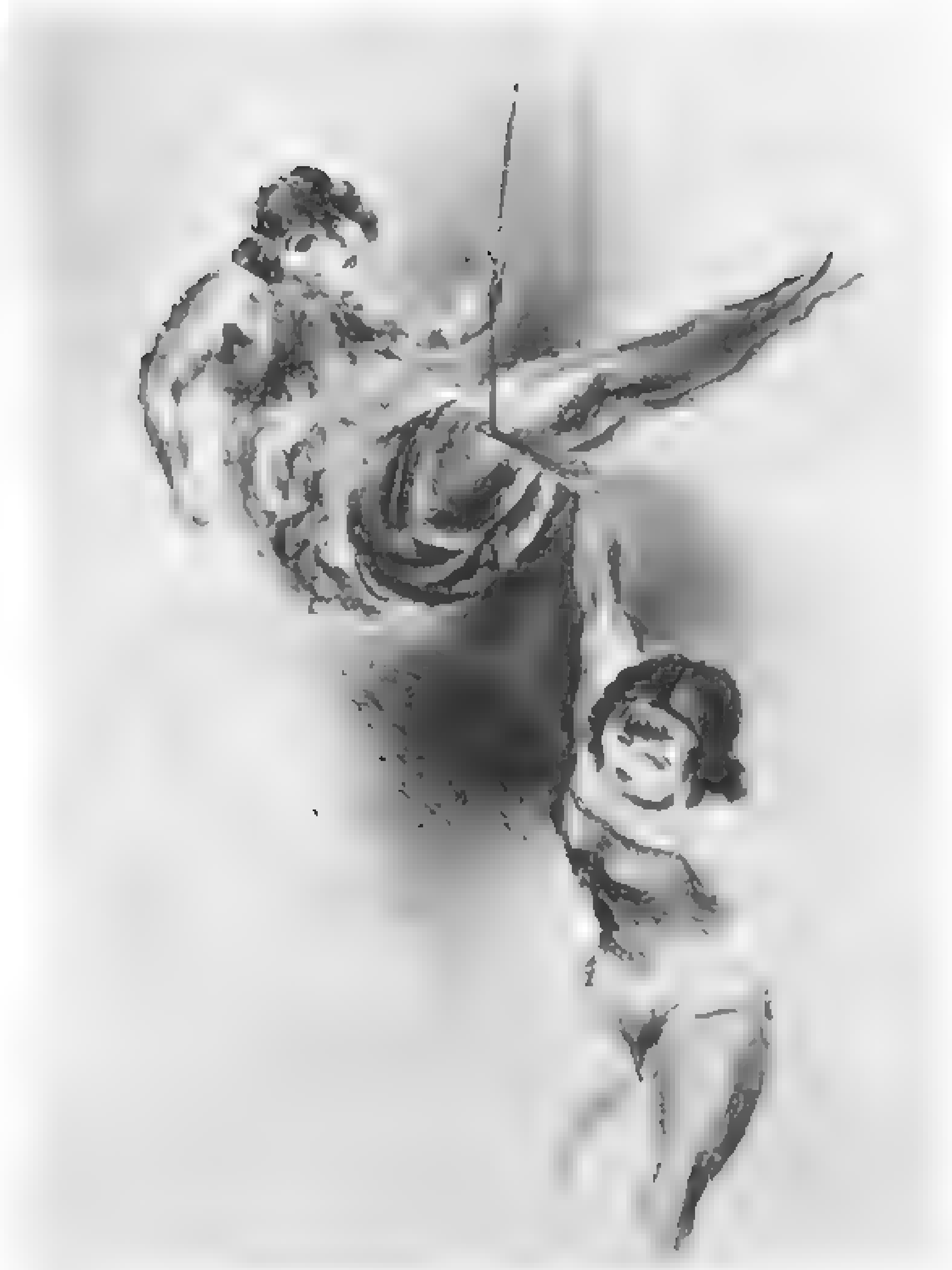
BEFORE THE ACT



THREE DANCERS

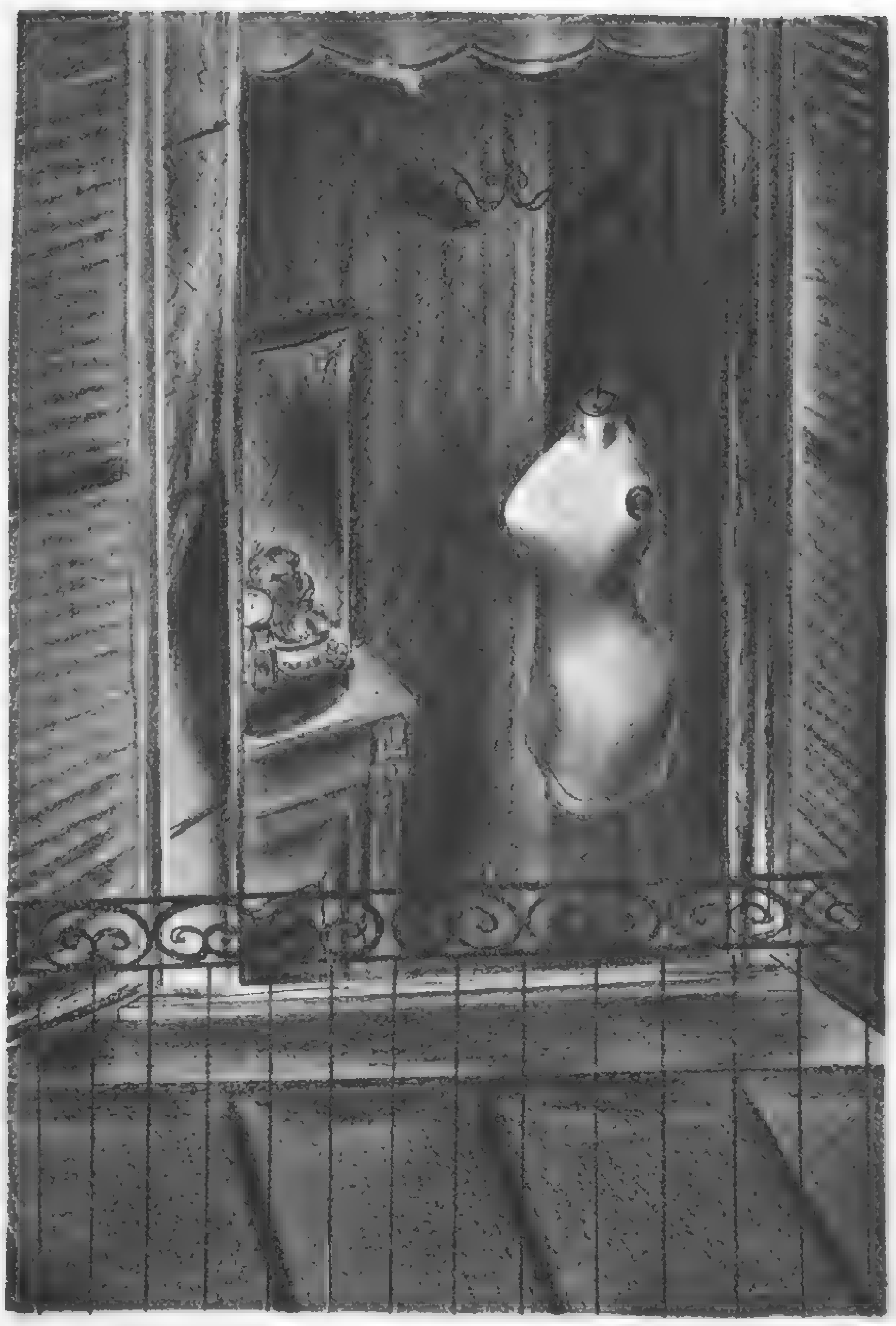


BACKYARD



TWO ACROBATS

All Kuniyoshi reproductions, both of paintings and drawings, through courtesy of The Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13th St., New York, with the exception of Girl in White Feathered Hat *which was lent for reproduction by its owner, James I. McClintock, Esq., Grosse Pointe, Michigan.*



THE DRESS FORM

Yasuo Kuniyoshi: Artists' Artist

Enjoyment of his painting, like the taste for olives, isn't acquired instantaneously

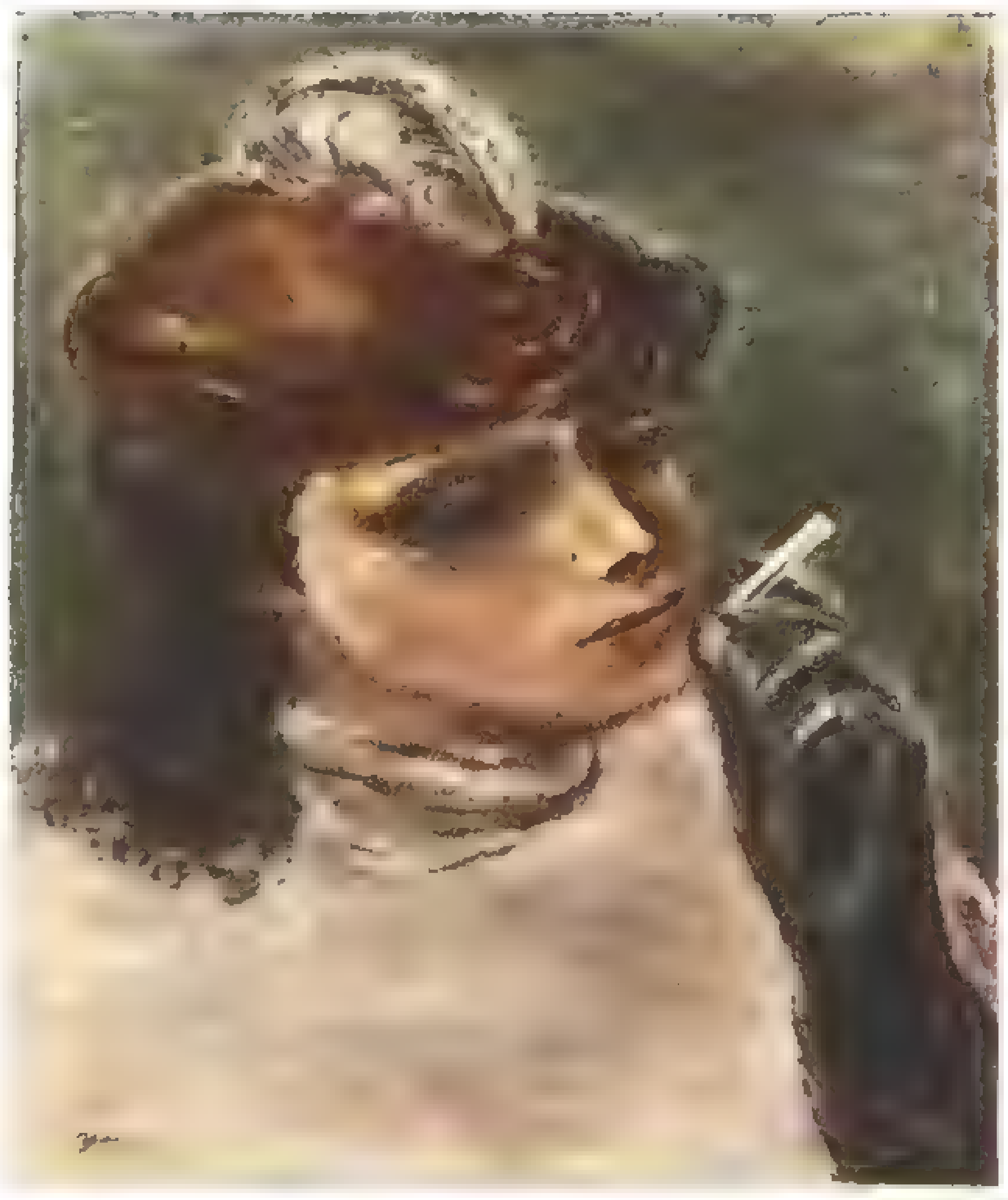
by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

It requires no recondite or advanced or even discriminating taste to admire the work of the Japanese print makers, whose immediate intention it was, after all, to speak to the people. It was over the heads of the people and, inadvertently, as it were, that the connoisseurs of a later generation found themselves addressed. The sturdy Dutch sea captains of the Nineteenth Century may never have won rating as art critics, but when painters like Whistler and Degas submitted themselves to the influence of the Japanese masters, and proclaimed their indebtedness, it was conceded that the Japanese print might be a subject for collector's avarice.

In the early Nineteenth Century there lived a Japanese print maker called Kuniyoshi, whose work rates with the impressions of Hokusai and Hiroshige. The living Japanese-American painter, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, cannot, or does not, claim descent from this print maker, but he will not deny that there are unconscious racial obligations to the Orient in his canvases, prized chiefly by critics, connoisseurs and contemporary painters, whose combined force might sum up to a corporal's guard, compared to the army divisions of admirers of the Japanese print.

The living Kuniyoshi's work may be called an insider's delectation, closed to the comprehension of those who dabble in art and peck at galleries and museums. That work is not likely to strike you dumb with admiration at the first look. It has been known, rather, to attack the risibilities because of the cavalier way in which the law of gravity, among others, is flouted. Perhaps a few of those who came to mock stayed, not to pray, but to understand. Enjoyment of Kuniyoshi's pictures may be, like the taste for olives, a taste not instantaneously acquired and one not shared by multitudes. An artists' artist, his work is admired through the intellect rather than through the senses, while those who do understand must make up with intensity for a widespread popular indifference. It is perhaps vastly to his credit that his students admire his work with an intensity that has led some of them to pinch the price of a picture out of their generally meager allowances. Perhaps what one generation understands cerebrally the next will admire emotionally, but it is a strange thing to find a painter who works with material that may be called sensuous, if not sensual, converting that material in a way that calls upon the higher faculties for appreciation.



GIRL IN WHITE FEATHERED HAT

A Kuniyoshi painting is, most recognizably, nobody else's. The signature is all over the canvas, not merely in any one of its four corners. His work may be called the first step from representational art in the direction of abstract statement, threatening, but never achieving, absolute divorce from the subject matter which was the original point of departure. You may be able to identify the nature of the objects which make up, say, a Kuniyoshi still life, and the sex and vocation of the originals of his portraits, but beyond that his art is anything but representation. It is, of course, the purpose of all artists worthy of the name not only to represent what they see, but to use what they see in order to make a statement or an underlineation about life, but Kuniyoshi looks so far beyond the objects on his model stand that the wonder is he sees those objects as well. In his early years as a student he also submitted himself to the influence of his teachers. He too painted like Robert Henri during the time he was a student of Henri's and also in the manner of Homer Boss when he was a student of Boss's, but after awhile he decided to be himself and his work today is distinguished by the fact that it is the work of a strong-minded and deliberate individual through whose brain and through whose fingers happens to run the blood stream of the Orient.

Deliberate in his methods and conscious of his aims, there may be a fine frenzy in his intention, but not in the sometimes labored means by which he realizes it. Once upon a time perhaps Kuniyoshi dashed off pictures in the approved romantic studio fashion, but not any longer. Two years sometimes may elapse between the conception of a picture and its completion. Once he struggled for a year to achieve the right background for a picture which had otherwise been completed. What effects he does achieve he achieves by an apparent, although deceptive, economy of means. As he grows older and more sure of his aims his color range becomes limited, and eloquent in its limitation, his best pictures suggesting the almost monochrome paintings of the Chinese masters of landscape. His silver greys and browns most certainly suggest the origin of his inspiration, conscious or otherwise. Kuniyoshi has painted many women, but not one of them may be called a portrait. Yet each of these paintings has a universal quality; there is in each of them a woman and all Woman and what Kuniyoshi knows and senses about women. And it seems to me that he tells us most about Woman in his inadvertent comments on types of women drawn from the less elegant circles of society. It is perhaps literary to dwell on the subject matter of a painter's work, but it is pertinent to the story of an artist that he does most often what he understands best, or what he thinks he understands best.

Few artists are articulate and coherent except in their pictures. In the case of Kuniyoshi especially, the burden of explanation is all in the picture, for Kuniyoshi has not only the average artist's disinclination to tell in words what he means in paint; he must talk in a tongue not his mother's, although we must rush to point out that he has been in the United States since he was thirteen and that he has enough English to teach art and to take active part in such organizations as the Artists' Congress, whose Exhibition Committee he heads, and the Hamilton Easter Field Foundation, of which he is executive secretary. How inarticulate or incoherent Yasuo Kuniyoshi may be in the English language does not really matter, for a good painting is written in a language all can understand and only a bad one may require the program note that Kuniyoshi regards as unnecessary. He is perhaps a little more impatient than are most painters at a request for verbal explanation. Words alone cannot compel you to like or understand a picture. The picture must do its own explaining.

Kuniyoshi is realistic and unsentimental. He has had early struggles in plenty but never the inclination to dramatize himself having them. For one period, he enjoyed somewhat of a vogue, selling his pictures at a rate which gave him a monthly income of more than three hundred dollars, which, for a painter who has nothing of the illustrator about him, is quite an income. The lean

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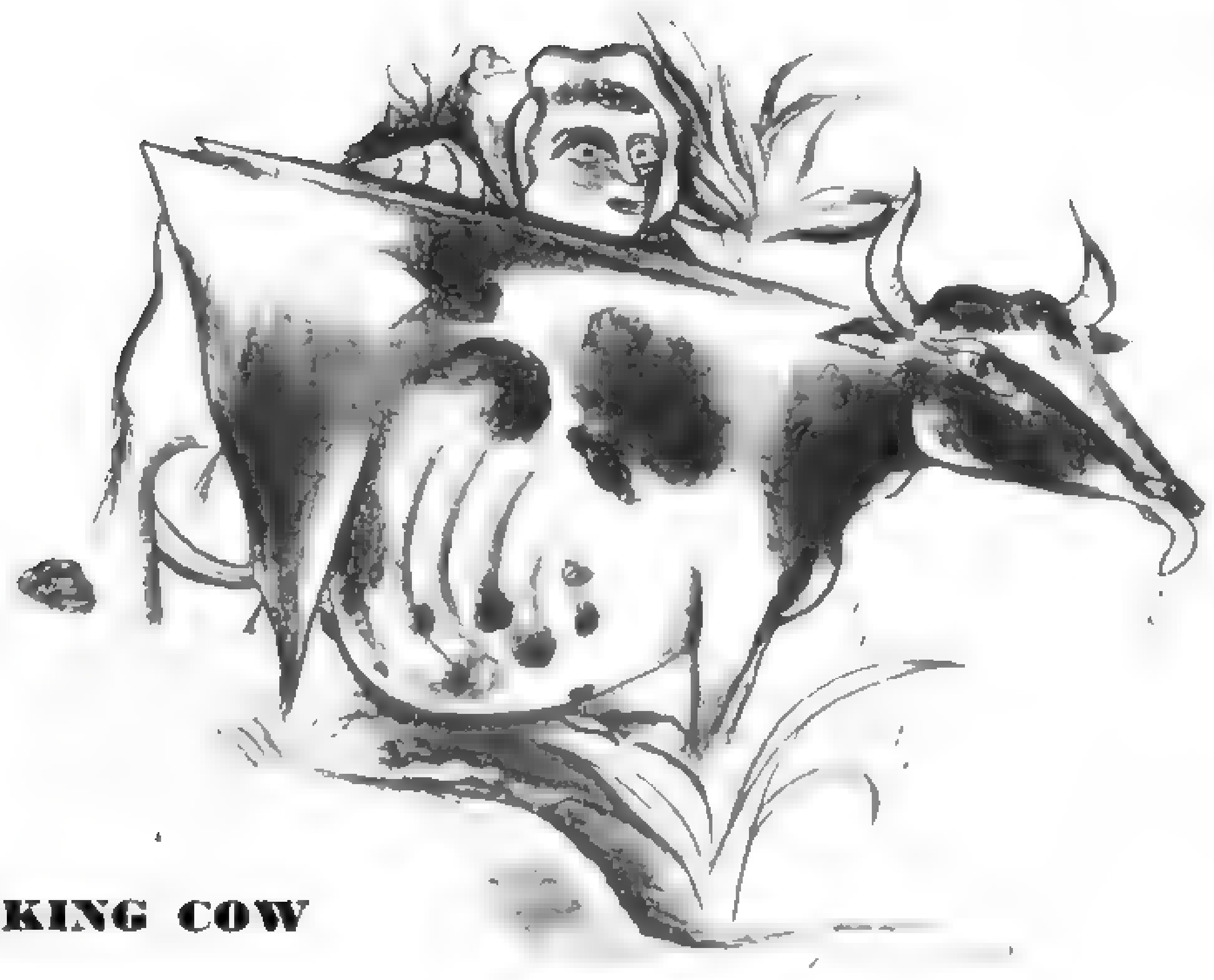
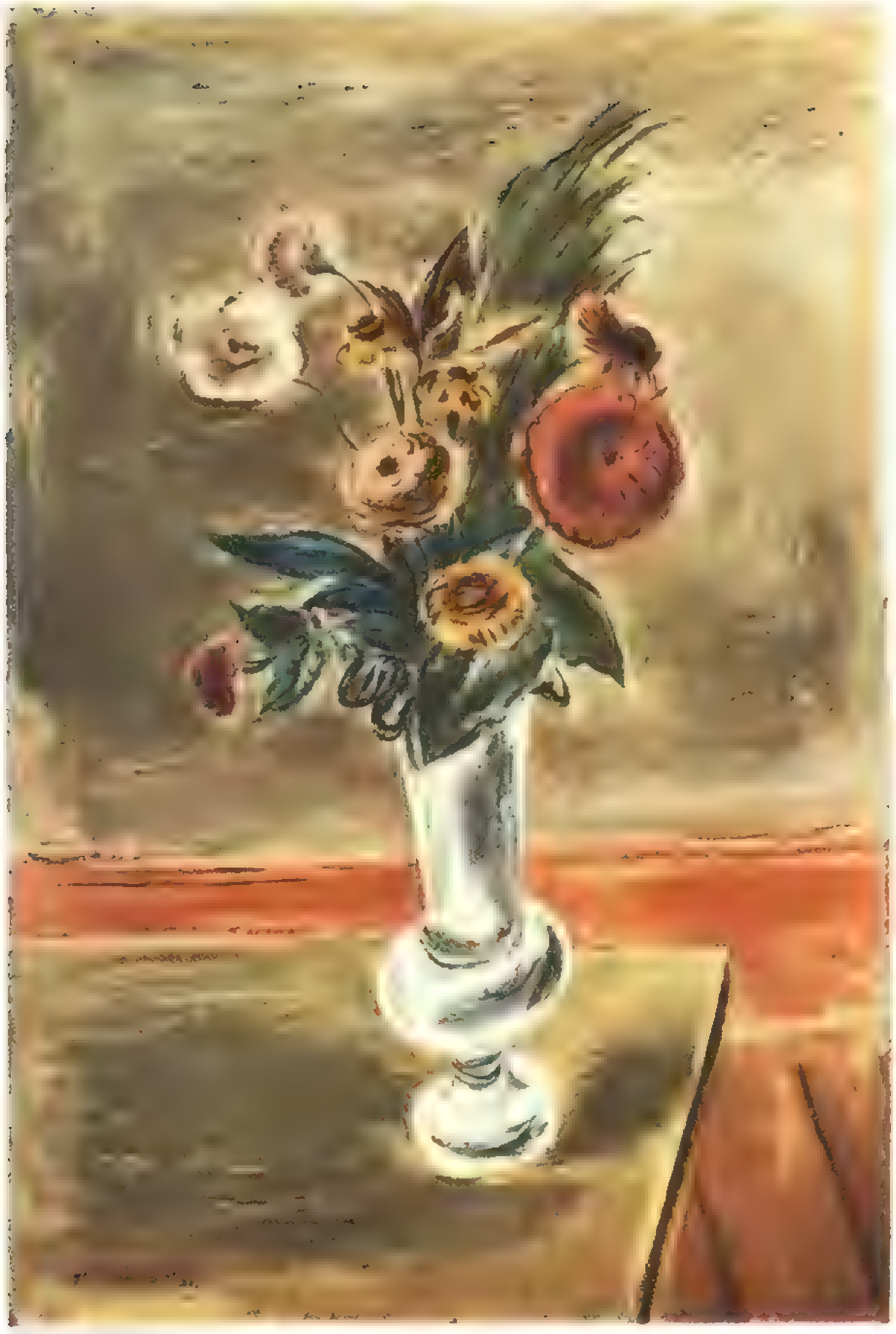
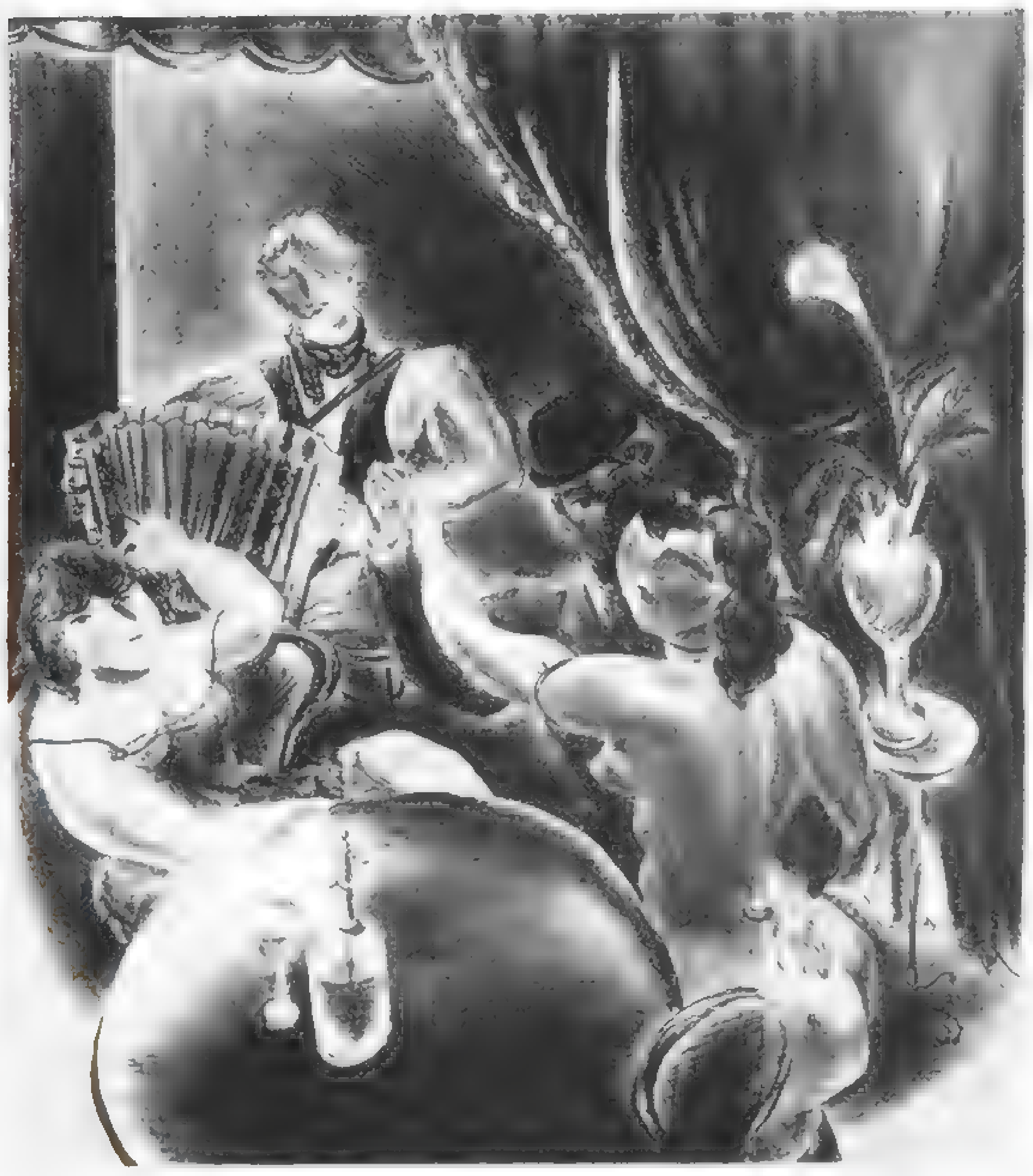


MILKING COW

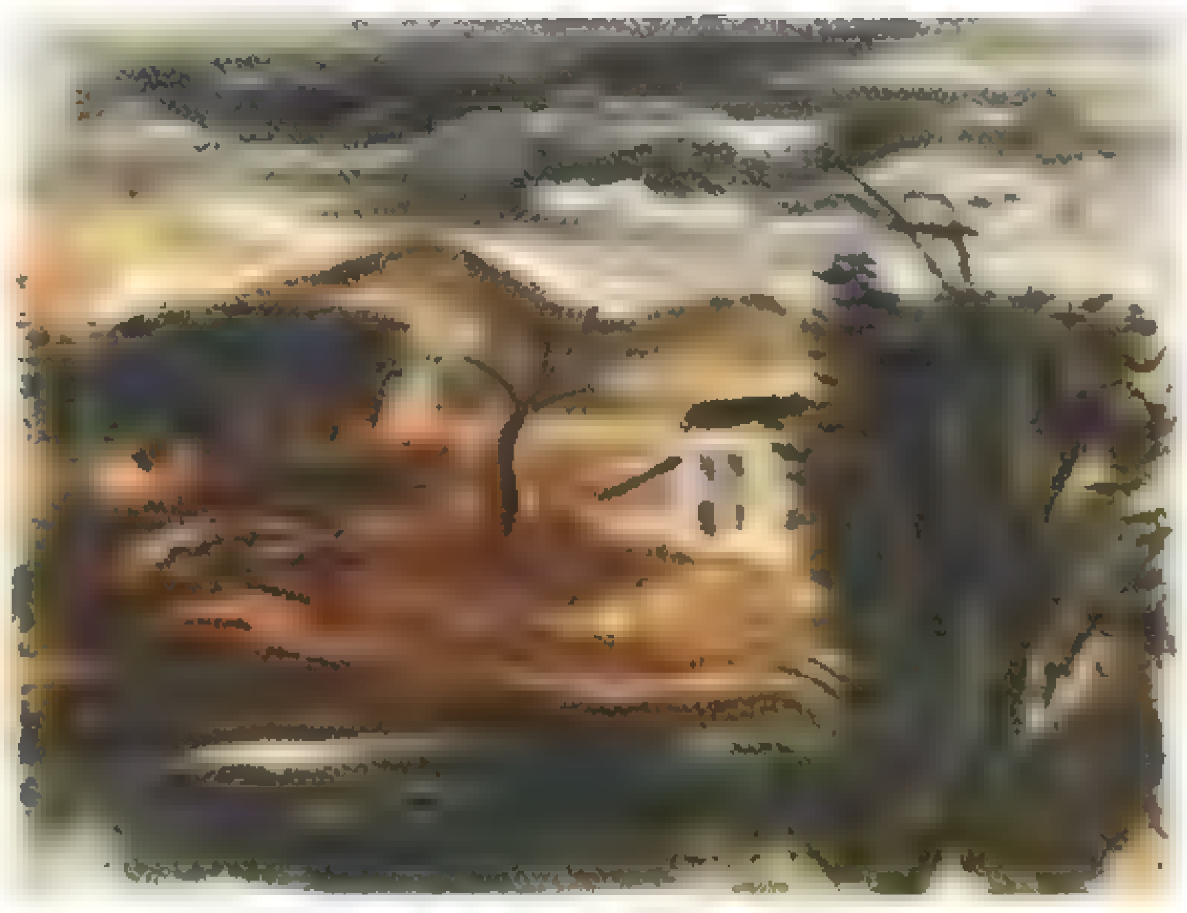


FLOWERS

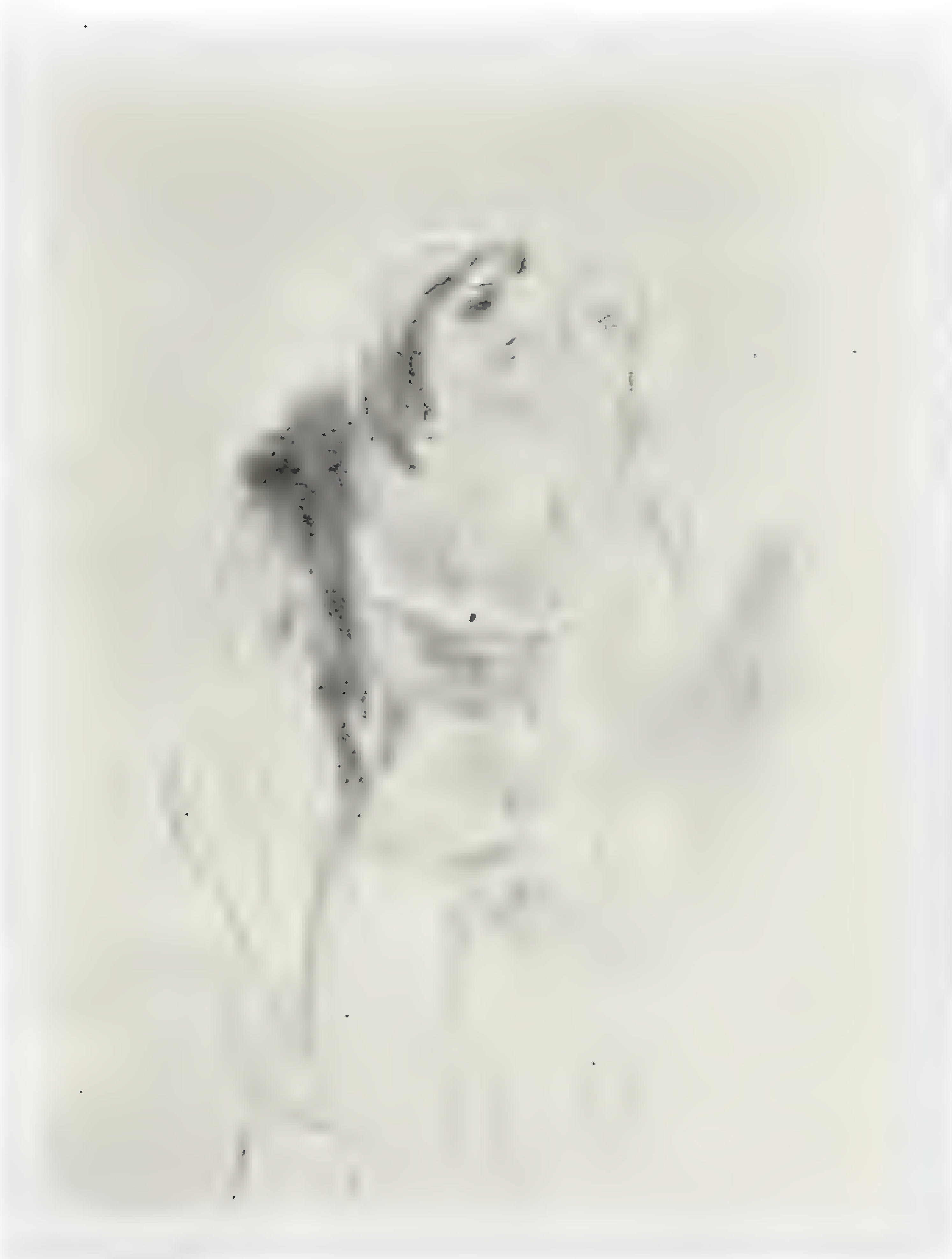


CAFÉ

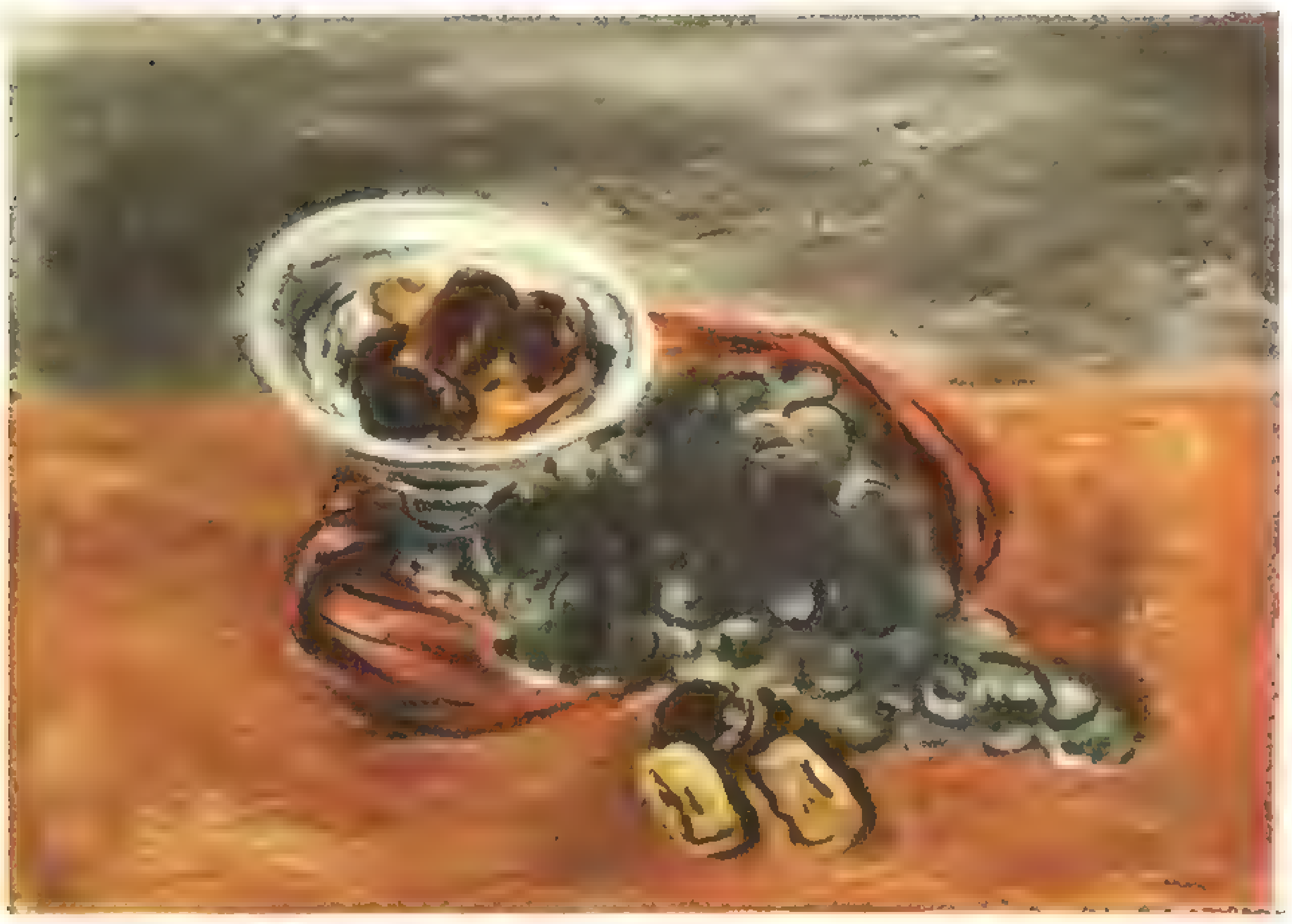
All Kuniyoshi reproductions made in Chicago, to the scale of the originals, which were made available through the courtesy of The Downtown Gallery, New York, where Kuniyoshi's work is on permanent exhibition and sale.



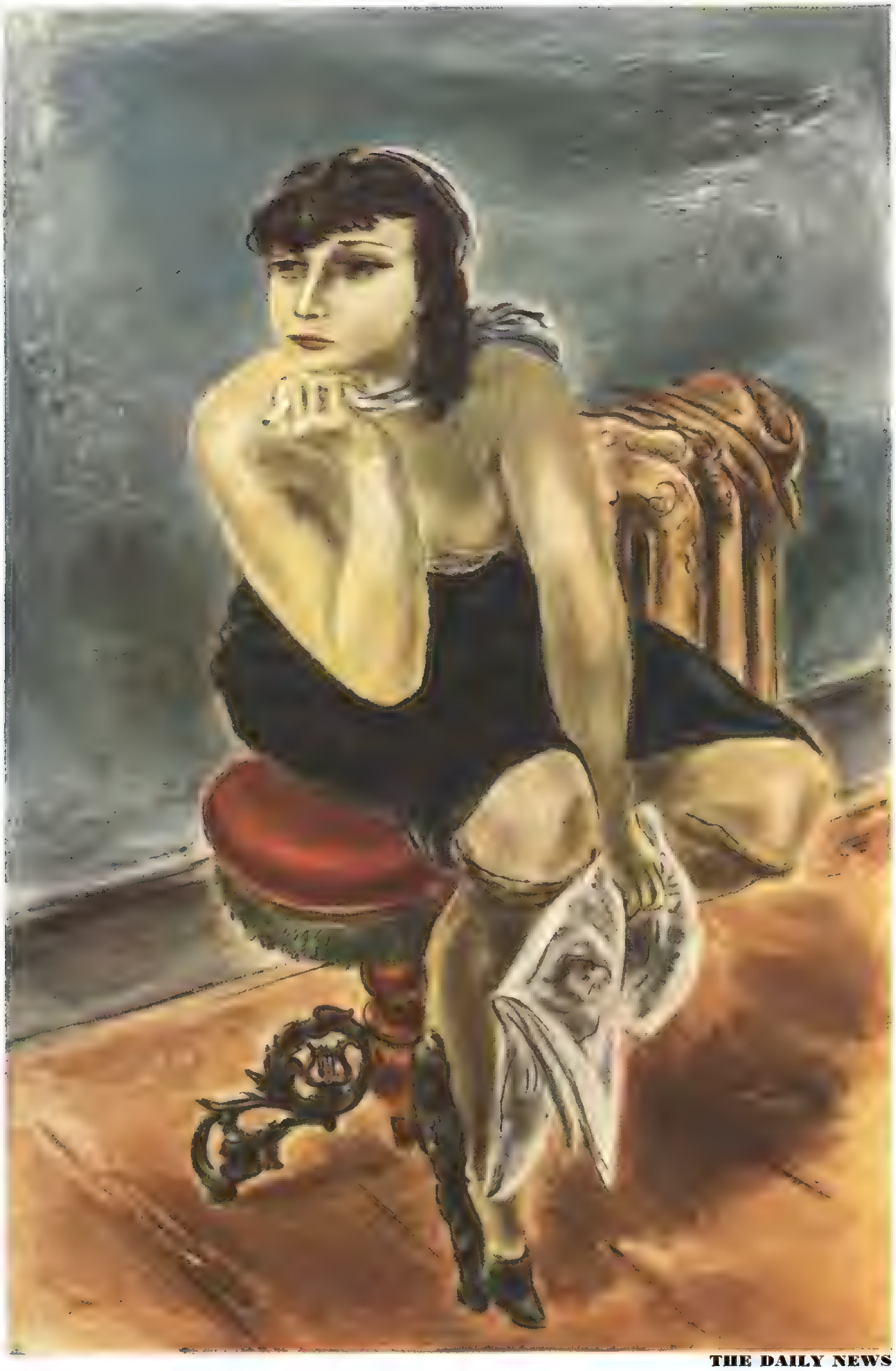
LOOKING OVER THE POND



THE MIRROR



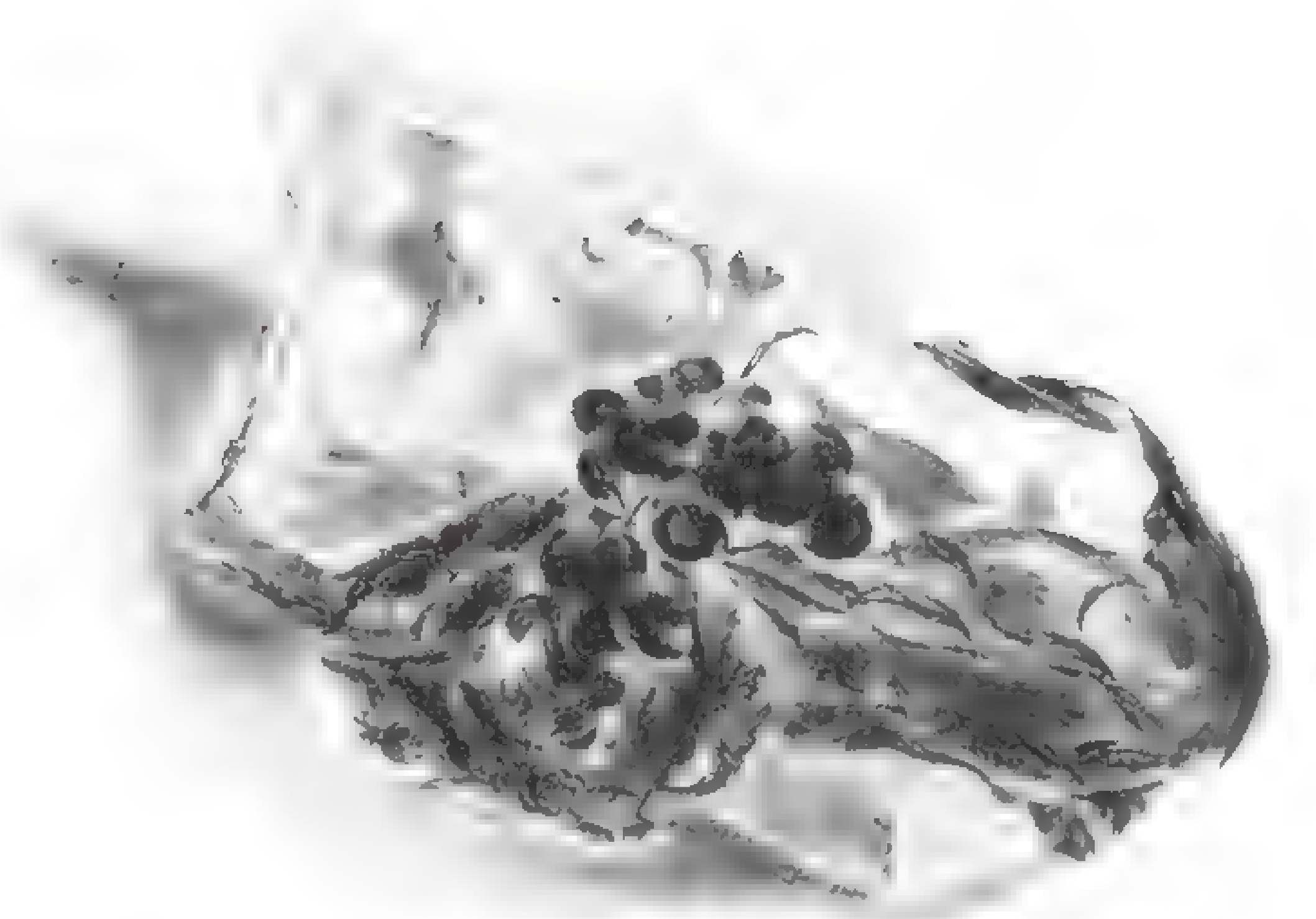
GRAPES AND HARD CRACKERS



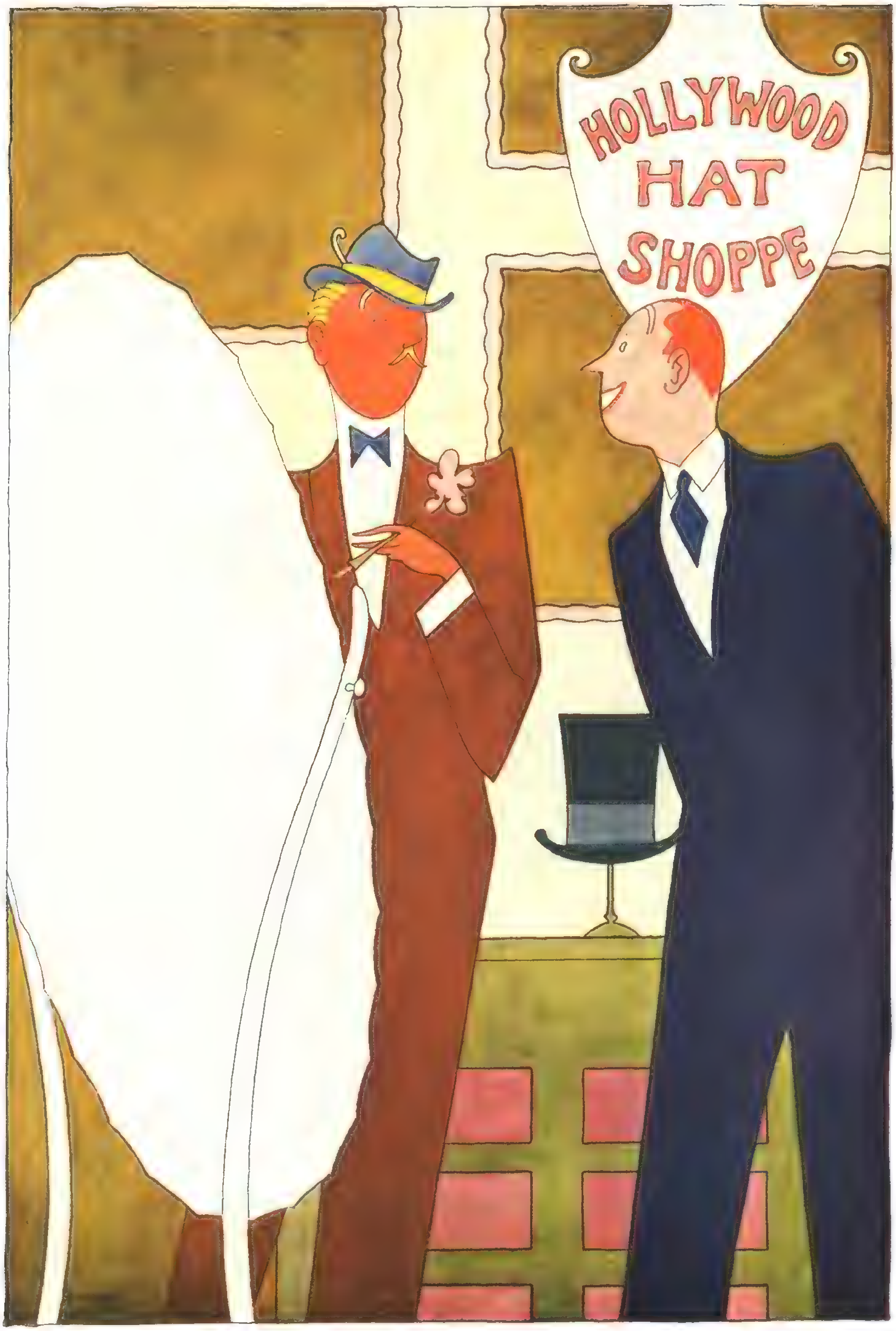
THE DAILY NEWS

Kuniyoshi: Japanese Universal

His work is admired through the intellect, rather than through the senses. It is a strange thing to find a painter who works with material that may be called sensuous, if not sensual, converting that material in a way that calls upon the higher faculties for appreciation . . . Deliberate in his methods and conscious of his aims, there may be a fine frenzy in his intention but not in the means by which he realizes it . . . His effects are achieved by an apparent, although deceptive, economy of means . . . Kuniyoshi has painted many women, but not one of them may be called a portrait. Yet each of these paintings has a universal quality: there is in each of them a woman and all Woman and what Kuniyoshi knows and senses about women.—H. S.



GRAPES AND SCULPTURE MOLD


HOLLYWOOD
HAT
SHOPPE

"If I were you I'd buy it small—you may not always be in pictures, you know"

The Candid Cameraman

A film critic takes his annual look at Broadway and wonders why movie actors speak of the stage with awe

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

The Woman Alone: England's ace director, Alfred Hitchcock, provides another of his cumulative chillers: this one is better than *Secret Agent.* Oscar Homolka, who stole *Rhodes* from Walter Huston, is even better, here, as a conscience-ridden terrorist. Sylvia Sidney is good, too. One thing about Hitchcock: when he builds up a sequence to an explosion, something explodes.

GO ALONG TO SEE

The Man Who Could Work Miracles: An H. G. Wells fantasy about the little clerk who, when given the power to work miracles, thinks he will make the world a happy place. He gets all the rulers of the world together and tells them to fix things up, and then H. G. Wells interferes. Nice performance by Roland Young.

Mind Your Own Business: It looks like the Charles Ruggles pictures are going to evolve a new kind of whimsical satire. This one, in which he teams with Alice Brady, has some deliciously fresh situations, spoofing gossip-columnist melodramas.

Stolen Holiday: Parallels the Stavisky scandal in story. Claude Rains contributes one of his smile-sneering characterizations, and really succeeds in bringing a complex personality to the screen. Kay Francis is more beautiful than ever, and when they say daring gowns, she wears them.

You Only Live Once: What a great director can do with a stale story. This would be the usual killer-row and jailbreak episode were it not for Fritz Lang's amazing ability to vitalize whatever he directs. Even Henry Fonda becomes an actor. And Sylvia Sidney, who seems to be in pictures this month, gives one of the most appealing performances of her career.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

A Dangerous Number: Froth that doesn't always bubble. Ann Sothern is cute.

Green Light: There are some swell hospital scenes in this picture, and there is an excellent sequence around a couple of biologists who conduct experiments upon themselves while seeking a cure for spotted fever. But the whole thing is soaked with inspirational goo, through a sort of miracle-man character who, for no apparent reason, dominates the action. The Hays office probably likes it.

Wings of the Morning: A British color-film which uses gypsies in Spain for several reels, as an excuse for color, but achieves startling color effects only when it gets back to gray old London. A flash of a bus going down a street, a glimpse of a neon sign. Demonstrates the contention that color will succeed as soon as it is applied to everyday scenes, as soon as the film-makers stop going out looking for color.

WASTE

More Than a Secretary: See title.

PERSONAL

Before breaking into the solemn topic of today's sermon: "What Is An Actor," I must dispose of a few pleasantly personal items.

In the first, I shall confess that I lied about my Hollywood visit last summer. I asserted that after rushing into restaurants, stores, and offices in search of the Dolores Del Rios who were supposed to be working as waitresses and stenographers while trying to get into pictures, I had to make a negative report. Well, that report wasn't entirely true. I did see a pretty girl working in an office. To further confound me, she was working right in the publicity office of Paramount Pictures. You see what's coming, it's the old Hollywood fable: there she was, right under the producer's nose all the time, and all he could see in her was a stenographer.

Well, the fact is this beauteous girl had been a reporter somewhere in the South, and had been assigned to interview a Paramount talent scout who passed through the city. "How do you find talent?" she asked. He took one look at her and said, "Like this." So he told her to look him up in Hollywood and he'd get her a contract. So she quit her job and went to Hollywood and the talent scout was no longer connected. But they gave her a job as a stenographer.

So when I learned that our Mr. Hurrell was being encouraged to discover new beauty for the screen, I suggested that I, too, be allowed to play. On page 104 is a photograph of Margaret Tallichet, Paramount's ex-stenographer. I don't have to ask anybody to give her a job because she's just been signed up by Selznick. The proper remark to make at this point is "Can I pick 'em or can I pick 'em." But I'll wait. Margaret Tallichet is a swell-looker and a bright kid; whether or not she can act, I don't know.

The second item concerns *Winterset.* Those who read the February Esquire may recall that, to put it mildly, I liked the picture. Now it seems that the producers and exhibitors were so certain that it was too good for the public that they even allowed the chain-booked houses to pass it up. *Winterset,* they decided, could just be written off as a loss for the sake of Art. As usual, the studio chiefs were indulging their egoistic disdain of the public. It seems to me that they consistently under-rate public response to beauty.

Winterset was half-accidentally booked into a Long Island picture house; without any ballyhoo, without movie star names, it began to draw. Within a month it was being called for by California chains that had previously passed it up. In many spots the picture had to be held over for additional weeks; consistently, it did well at the box offices.

ACTING IN PICTURES

By the time this appears, the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will have been announced. Although booed and discredited almost every year, the Academy awards still remain the most prominent gauge of what the film colony thinks of its own work. I don't see how they can fail to give the palm to *Fury* this year, but meanwhile it is amusing to compare the "best picture" selections of various groups of film critics. The New York critics, eighteen in number, got together around a table and battled it out. They decided that *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* was the best picture of 1936, with *Fury, Winterset,* and *Dodsworth* as close seconds. They decided that Luise Rainer was the best actress, for her telephone scene in *The Great Ziegfeld.* That Walter Huston was the best actor, for his performance in *Dodsworth.* That Rouben Mamoulian was the best director, because he made a good show out of a dumb musical picture, *The Gay Desperado.* Although they agreed that Fritz Lang's *Fury* was by far a greater film and a more worthy piece of direction, they still contended that Mamoulian deserved the honors because *The Gay Desperado* had nothing but direction, while *Fury* had other things to recommend it!

That's for New York.

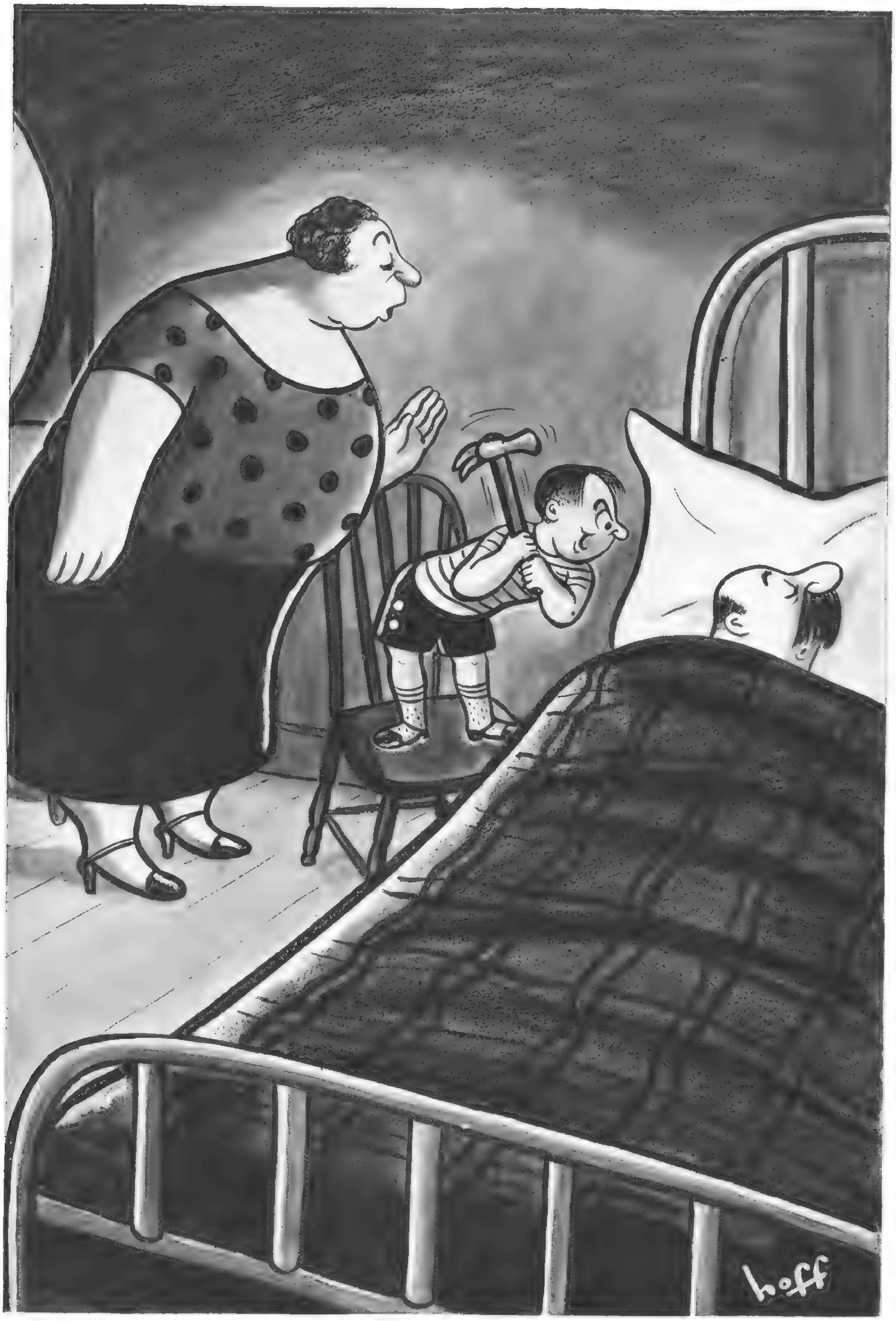
But the *Film Daily* took selections all over the country, from about 500 critics, and came out with the following list of Ten Best Pictures, in the order named:

Mutiny on the Bounty
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
The Great Ziegfeld
San Francisco
Dodsworth
The Story of Louis Pasteur
A Tale of Two Cities
Anthony Adverse
The Green Pastures
A Midsummer Night's Dream

It should be noted that *Winterset* was not eligible in their listing, belonging to the coming year.

I voted in the *Daily's* test, and these were my selections: *Fury, Modern Times, Mr.*

Continued on page 120



"No, Junior! It's Sunday morning—wake papa up gently"

The College Scab

It's worse than street fighting—if you beat one striker, there are still plenty more of them

by FRANKLIN MICHAEL

• FICTION •

I woke up Tuesday morning feeling pretty sour and sick of the usual row of dirty glasses, empty whiskey bottles, and siphons on the card table. Examinations had been over a week and I was still waiting for a job, spending a dollar a day for food, and two dollars a night for liquor. I rubbed my eyes and turned over to look at the other wall. Magill was sitting on the couch in his pajamas, shaking his head slowly to see if it were going to ache. Magill had it easy. He was the best center in the state and so he got any summer job he wanted. I was just another halfback, kicked aside in the summer and kicked in the face in the fall.

"Let's go over and see Carsters," I said.

Magill got up and went into the kitchen and came back in a minute with two glasses of tomato juice.

"My hangovers get worse every day," he said, "and it's a month before my job starts."

"You should worry," I said, "Carsters needs you on his little ball club. But he doesn't care if I ever come back."

"It's your own fault, Al," he said, "if you showed the right attitude in spring practice . . ."

"I know," I said, "but I'm getting to hate that goddam game now; I'm nothing but a cog in a big business machine."

"Well," said Magill, "it's been your meal ticket, you can't quit now."

"The hell I can't. If Carsters doesn't get me a job this summer, I'm through with football."

"Come on," he said, "let's go over and see him."

The campus was only a block away from the apartment so we dressed and walked over to Trenton Hall. It was a cold gray foggy day that made the quiet campus seem much more lonely than it really was. The walk cleared my head but I was still sore at everything and ready for a showdown when we entered the glass door marked, A. W. Carsters, Head Football Coach. Carsters was sitting with his feet on the desk, reading the sport page. "Hello, Maggie," he said, "hello Al."

"What's new?" said Magill.

Carsters lit a cigarette while he looked Magill over quickly. "Maggie you're getting fat!"

"I know it," said Magill, "that's what I came to see you about."

"Want some reducing tablets?"

"No," I said, "we want a job."

"It's this way," said Magill, "my job with the ice company doesn't start till next month. In the meantime, I sit around and get fat and spend all the money I haven't made yet."

Carsters folded the sport page carefully and put it in a drawer. "There are plenty of jobs, fellows—plenty of them—if you like strikebreaking."

"What kind of jobs?" I said.

"Longshore—warehouse—and yesterday the teamsters voted to strike." Carsters puffed thoughtfully at his cigarette and then smiled at Magill. "You'd better stay away from there, Maggie. You're too well known—bad publicity and all that."

I asked him if he had any objections to me breaking my neck. "Now Al," he said, "don't be nasty. It's all right with me if you fellows want to scab, but Maggie would be endangering the job on the ice wagon. Now Al if you just wait around I may be able to get you a job at the lake."

"I don't want room and board," I said, "I need dough and I need it now."

So Carsters phoned someone and told him I was coming down. Then he told Maggie he could work around his summer place till his job started. Magill was pretty happy with this offer and I could feel my temper about to blow, so I asked Carsters the address of the place and opened the door to leave.

"Hey," said Carsters, "don't mention any names. Don't tell those guys you play football and don't tell them you go to college."

"See you tonight," said Magill, "hope you lose ten pounds."

"Yea," laughed Carsters as I closed the door, "the next time you see him he may have lost . . ."

I walked back to the apartment house and put on some jeans and a blue denim shirt. Well, if Magill was going to the mountains I would move into a cheap boarding house. Cost would be cut in half and there would be no meals to fix. The man Carsters had phoned said the scabs were getting 85c an hour, $1.25 bonus, and overtime. $10.00 a day. No iceman in the whole country made that much. Police protection, too. Well, no sonofabitch would lay a hand on me.

I took a streetcar down to 3rd and Colton and walked up Colton to a dirty gray three-story office building with the letters Civic Industrial Association written in gilt across the large floor window. A policeman was the only person outside the entrance but across the street three men in working clothes and wearing union badges were leaning on the fenders of a gray touring car and stared blankly at me when I entered the building. Inside there were several men seated on a long bench facing a counter, and other better dressed men behind the counter were typing, phoning, and talking. I sat down to wait beside an old tramp with a skin like sandstone and a scrawny gray beard. Next to him sat a fresh-looking kid wearing a pair of slacks and a sweatshirt, and farther down the bench a thin little man with short cropped hair who held his head in his hands. I looked back at the kid who was smiling at me and than I remembered seeing him around the campus. While I was wondering if I looked that young, he came over and sat down next to me.

"Hello," he said, "I thought you football players were always taken care of."

"It's like any business," I said, "if you've got what it takes you get paid for it. If you don't . . ."

The kid was excited. "At least it won't be dull. Hard work and dangerous. Something like football."

"Football my a—" I said, "you aren't looking for a thrill, are you?"

"I don't know what I'm looking for," he said. "My old man wanted me to work in his bond office, but I can't stand it there. He gave me hell for wanting to scab, but I may be able to get on a ship this way. Why don't you try?"

"I don't want to see the world," I said. "I want $10.00 a day."

The old man on my left was sitting forward, listening intently to our conversation as though to men speaking in a strange tongue. I noticed then that the last two fingers were missing from his stiff right hand. He was about to speak when a man in a brown shirt walked over to the counter and began to question us. He asked our names, working experience, criminal records, and if

Continued in center of page 223

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 117

Deeds Goes to Town, The Story of Louis Pasteur, These Three, The Devil Is a Sissy, Nine Days a Queen, A Night At the Opera, The Gay Desperado, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* I'll confess that after the first five, there was considerable difficulty in choosing. Any Goldwyn picture could take the place of *These Three: Dodsworth,* or *Come and Get It,* being examples. I preferred *These Three* to *Dodsworth* because the theme was less stale.

A Night At The Opera was included because I think that type of film deserves representation, rather than in a strictly competitive sense. And *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a sort of gesture.

Just to show how times change, I'd make the selection today as follows: *Modern Times, Fury, The Story of Louis Pasteur, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, The Ghost Goes West, Swing Time, These Three, The Devil Is a Sissy, The Gay Desperado, A Night At the Opera.*

The British have a much more sensible arrangement about these questions. They ask the audience. The Bernstein questionnaire, issued to the patrons of a group of theatres, asks names of favorite stars, names of bit players who should be in star rôles, preferences on types of films, names of most disliked stars, etc.

Now we can get down to cases. My favorite male stars, in case you haven't suspected them, are Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, and James Cagney. Favorite female stars: Jean Harlow, Sylvia Sidney, and the third is tough, let's say Garbo and play safe.

As to the stars I dislike most: that's a cinch. Dick Powell, Dick Powell, and Dick Powell. For good measure add George Raft, Wallace Beery, and George Arliss. Among the females, I most dislike Marion Davies, Shirley Temple, and Mae West.

Here's how I stack up with the British public according to the Bernstein questionnaire in a recent year.

FAVORITE STARS

Male

George Arliss
Clark Gable
Wallace Beery
Clive Brook
Robert Montgomery
Ronald Colman
Jack Hulbert
Lionel Barrymore
Charles Laughton
Tom Walls

Female

Norma Shearer
Marie Dressler
Greta Garbo
Kay Francis
Marlene Dietrich
Katharine Hepburn
Gracie Fields
Janet Gaynor
Joan Crawford
Claudette Colbert

MOST DISLIKED

Male

James Cagney
Lee Tracy
Adolph Menjou
George Raft
Ralph Lynn
Joe E. Brown
Owen Nares
Maurice Chevalier
Wallace Beery
Clark Gable

Female

Mae West
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Joan Crawford
Constance Bennett
Marlene Dietrich
Jessie Matthews
Katharine Hepburn
Clara Bow
Zasu Pitts

As to bit players who should be promoted, it is easy to think of men in this group: Walter Brennan, Mischa Auer, John Carradine. But I find it difficult to name even three women. Isabel Jewell and of course Blanche Yurka. Then I'm stuck.

The reason is obvious. Bit players attract our attention by their acting ability. Women, as a rule, can't act.

Which brings us to the question of acting.

Once a year I take a concentrated gulp of theatre in New York, to make sure that the theatre art is still in decline while the film art is on the upgrade. This season Broadway is almost completely given over to the Kaufman type of psuedo-sophisticated junk, and most annoying of the Kaufman collaborations is a piece called *Stage Door*, which exhibits in elemental form the gaudy sentimentality stage people use to keep up the illusion that theatre acting is the highest of arts. Many a critic has already remarked upon the irony which called Margaret Sullavan back from Hollywood, where they had made an actress out of her, to recite the "I won't go to Hollywood and have my teeth straightened and my art polluted" speeches. In the play, she prefers to be a salesgirl at Macy's until her big chance comes.

And of course in Kaufman shows it always comes—if you wait till the last curtain—for Mr. Kaufman is a cynic.

Anyway, here is Margaret Sullavan waving the flag of living art, and reciting those biting speeches in which Mr. Kaufman (with Edna Ferber) has just oodles of fun kidding Hollywood actors about how their work goes into a tin can.

That seems to be the moot point between Broadway acting and Hollywood acting. The tin can.

Now I was a Broadway actor myself once for a season, and I can report from personal experience and observation that if any kind of acting may be compared to a canned product, it is live acting in front of a live audience. Instead of being decently recorded on a stretch of celluloid, the performance is pickled in the mind of the actor. Only the very greatest of stage actors could be expected to go on eight times a week and "give." And even in the greatest artists, there is, there has to be a substitute for the genuine passion. In the psychic make-up of the actor there is a sort of two-tank process. In one tank is the genuine stream of creative juice. In the other tank there is, let us say, a chemical substitute hard to distinguish from the original. When an actor has gone through a part a few hundred times, let us say, like the actors in *Tobacco Road*, he can give his performance perfectly to the eyes of the audience, the while he tells jokes *sotto voce* to his fellow actors on the stage. Any stage professional can give you such anecdotes. I have been on the stage with a celebrated actor-manager who conducted a furious discussion about salaries, with his cast, through an entire dinner-scene. This was no exception, as he utilized that scene in almost every performance for a discussion of miscellaneous matters with his actors, since it was the one time they were all together around a table. That's stage acting.

In films, on the other hand, the actor has this procedure: he performs each scene over and over until it is perfect. Then the permanent record of his best performance is shown to the public. If that is art in a tin can, okay, that's where art belongs.

On the whole, I have always felt that stage people are too much given to discussing their emotional allegiance to their art. Here is a play, *Stage Door*, all about the romance and allure of the theatre; it is set in a home of young actresses, yet not one of these babes seems to be concerned with the technique of acting. They're interested merely in self-exhibition.

I could recommend that Mr. Kaufman and his characters take a look at the first and second issues of *Theatre Workshop*, in which a dozen of the world's leading directors and actors have set down their ideas on the art of acting. There is everything here from the Stanislavsky method to the Reinhardt lack of method, from gymnastic exercises to make-up.

The basic differences between the various schools of acting are on the question of the actor's identification with his rôle. Does he effect a complete identification, or does he remain half-outside, or entirely outside of his character? Does he make a gesture, or call attention to the grace with which he makes a gesture? Does he feel a situation, or think of how to feel it? One authority declares, "To think of how I might feel in any given situation is the surest way of falling into the beaten track of affected acting." Luise Rainer and Elisabeth Bergner please note.

Unfortunately there is no space here for a complete discussion of the duality of the actor. But I should point out that the aesthetics of film acting require a special orientation, that has not as yet been clarified. The camera presents so near and convincing an image to the audience that all artifice upon the part of the performer becomes distractingly apparent. Charles Laughton got away with artifice for a couple of years, but since *Mutiny on the Bounty* his methods have been growing tiresomely apparent; they very nearly ruined his portrayal of Rembrandt. That is to say, his external copy of the man was far ahead of his emotional realization.

In the field of comedy, on the other hand, the camera is even more receptive to artifice than is the stage. Comedy consists in a frank use of non-real rhythms and forms; the camera-medium welcomes stylization within these rhythms. This may explain the superior performance of Charles Laughton as a drunken butler. His externalized method was a complete success in comedy.

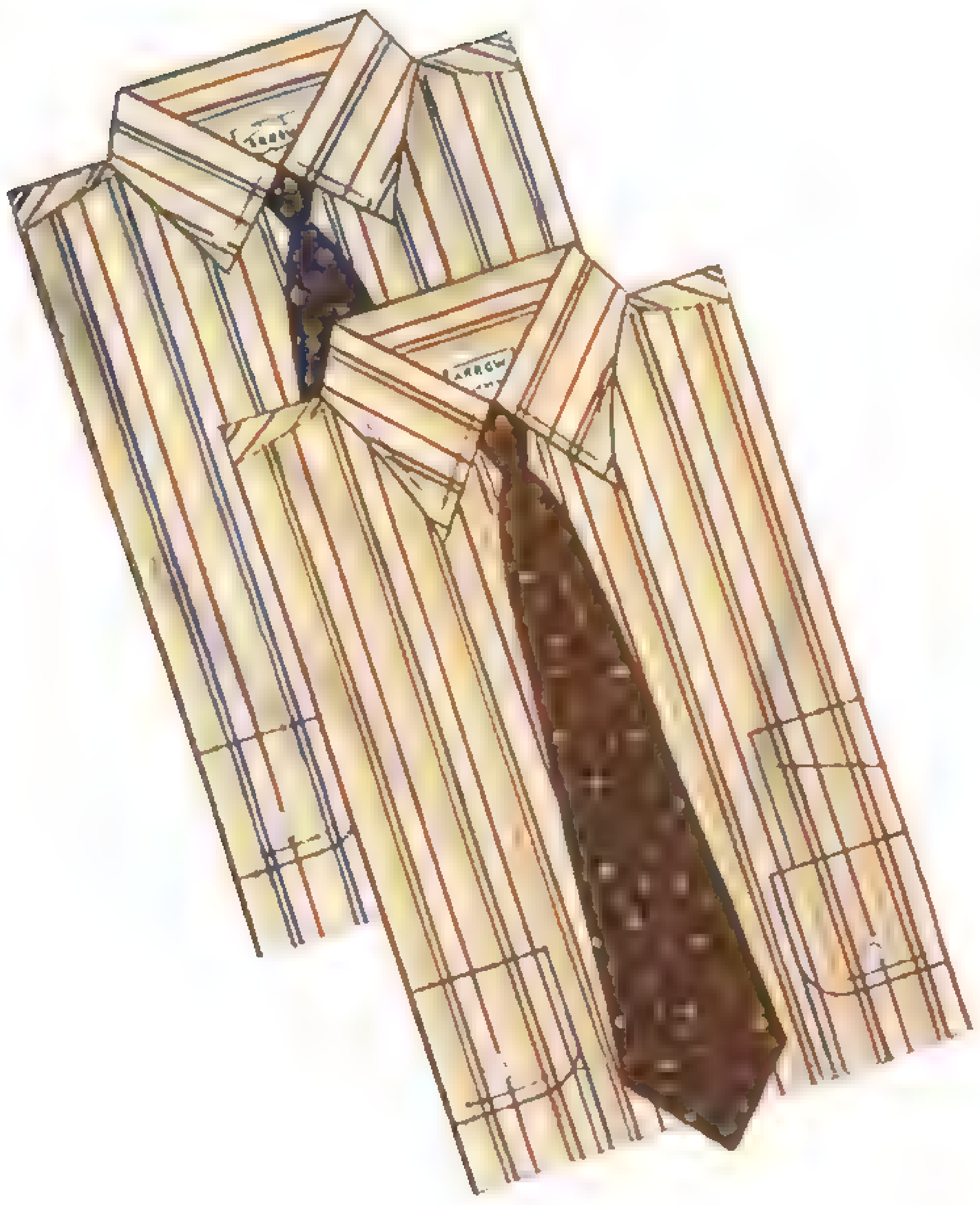
The most convincing of film actors, Paul Muni, has evidently found his own understanding of this basic problem. A movie mogul may take an airplane ride, decide that the pilot has nice clean-cut American features, and make him a movie idol. And that movie idol will do the kind of acting done by practically all of the women, and almost all of the men on the screen. The women don't get a chance to do anything else. Once in a while a male actor gets such a chance.

Paul Muni's acting indicates a two-fold approach. It is obvious that he first makes a thorough study of the background of his character, as a preliminary to emotional identification with that character. Then, for externalization, he creates a set of gestures, mannerisms, a walk and a speech for his character. He does not, like Charles Laughton, make use in varying degree of the same set of devices.

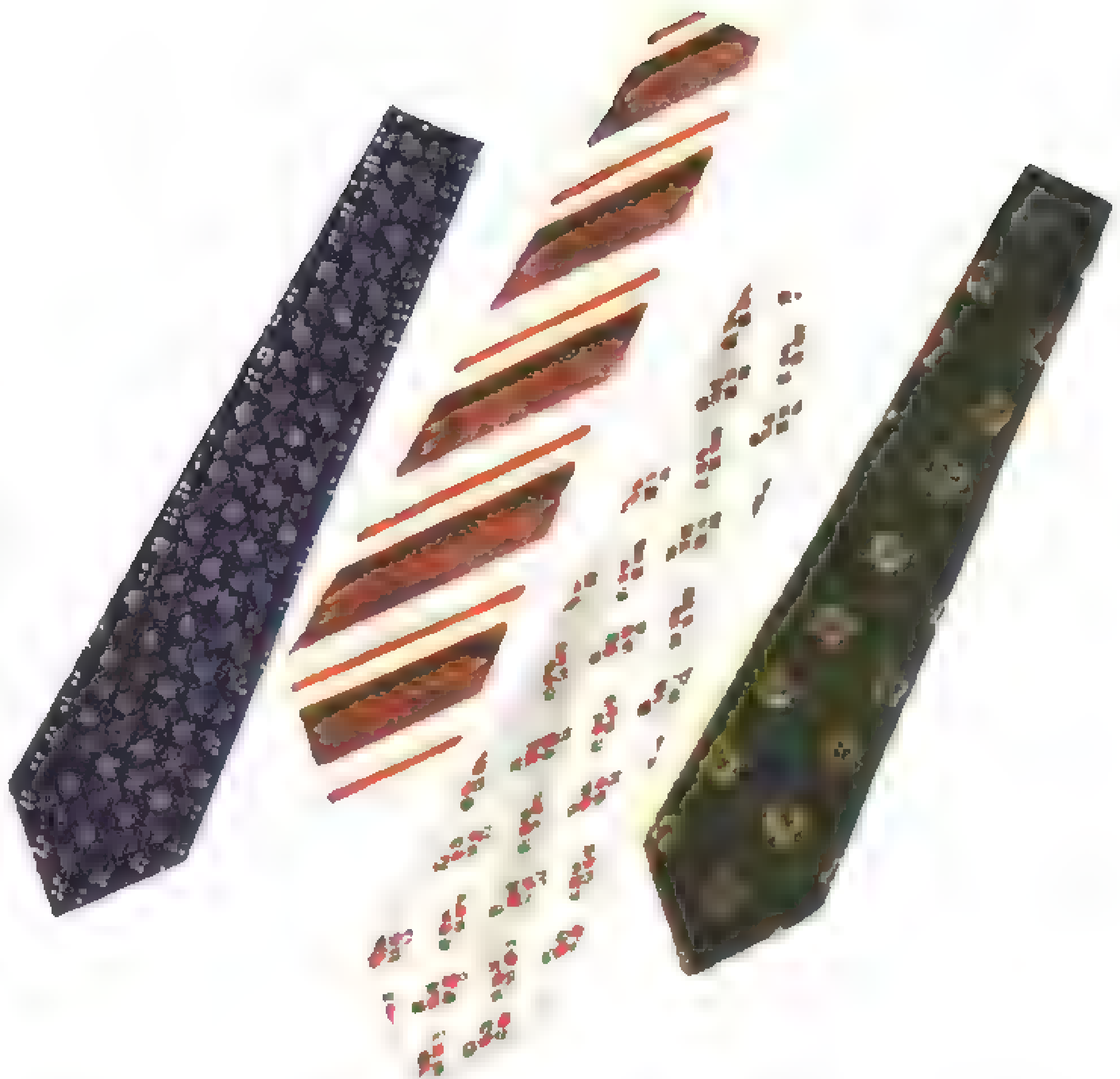
In performance, it is apparent that he assumes the externalized aspects which he has selected, and then gives over his private personality into an emotional identification with the character. The actor, however, retains a narrow but vigilant awareness of himself as an actor, and thus is able constantly to control his performance.

It is the degree of this self-awareness that distinguishes one acting method from another.

With some who call themselves actors it is one hundred per cent.

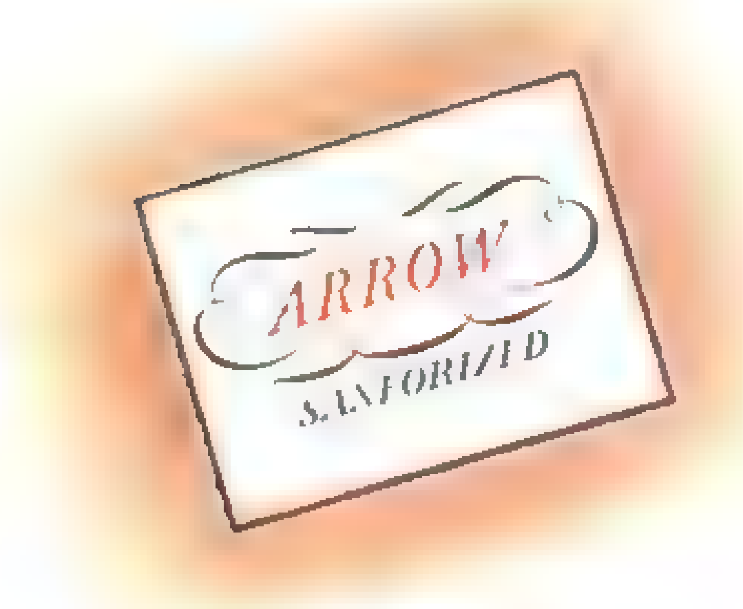


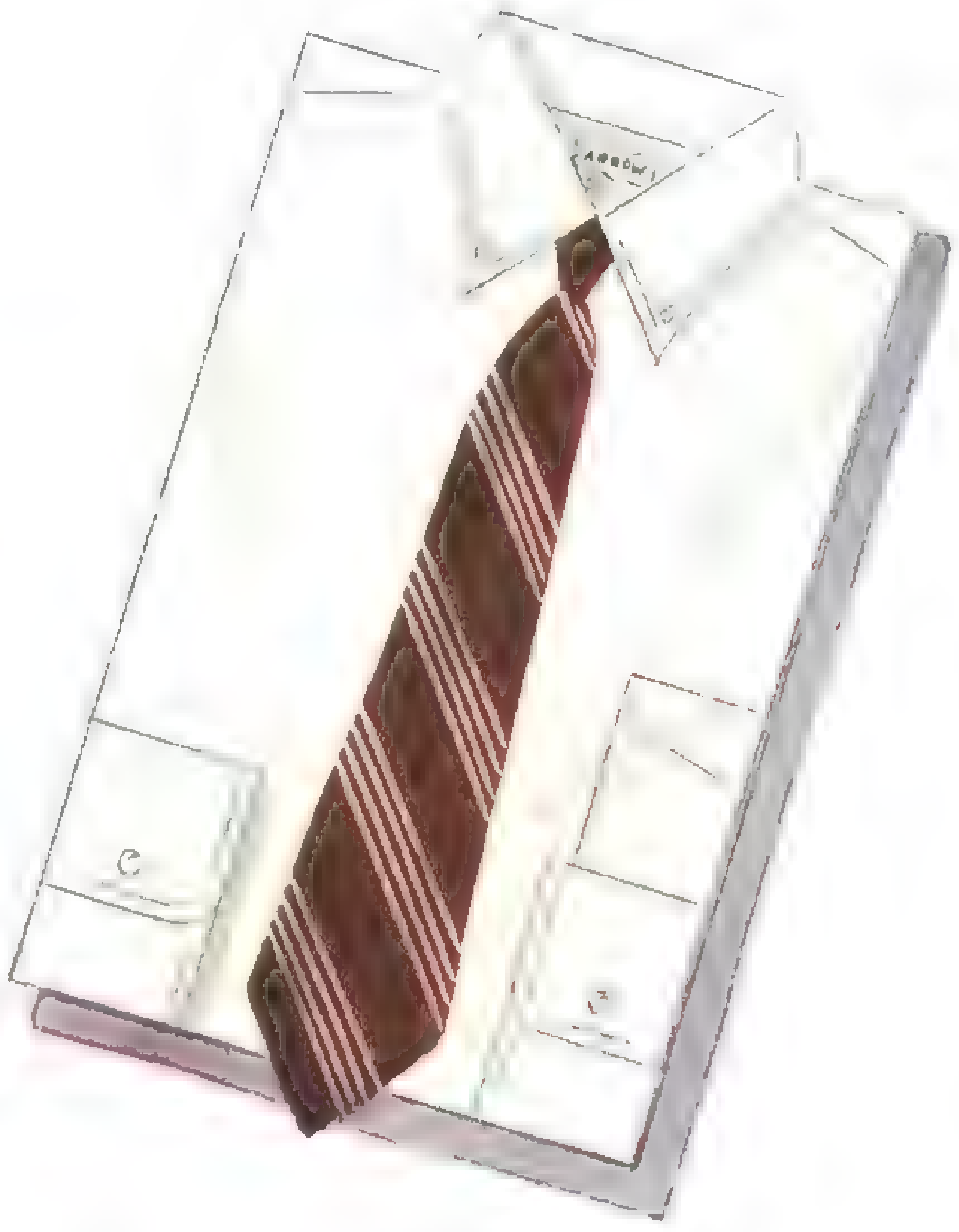
The Royal Guards are as famous for smartness in and out of uniform. This Arrow Campaign Stripe shirt (inspired by them) shows why. Sanforized. Mitoga form-fit. $2. Campaign Dot ties, $1.



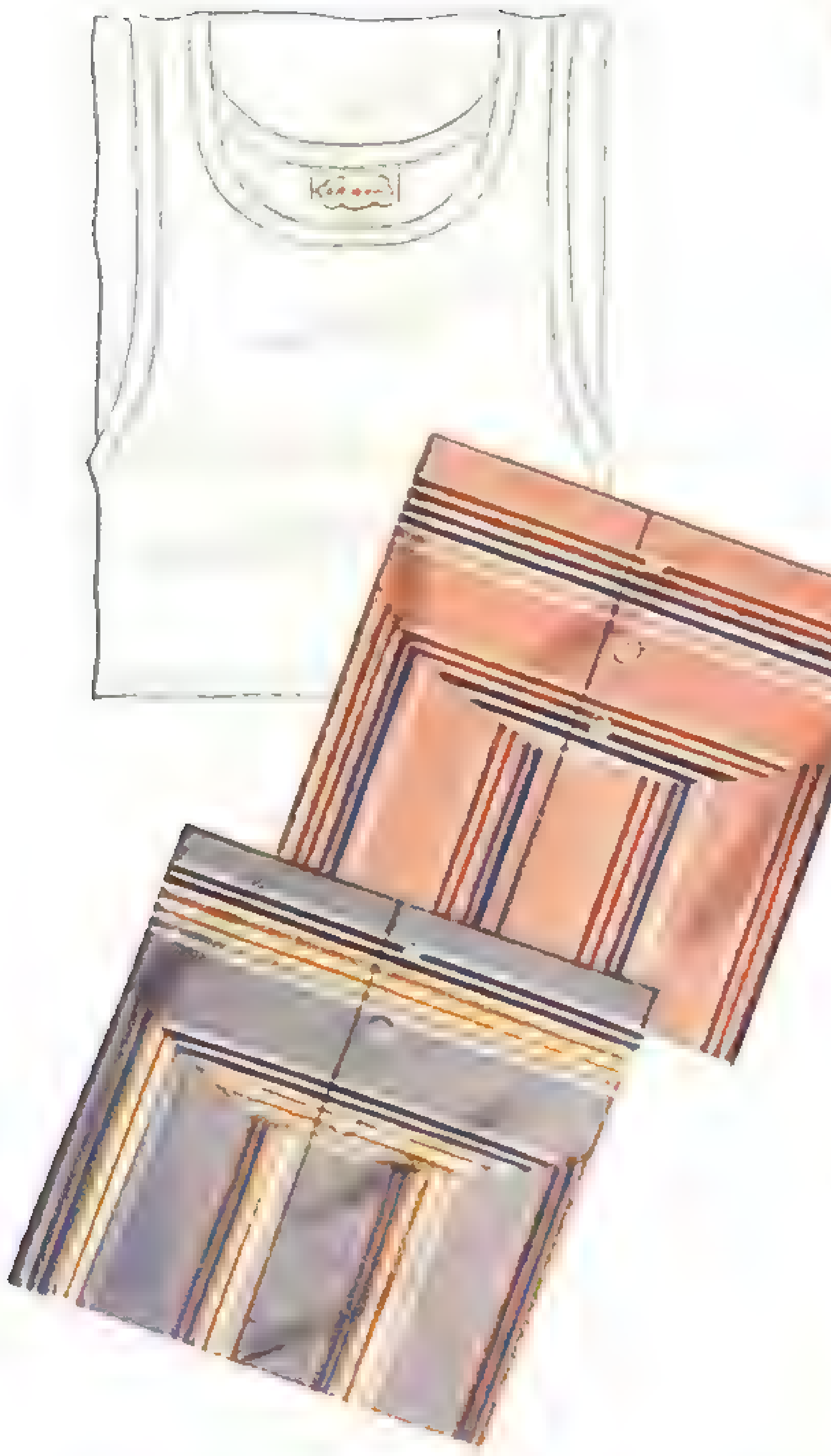
Ties, in the main, tend toward more outspoken patterns. Arrow cravats, resiliently tailored, $1, $1.50 and $2.

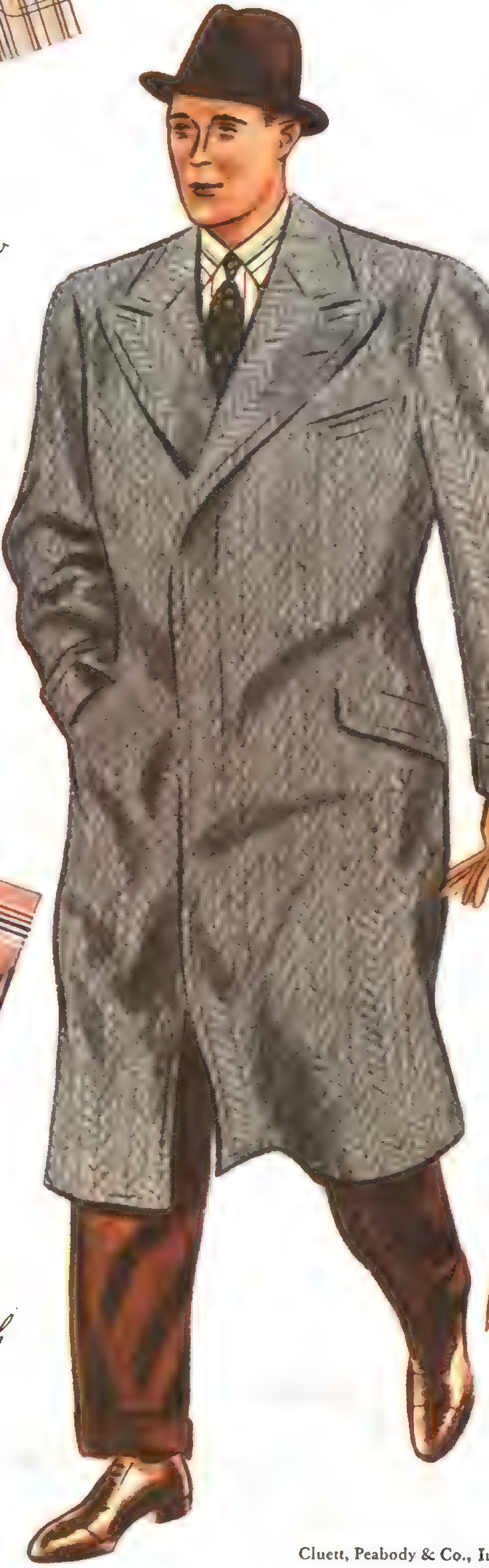
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.



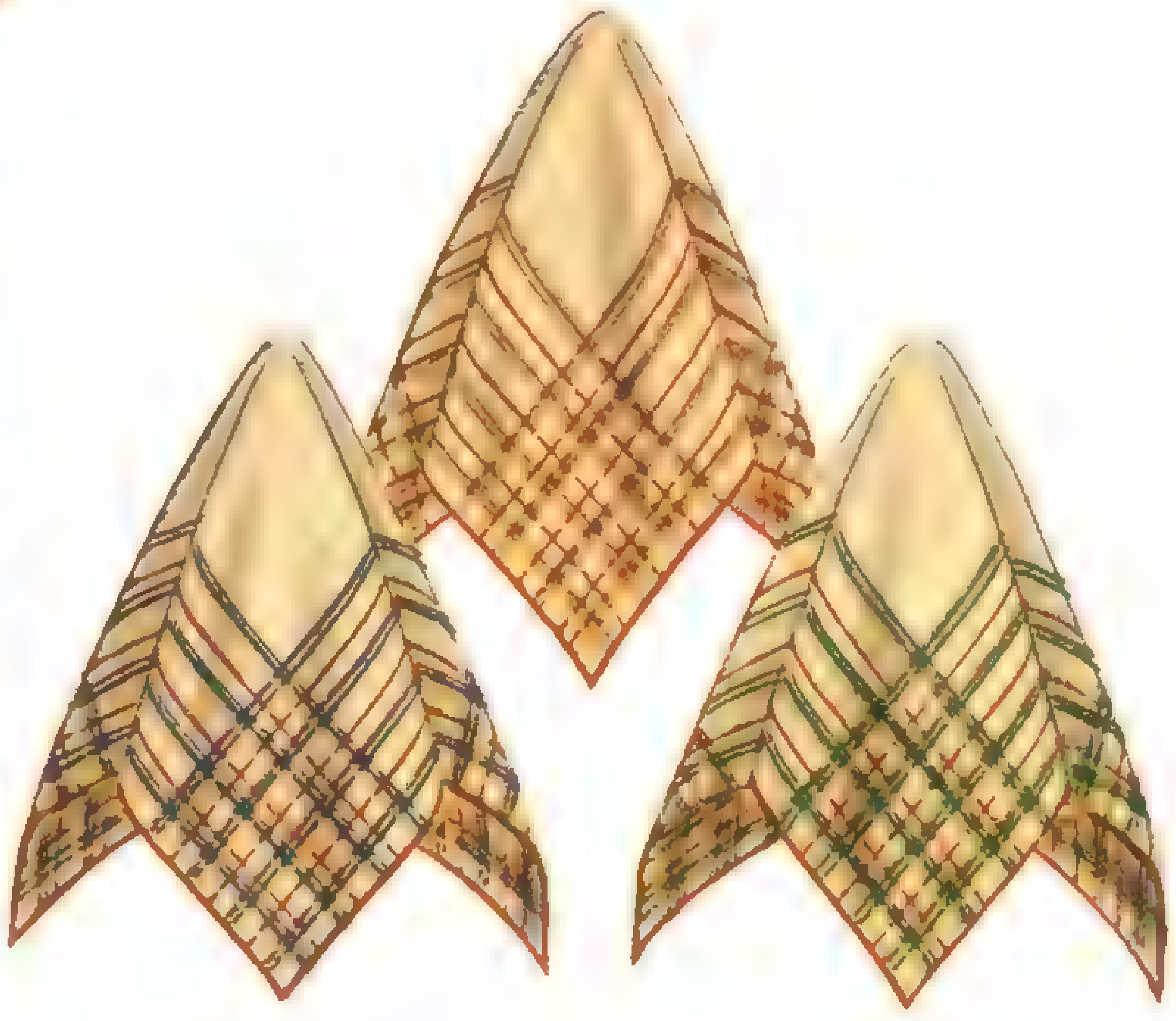


Because it's Sanforized, Gordon is one oxford that can't shrink. Today's younger gentry favor the button-down version. Mitoga form-fit $2.



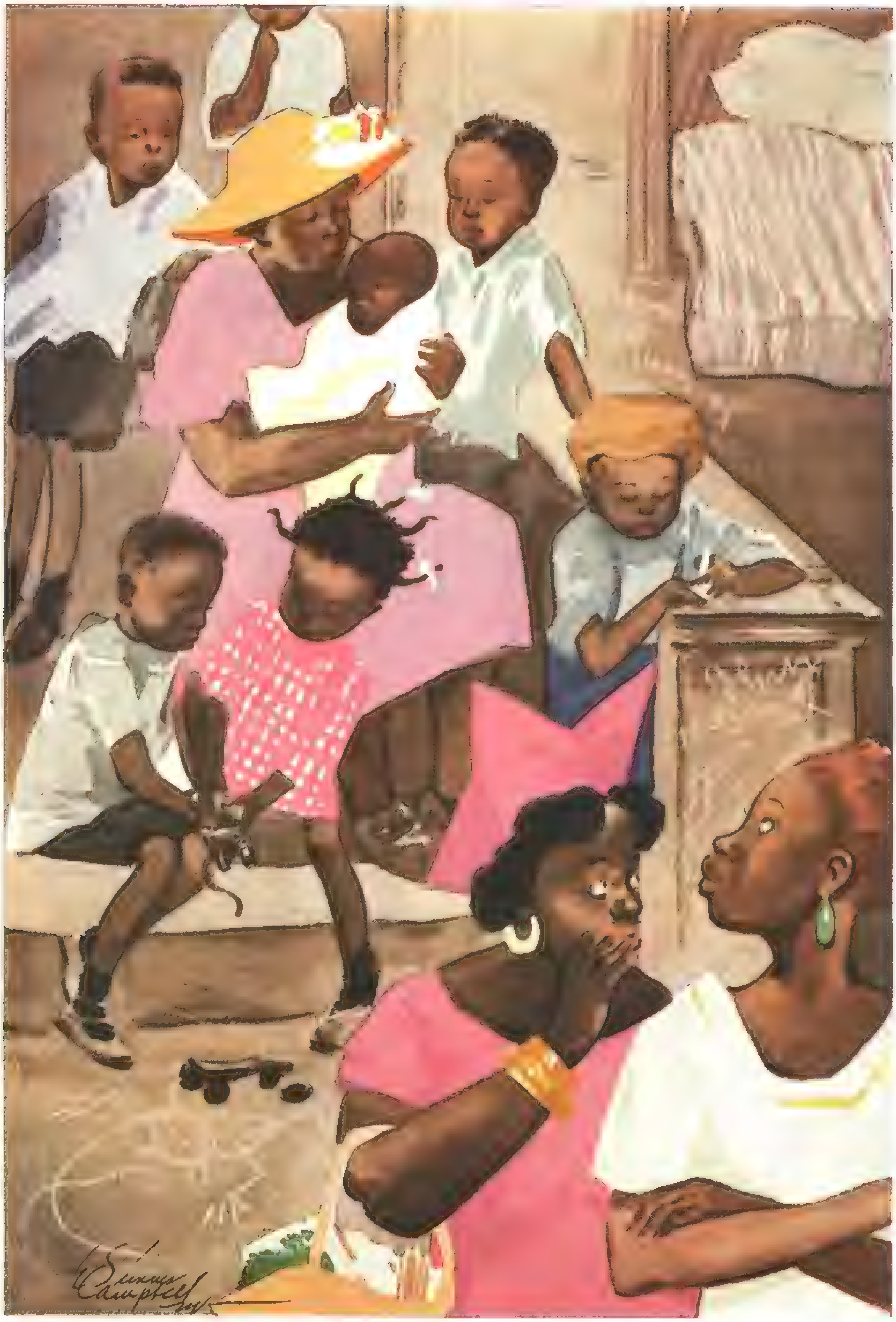


Are there any shorts which don't ride, twist or saw? Sure. Arrows. Reason: no center seam and a roomier seat. Sanforized. 65¢ up. Undershirts, 50¢ up.



Thoughtfully, Arrow made up these handkerchiefs to go with the Campaign Stripe shirts 35¢

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.


E. Simms Campbell

"I guess Sam is still out of work"

Go Magyar, Young Man

Continued from page 78

pest's Corso differ from most waterfront bars, so does the St. Gellert artificial wave affair differ from those of America's Luna Parks. The whole place has been planned and planted perfectly. Brilliant flowers abound, fountains splash water into the pool, and there is an attractive restaurant at the edge of the pool. In fact, it's the type of place one usually finds at a smart private club—except the St. Gellert's is more elaborate. Other open air baths, all in beautiful settings, are the Szechenyi Baths and the Palatinus Baths on the same Marguerite Island to which I have referred.

These bathing places play an important part in the lives of Budapest's men. They spend hours in them. Take Mr. Nandor Incze. He is one of the town celebrities and in turn entertains all visiting celebrities. Incze publishes the leading illustrated weekly (a combination of the *New Yorker*, *Variety* and Walter Winchell), controls most of the market for Budapest's great output of plays, and has his finger in an infinite number of activities.

Incze commences his day at 7:30 in his favorite bathing establishment. Relaxing in a hot room, he shaves, or is shaved (every bath has a barber and you don't need soap as the steam softens your beard). While being massaged—and at times having a chiropodist work on him (so far I have never heard of a manicurist entering the picture), Incze goes over his affairs with his secretary who has evolved a special steam-proof portfolio for holding the various papers to be discussed with his boss. I am told that with many Budapest men such a procedure is customary in commencing the day—and, I might add, for ending a large night.

Speaking of nights, don't spend all your Danubian evenings gallivanting around with the fair sex. Do as the gay Hungarian aristocrats do and every so often set aside a night to spend with the gypsies. Strictly a stag affair. You sit around singing and drinking until—well, until you can't sing or drink any longer. Pretty much the same sort of thing as our keg parties when each one tries to stump the other with old songs. You know the sort of thing—"Do you remember the name of this one Anna Held used to sing?" . . . "What Lehar operetta was this waltz from?" . . . and so on into the dawn.

But in Hungary the business of digging up songs from the past is more intricate. At a Zigeuner song fest there are about four thousand (yes, literally) old gypsy refrains which can be brought forth. Incze claims he knows four hundred. On such evenings the "gentlemen" often buy champagne for the gypsies, they themselves sticking to *vin ordinaire*.

Apropos of drinking, those who love the grape will be in for a treat in Budapest. Not merely with heady tokay, the pet drink of the land, but because of many lesser known, though equally good vintages. A word about tokay. You probably think of this famous Hungarian wine as a rich, sweetish beverage only drinkable with a dessert or fruit. It's true most tokay is rather on the sweet side, but not all. You can get an excellent dry type, fine as an *aperitif*. And there's some of it in this country too—it's called *szamorodni*, dry.

After tokay, the next most popular drink is a peach brandy called *barack*. Always a favorite in Hungary, *barack* has, since the visit of the former King Edward (then Prince of Wales) to Budapest in the summer of '35, become so popular that it is in great demand not only in the bars of Budapest, but in London as well. The bartenders at the Dunapalota evolved a cocktail in honor of "Edward," which is known around town as the "Prince of Wales." It's really just a sidecar with *barack* substituted for cointreau.

If you're a wine lover you'll find many Hungarian vintages to your liking. Some of the lighter types are of the order of Rhine or Moselle and can't be exported because they don't travel well. But others such as *bikaver*, *szurke barat* and *debroi hasleveli* are to be found here in America. They have a pleasant, exotic tang to them, these Hungarian wines. Pretty soon you begin to imagine that they "bring out the gypsy in you." But it's more than mere imagination. Actually Hungarian doctors prescribe tokay in the same way that their confrères in neighboring Vienna give gland treatments.

The cuisine in Budapest is a pleasant surprise to any man who enjoys his food and especially experimenting with new dishes. Don't get the idea that Hungarians live on goulashes, chicken paprika and noodles. Although all three are found on every menu, there are plenty of other treats in store for a gourmet-minded tourist. Take the fish from Lake Balaton. It's called *fogas* and is to my mind equally as fine as the much-vaunted sole from the English Channel.

Most of the chefs concoct wonderful egg dishes for luncheon menus (you've probably had only a continental breakfast), often combining the extremely good Hungarian mushrooms with the eggs. Ecrivettes are smaller than our shrimps but unusually succulent. Their goose liver is noted and is not as rich as the French *pâté de fois gras*. An entrée very popular in Budapest, is made of large mushrooms stuffed with goose liver and herbs. Veal takes on an entirely new accent at the hands of a good Budapest chef. Fruit is large and luscious and Americans longing for the corn they are missing at home, beam, when they arrive in Budapest and see the unfamiliar European sight of people tackling corn on the cob. Not only is it served at all restaurants but, just as they do at our own county fairs, street vendors sell it piping hot with butter and paprika.

In boosting Budapest as a man's town I can't, of course, claim it equals London as a masculine shopping haven. Although there are some exceptional haberdashery shops along the street back of the Corso, the articles are not sufficiently attractive to worry about. But shoes—that's different. Many beau brummels consider that some of the best shoes in the world are made in Budapest. I know men who, though they order suits from Savile Row, have their shoes made by Csakany, the pet bootmaker for the Hungarian aristocracy who are exceptionally fussy about their footwear.

As to sports, Budapest abounds in them. Perhaps swimming should be mentioned first—they're almost fanatical on the subject of bathing and life in the water. In fact it's said that every man you meet on the street in Budapest is either coming from or going to a pool.

There's good tennis in beautiful surroundings on the Marguerite Island. Also polo. The Hungarians, you know, are famous as horsemen. Their big plain, the Puszta, is very much like our Western prairies and the cowboys have much in common with our own bronco busters. Fortunately, the motor age has not spoiled the picturesque sight—not even in Budapest—of prancing Hungarian horses drawing carriages. At several of the country inns, when you get off your train at the nearby station, you are met by a gaily painted carriage back of two, perhaps three, stallions.

A grand idea for horsemen who visit Budapest is to join a riding party which follows trails for days, sometimes weeks, throughout the country, stopping at farms, hunting lodges and sometimes old castles for the night. Shooting and hunting (especially for boars) are often included in these *safaris*. You can get information about them from travel bureaus in Budapest, and incidentally, the Hungarians are extremely hospitable, giving a warm welcome to strangers within their gates.

And, golfers, there are some links laid out on the high hills back of Buda, where you are treated to such magnificent views it is hard to keep your eye on the ball. Incidentally, right near the links is a sanitarium-hotel, which is patronized by those who, after doing Budapest as it should be done, feel the need of a breathing spell. This Svabhegyi Sanitarium can be treated merely as a hotel, and if you have nothing really wrong with you and only wish to lie and relax, the doctors and nurses will leave you quite alone.

Just as many men vary the monotony of too much society and too much of the fair sex by occasionally taking nights out with the gypsies, so do knowing gents indulge in a bit of slumming as an antidote to an overdose of the Ritz, diplomatic dinners, and the glitter that is part of Budapest's social scheme.

It's good fun to see the seamy side of life along the Danube and one of the first places to start happens to be the easiest. Although the Hungaria draws as smart a crowd as any hotel in the city, not two hundred yards away is one of the toughest spots of the town. From the hotel you'd never see the place because it's tucked away beneath the Corso, almost underneath the elegant Hungaria. I refer to a little bar patronized by sailors from the river boats (which are tied up in front), taxicab drivers and the type of belles you'd expect to find in such a spot. But it isn't just another dump, it has real color. Even here you have Zigeuner music, although there are only three pieces to the band. Ranchmen in high boots and broad sashes, peasants in brilliant flowered dresses—all mingle with the waterfront characters and the city slickers.

A bar of bohemian variety is the Bigszinhoz Caffee, a modernistic affair where the younger element sit for hours over card games, sip coffee or tokay and exchange gossip of the intelligentsia. It's like the Dome on the Left Bank—or rather, as the Dome was in its heyday.

Then you should also drop into a *boîte*, Csengey, run by Seress Rudi, the fellow who wrote *Gloomy Sunday*, that sad, sobbing song which they say caused so many suicides in the Danube. Rudi himself strums the piano and manages to live up to the sad picture you'd expect from the composer of such a ballad. Finally, as a last stand, there's Balaz's Coffee House. When the Arizona and other night clubs have closed, you can breeze into Balaz about five in the morning and help get yourself in shape by downing the specialty of the house, cabbage soup. The Hungarians claim it's especially good for what ails you when you find yourself still out at such an hour.

Probably the thing that makes Budapest dearest to man's heart is the fact that life in this gay capital is so cheap. For instance, a treatment at one of their elaborate Turkish baths—including a half hour or more massage—costs less than fifty cents; a shave and facial massage, about twenty-five cents. There's an excellent hotel on Marguerite Island where, with the privilege of taking your meals at any of the attractive restaurants on the island, you can live *en pension* for about three dollars a day. And that's no boarding house existence—it means living de luxe.

Business Man in Movies

Continued from page 90

"Do you expect me to hit those?" I asked, cynically. "If you're tryto make things look hard, why don't you have me catching an egg in my mouth at the same time?"

"Say," said the director, seriously, "that's not a bad idea."

So, until the first day of actual "shooting," I practiced catching eggs, knocking over little pins, and any other freak shots they could think of. It kept me busy from 9:30 in the morning until 5:30 at night, with an hour out for lunch. Being in pictures is no loafer's paradise; it's real work.

The day scheduled for camera work never really dawned. Sunny California was covered with what in any other state would be called a first-class rain. As a matter of fact, it rained so hard that the director decided to shoot the inside scenes first. And, accustomed as I was to surprises by this time, I realized that I could still be shocked.

I had heard that Hollywood make-up artists could make anything look beautiful. I had even pictured myself as the Clark Gable of table tennis. Imagine my horror, then, when the director informed me that absolutely no make-up would be used.

"This is a sport short," he said, "and whatever we do is going to be real. There won't be any faking and you won't be made up. Now let's get right into this scene."

The scene to which he referred was somewhere in the middle of the picture. They do everything backward in Hollywood. The first scenes weren't taken until the last day. And since I saw none of the "rushes" as they call the previews of each day's shooting, I wasn't really clear about anything in the picture until months later when I saw it for the first time in Chicago.

My first scene was laid in a gymnasium, where I was supposed to be the center of admiration. All I had to do was to walk forward four steps, book in hand. Then, as three bathing beauties flung themselves at me, I was supposed to smile at them and autograph a few table tennis balls. It seemed easy enough, but we rehearsed the simple kindergarten scene several times. I was full of confidence and fancied myself quite an actor.

The cameras were loaded and the lights turned on. Then the director yelled; "Let 'er go."

But as soon as the cameras started turning, I forgot how to walk. They told me I tripped across the floor on tiptoes. The next time I walked into the camera. On the third trial I dropped the book. On my fourth effort, I smiled at a friend on the set instead of at the girls. Finally, when I thought I did it just about right, the director told me I looked more surprised than pleased when the damsels went for me. He said he'd have to give me lessons in smiling.

"You're a swell grinner, Clark," he said, "but your smiling's terrific!"

Everything is "terrific" in Hollywood. If a thing is good, it's terrific; if it's bad, it's terrific. That's why so many people use the expression. They can't go wrong and they can always explain.

To the amazement of all California boosters, the rain, which had ushered in our first day of camera work, continued unabated, and that elaborate twelve hundred dollar outdoor set, which had been constructed especially for my picture, was never used. We were forced to work inside, where the heat from a great battery of lights added to our difficulties.

The slow motion work was by far the hardest. Because of the nature of the cameras, the light required was "terrific." Forty or fifty lights of about five thousand watts apiece "burned me up." Someone sprayed sticky glycerine over my face occasionally just to be *sure* that I looked hot. My spectacles caught all kinds of reflections and demanded constant attention to clear them of the superfluous glycerine.

There were two cameras focused on me all the time. With sweat dripping into my eyes, and half blinded by the glare of the lights, I was supposed to be playing the best game of my life. But the restrictions imposed upon me by the cameramen were the most annoying. They charted out what they called a "shooting field" on the studio floor, and assistants laid down long strips of adhesive tape to indicate the boundary lines. These strips marked the extreme range of the cameras, and woe be unto me if I stepped out of bounds.

Once or twice during those last five days of shooting I forgot something. In the excitement of playing, one time, I forgot to notice those inviolable boundary lines and stepped out of range of the cameras. Another time I forgot to look surprised when I was supposed to look surprised. Other things, too, I would have forgotten had it not been for Bill. Bill's job was to remember. The disjointed shots taken in the studio must be made into smooth sequences in the cutting room, and Bill had to see that no discrepancies appeared in these sequences.

On my sweater, for instance, I had three buttons. In the first series of pictures that were taken, only two of these buttons were fastened. Thereafter, before any scenes were taken, Bill gave me the once-over to make sure that these buttons, and these only, were fastened. Forgetting in the moving picture business costs money. Each time the slow motion cameras were reloaded it cost twenty-five dollars. Every time the production was delayed for any reason, thirty accessory men and the cast, with the exception of myself, had to be paid for the wasted time. Nevertheless even Bill, the memory man, occasionally forgot something.

On the fourth day of shooting, the director pulled one of his surprises.

"All right, Clark," he said, "let's see how that egg stunt goes."

He remembered that crack I made about catching an egg in my mouth and intended to work the stunt into the picture. George, the villain, was supposed to play a dirty trick on me. He was to substitute an egg for a table tennis ball, and I was supposed to catch the thing in my mouth. It sounded easy until I learned that the egg was going to be a real one, and after I caught it, I was to break it in a frying pan for proof.

For fifteen minutes a two hundred pound Hercules practiced hurling eggs at me from a distance of twelve feet. It was discouraging work because only one out of every five tosses came within reach. The floor behind me began to look like an omelet. One egg cracked on my chin and we took time out while I cleaned up.

"Okay," shouted the director when I reappeared. "This is the picture. Lights! Camera! Let's go!"

The first egg whizzed two feet over my head and I heard it smash on the floor behind me. Egg number two looked like a good bet, though, and I did a Joe E. Brown with my mouth. Somehow I caught the wabbling thing and held it in my mouth without even cracking the shell. The cameras "dollied" on me as I removed the egg and looked down for the frying pan. The frying pan! Where was it?

"Cut!" yelled the director.

Bill, the great rememberer, had forgotten to have the pan ready and we had to shoot the scene over. Was his face red! He dashed out and in less than thirty seconds reappeared with a frying pan.

We took our places again and the cameras started turning. I surprised myself by making a perfect catch on the very first throw, and when the cameras "dollied up" on me this time, I smiled as I broke the egg into the pan. I thought everything was about perfect and expected a little commendation from the director when the shooting was over.

"That's a little better, boys," he said. "But for heaven's sake, Clark, when you take that egg out of your mouth, look surprised! Don't you know you're supposed to think it's a table tennis ball? Let's try it once more."

The final day of shooting—the fifth—was the tops. Everyone was about ready to chew off ears. The director looked like a skeleton and complained of dropping eight pounds since the first day of shooting. Fingers of cameramen operating the slow motion cameras were raw. All the bathing beauties complained of colds and sore feet. One of my players was limping about on a badly sprained ankle, the result of one of those brilliant "stunts" of the director's. The producer was peeved because the shooting had gone two days over the schedule—$4,000 over the budget. And there was still a lot left to do.

There were, of course, plenty of shots of regular playing, singles and doubles. But the director was still insistent upon trick shots. He had the balls painted in patterns of black and white, for examples of spin in slow motion. He put the cameras below the big plate glass table for underneath shots. He had me sitting down, smoking a cigarette, and beating two opponents at the same time. Thousands of feet of film were taken and never used. The incident which stands out in my mind, however, has to do with those three little ten pins. It was toward the end of the day and nerves were pretty well frayed out by this time.

The ten pins were placed at the far end of the table. Lights were turned on. The cameras were loaded. I had twelve table tennis balls in my left coat pocket, and if I didn't manage to knock all three pins off the table with those twelve balls, a retake would be necessary. The director was optimistic.

"You oughta knock each one off with just one shot," he said.

Oh yeah? I was pretty mad when the cameras started turning. I started pulling one ball after another out of my coat pocket. I was banging away at pin number one. Once or twice I nearly hit it, but there it stood, proud and free, after my last ball was gone. I was disgusted. The director was disgusted. Everybody was disgusted.

"All right," barked the director. "One more chance."

It took the cameramen fifteen minutes to reload. The clock said 5:25 P.M. I just had time for one last trial—just enough to save MGM that time-and-a-half overtime. The next five minutes would be my swan song to the movies, and I determined to make it good. My biggest thrill in pictures came directly after my most humiliating failure.

"Lights!" shouted the director. "Camera! Turn 'em over!"

Snap! I flicked the first ball over the net. Click! The first little pin wavered and fell. I remember the faint smile of supreme satisfaction that showed on my lips. Crack! The second ball struck pin number two right in the center, knocking it several feet beyond the end of the table and almost into the cameras. I could hardly believe my eyes. Two down and only one more to go. I'd show them. Then an awful feeling of horror came over me as I wondered how I would feel if I failed to hit the last pin with the ten remaining balls. Never mind. Just try. I hit the third pin right on the nose with the third ball.

"Cut!" shouted the director. He didn't exactly kiss me on both cheeks, but I know he wanted to. Everyone on the set gave me such a cheer that I felt for the first time that human nature, even in Hollywood, is human nature.

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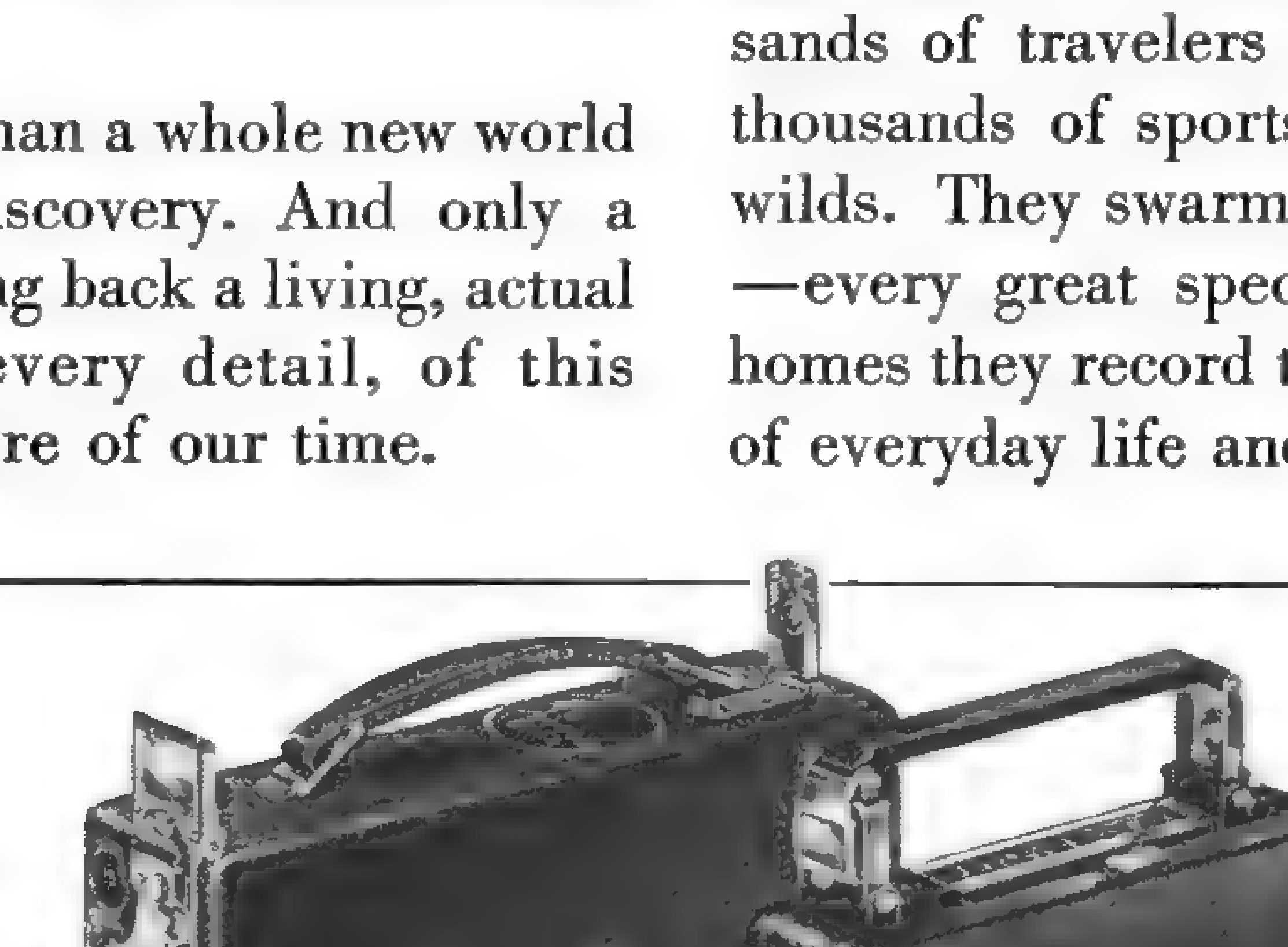

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Immortal Birds and Bottles

Continued from page 96

7 minutes to cook it really properly, and 8 minutes if one wishes it well done. After cooking, remove and lay the pieces on small slices of toast ¼ inch thick. Now select a number of very large chicken livers, cut them in thick slices, sauté them in butter, set a slice on each noisette, and on the top of this a fine piece of truffle. Mask the whole with Madeira sauce. To make this sauce, reduce half a pint of Madeira or sherry, add some brown gravy, thicken with butter mixed with a little flour, and season with salt, pepper and truffle sauce.

With this Joseph recommends a Burgundy—say *Château Lafite Rothschild*, 1928.

Theophile, being an Alsatian by birth, is particularly proud of his

Sweetbread Canelons à la Alsacienne—Cut 8 pieces an inch square from braised sweetbread. Add to it an equal quantity of mushrooms and half as many truffles, then mix this salpicon with a well reduced allemande sauce. Roll out some 8 turn puff paste to the thickness of 1/16 inch. Wet this paste slightly and cut it into ½ inch wide bands. Butter the exterior of some cylindrical molds, 1¼ inches in diameter by 2¼ inches long, the bands onto these, turning them around so that half the paste one row overlaps half of the last one, and continue until the cylinder is well covered. Egg them twice and cook them in a hot oven. Remove, unmold and place each on a square of buttered paper. Fill with some chicken quenelle (forcemeat), garnish the center with the above prepared salpicon and finish the bottom and top with forcemeat, then set them in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. Range them in a folded napkin and serve.

As a most fitting accompaniment, Joseph suggests *Forster-Kirchenstueck Kempinski*, 1929.

In the golden age, mentioned so much by those given to nostalgic pains in the head, one of the famous places was Churchill's, at Broadway in the upper Forties. It is told of a famous red-haired editor, now much in the prints but then only making his name, that he would dash into a phone booth of Park Row every midnight, phone to Churchill's and have himself paged. He would insist that he was there and ask the manager to make the rounds of the tables calling his name. After a quarter hour of this the editor would take a subway uptown and make a grand entrance into the place. His name? The libel laws being what they are—anyway I know it's true, and one of his favorite dishes was Tipsy Duck. It is said that Diamond Jim Brady also liked this but as Diamond Jim never drank, we doubt if he would take that much liquor, even in food.

Tipsy Duck—Put a jointed duck in an earthenware crock, season with salt and pepper, and add 4 ounces brandy, 2 large glasses of claret wine, 2 large chopped onions, a little thyme, bay-leaf, allspice, a sprig of parsley and let stand 4 or 5 hours. Put 4 ounces fresh pork fat and 1 tablespoon olive oil in earthenware casserole, and when hot put in pieces of duck. Brown them for about 20 minutes. Add the wine in which they were soaked, also 1 clove of garlic and ½ pound fresh mushrooms. Simmer gently for 1 or 1¼ hours. Serve in casserole in which cooked. Serve duck on slices of brown toast and with noodles. *La Mission, Haut-Brion*, 1929, is a rare treat with this delicacy.

The Astor Hotel managed to keep a high standard of cooking, even during the Depression. It has always been a man's hotel and its patrons even now when far away send back for special dishes to be prepared and sent on by airplane. This is largely due to Mr. F. A. Muschenheim, the proprietor, who likes good food himself. His favorite dish from his own kitchen is Pheasant Souvaroff.

Pheasant Souvaroff—Select a good sized native pheasant, singe and draw it by the front opening so as to leave the lower orifice as small as possible which is imperative if success is desired. Cook six pairs good sized truffles for five minutes in a glassful of Madeira and equal quantity of light meat glaze. Withdraw the truffles and put them into the terrine in which the pheasant will complete its cooking. Cut ½ pound fresh goose liver in large dice, stiffen these in the liquor in which the truffles were cooked, stuff the pheasant therewith. Truss the pheasant, wrap it in slices of larding pork. Put the pheasant in a saucepan, cook brown but a little underdone. When the pheasant is cooked remove it from the pan, untie and place it in the terrine containing the truffles. Drain the butter in which the pheasant was cooked; moisten with 2 gills of brown sauce; add this gravy to the pheasant, also add one small glass of Madeira, one small glass of French brandy. Hermetically seal the terrine with piecrust and cook for about 30 minutes in a bake oven. Serve from the terrine. A *Corton*, 1926, will go down pleasantly with this. Or try a *Romanée-Conti* or perhaps a great claret, *St. Emilion*.

There is nothing a chef guards so closely as his sauces. In the old days I knew one at the Plaza who made his sauces behind doors that were locked. Marchisio, of the Marguery, has a sauce that he will sell you in bottles but will not divulge the formula. Bernard, who had a long training in some of the best kitchens in town and who now runs a gourmet's heaven on East Sixtieth Street, has given me some of his best sauces. The recipe for zablione is repeated; no paragraph this reporter has ever written has brought as much response as the one on Bernard's zablione. Reason: it is darned hard to make and takes much patience and slow cooking. An irate Foreign Legionnaire wrote from Morocco; a lady from Manila; one from Washington who wanted an answer at once as she wanted to serve it if it was the dish she once had in London.

First we will give Bernard's recipe for his dish of

Veal or Chicken—Brown slices of meat in a little olive oil, remove the meat and place in a separate platter. Add 3 ounces dry sherry to the oil. Reduce over hot fire for 2 minutes draw the pan away from the fire, but keep it on the hot stove or just away from the direct fire. Add 1 tablespoon of butter; stir by moving the pan to and fro; when butter is melted, season and taste. Pour over the meat and cover, let it simmer for a minute and serve. This process is very simple. *Château La Tour-Blanche*, 1929, is delicious if you like a sweeter white wine.

Sauce Orientale—Hash one small onion, cook in a little butter; add 3 medium mushrooms finely hashed; add 2 medium tomatoes, hashed, reduce. Add ½ pint of a dry white wine; add ½ pint of heavy cream. Hash 6 leaves of fresh mint, same amount of parsley, add 2 tablespoons sweet butter, away from the fire; season. Special for *au gratin* dishes, noodles, spaghetti, etc.

White Fish Stock or Fish Fummet—Two pounds of trimmings and bones of sole or whiting, ½ pound of sliced blanched onions, 1 ounce parsley roots or stalks, ½ pint of white wine. Preparation: Butter the bottom of a thick tall sauce pan, put in the blanched onions and the parsley stalks and upon these aromatics lay the fish remains. Add the juice of a lemon, cover the stewpan, put it on the fire and allow the fish to exude its essence, jerking the pan at intervals. Moisten in the first place with the white wine, then with the lid off, reduce the liquid to about half; now add 1 quart of cold water, bring to a boil, skim and then leave to cook for 20 minutes only, on a moderate fire. The time allowed is ample for the purpose of extracting the aromatic and gelatinous properties. You might try a *Bâtard-Montrachet*, 1929, with this or a *Clos Ste. Odile*, 1929.

White Wine Sauce—Take half pint of fish stock, heat, add 4 egg yolks, mixing them well in and follow with a good tablespoon of sweet butter, added by degrees, paying heed not to overheat to avoid curdling, season and serve with fish.

Zablione—Beat 6 egg yolks, then add 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract or 1 vanilla stick, 6 tablespoons of brandy or white wine, 6 tablespoons of granulated sugar and place in a double boiler. Increase the heat gradually and stir constantly until it thickens. Pour into glasses and serve warm or chilled if preferred. Serves four.

If desired cold: Let get cold and then place in refrigerator; decorate with pistachios. If in a bowl, place lady-fingers around the bowl, and sprinkle with wine then pour the zablione into it and decorate.

A dish which has ushered in the Julian New Year of old Russia since the time of the Robber Barons of the early 16th Century, is Cutlets Kiev. Like most traditional dishes, it had many local variants, and its history is traced from the gypsy fires of wandering Cossack bands, until in the late 19th Century it had reached the table of the Czars, where this *piece de resistance* had evolved into the regal swan. Semplich Ignatovitch, chef of the St. Regis La Maisonette Russe, describes the importance of this delicacy on the table of the late Czar Nicholas, where, on all state occasions, he was asked to prepare it at the Summer Palace in Livadia, where he was master chef. On occasions other than the holy New Year's Eve, either partridge or the more accessible chicken was used. A flaming pyre of sugar dripping into a silver bowl containing white wine and fruit held the liqueur sipped as an appetizer. Burgundy wine or brandy was frequently added to the hot punch served prior to Cutlets Kiev.

Cotelette Kiev Imperiale—The chicken or turkey (or swan) is stuffed with chestnuts and truffles and the gravy richly flavored with red wine and oranges and roasted over a slow fire. In their simplest form, more suitable, perhaps for inclusion in home menus, the cooked breast of fowl is sliced, and laid on a foundation of liver paste (preferably *pâte de fois gras*) and hot drawn butter is then poured over it. The cutlets are served with hearts of artichokes.

With Cutlets Kiev, Chef Ignatovitch prefers that *Pouilly, Moselle*, or possibly dry *Graves* be served, but for those who prefer red wines, *Medoc* is suitable.

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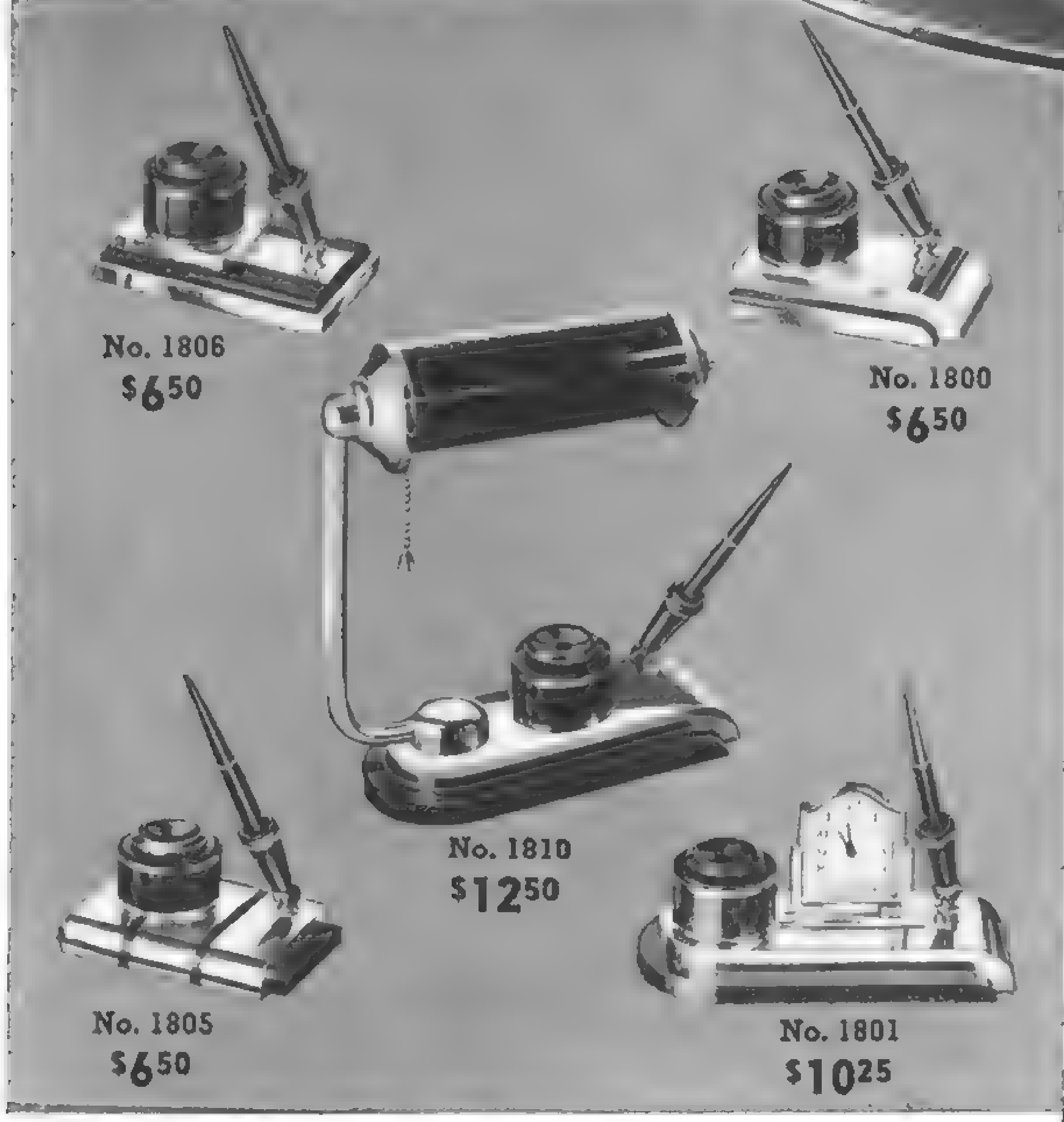

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Behind the Eight Ball

Continued from page 105

number?" (the numbers stick out like Stop and Go)—whichever the case may be, and sets them down at random—to the utter horror of her opponents.

But what really wrings anguish from the hearts of all beholders (especially the club stewards, when they can bring themselves to look) is the way she manipulates her cue. In her hands it becomes an instrument of destruction, a rapier that is lunged violently in the direction of the nearest ball. Unlike the meticulous player, she does not shut one eye when aiming—she shuts both eyes. She plays a 3-dimensional game; her shots have height and depth as well as length and breadth. The balls bounce high in the air (the old "duck shot") and the cue digs down through the cloth to solid bed-slate. The manufacturers knew what they were doing when they made a play for the gals.

Although the stewards always spend the next day replacing divots and picking up broken champagne glasses from under the table, it is plain that the billiard tables at the East Teabone Country Club cannot survive many more "Ladies' Nights." Already their green, but in most cases, claret-purple expanse is furrowed and pock-marked. It is No Man's Land, in more senses than one.

As a result, the veteran billiard players are drifting away from the country club and seeking sanctuary in Dad Fluke's Blue Front Pool Hall. The pool room today is the misogynists' Mecca. Women have invaded all the other haunts of men. They have established themselves in the barber shops and the barrooms. They occupy front-row seats at prize fights, wrestling matches and burlesque shows. They are everywhere now—except in the pool hall.

Pool is distinctly a man's game. There are a few women who have become proficient at it for exhibition purposes, notably: Florence Flowers of New York; Ruth Harvey of Santa Monica, California, amateur champion; Hilda Stowell of Chicago; Irene Hummell of Brooklyn and Gertrude Baker McEvoy of New York, former amateur titleholder—but only these few. Of course, the lone exception is Miss McGinnis—she *is* good. Pool requires strength rather than finesse. You never see a pool player delicately "nursing" the balls against the rail or arching his fingers over a massé shot; that is, with the exception of the experts in title competition you don't see this procedure. On the break, he sends the cue ball crashing into fifteen other balls with all the force of a torpedo. And each subsequent shot is punctuated by a solid clunk (in nine cases out of ten) as he drives the object ball into the pocket.

For rehabilitating prestige reasons the terms "pool" and "pool hall" are frowned on by the ruling powers. They must be advertised as "pocket billiards" and a "billiard parlor," or even an "academy," respectively. But, with some few exceptions, of course, climb the dusty stairs, push open the swinging doors and you will find the old-fashioned pool hall in all its smoky glory: the staccato click of colliding balls, the reek of stale cigars, the thump of cues on the floor, tobacco-stained table legs of the piano variety, the whang as an errant cue ball ricochets against the cuspidor, and the outburst of profanity—rich, Elizabethan profanity that would make a top sergeant, a first mate or a Broadway playwright green with envy.

In this decadent age, the pool hall is the last retreat of masculinity. You won't find a woman in the place. That is, you won't—if you hurry. There's no telling when the gals may decide to take it over. ⧺

Yes, I'm a Hillbilly

Continued from page 95

modesty is the first commandment, the city girls smoke cigarettes in front of girls who have been told that it's better to commit adultery than smoke a cigarette, and they spend money like mad with people who have never had enough to use it as a regular medium of exchange. A hill code adapted for major vices is puzzled by stress on the minor ones.

Our moral standard has suffered in print because one school of writers got it mixed up with the air and painted both as being pure as driven snow, whatever that is. The other apparently encountered the type of garrulous old men who talk of nothing but camp meeting babies, brush whores and shotgun weddings.

Their stuff consists of rehashes of the old hill yarn about the indignant father who went hunting for the seducer of his daughter and threatened to kill him immediately if he did not do right by his Nell.

"I can't," quavered our villain, "I'm already married. And I haven't got any money except five dollars. If that will help—"

"Hell," said the father, putting down his gun. "Why didn't you tell me about that in the first place? Hand it over and come out and have a drink sometime."

The story is not sheer exaggeration. Mountain morality demands some form of atonement in order to "save face."

Man is still the lord of the universe in the hills. The sports are all his, hunting, fishing and swimming. When he wants to go fishing he doesn't need an excuse. He tells his wife he's going fishing. When he wants to go hunting he doesn't ask his wife's permission. She cooks dog cornbread and thinks nothing of it. Her mother did the same thing and only occasionally murmured that it cost more to keep the dogs than the children. She's lucky to have a good husband who doesn't beat her or chase after some trollop in the next valley.

The man does the field work—usually—but women work in the fields, too, and do all the chores. The wife still promises to obey and usually she does it. When there's a crowd for dinner the men eat at the first table and the woman waits on them and takes the leavings. Women jump up to give the men the best chairs. Sometimes they even walk a little behind the man.

Women have not yet achieved much in the way of financial independence. They teach school or they work out as kitchen help, but they haven't outgrown their heritage of marriage. An old maid is still pitied. The modern emancipated bachelor girl is unknown.

Therefore, the sexual code is masculine. Men still want their women pure for matrimony but they also consider it their privilege to do a little tomcatting around before marriage. There are no commercial daughters of joy in the hills. There is not enough money to attract them. Occasionally there will be a loose grass widow. But usually the hill youth relieves his biological urge with some attractive girl whom he does not consider eligible for marriage. Many of the girls are too docile or too dumb to insist on protection and abortions are crude and dangerous so the rate of illegitimacy is high. But statistics can sometimes lie. There simply are more results from sin in the Ozarks. Most mountaineers would be shocked at the modern moral codes of the city visitors who sneer at us.

The Ozarkian understands the elemental emotions and is tolerant. But sin must always be painted as unintentional. "Thar passions jes' got th' best o' them." The hillman does not believe in or understand deliberate clandestine affairs or intentionally provocative conduct on the part of women. The sex adventuress is no creature of glamor in the hills. She's a bitch without mincing words.

There are other factors contributing to the morality standards. Mixed social gatherings are rare. When there's no bridge, no motion pictures, no mutual sports, not enough money for much motoring, nothing's left but nature.

We may be savages because these episodes take place in the brush; still we'd prefer a nice hotel room if we had the hotel and the money to pay for the room. But the place has very little to do with the morals. Girls with good reputations are safer from propositions in the hills than in the city. "Nice girl" still means something in the mountains. We don't have the city paradox of nice girls who try to look and behave like prostitutes and prostitutes who look like good girls.

Our divorce rate is low. This is partially caused by the early and frequent childbearing and lack of money for clothes and cosmetics. Wives are kept busy in the home. Also they have no way of existing without a husband. Parents don't want them back. By the mountain code a husband is held responsible for his family and marriage is still a social institution planned for endurance instead of beauty. There is no talk about starving for romance or freedom of sexual choice. The man gets his freedom in the masculine world of work and sports. The woman has her sphere and stays in it.

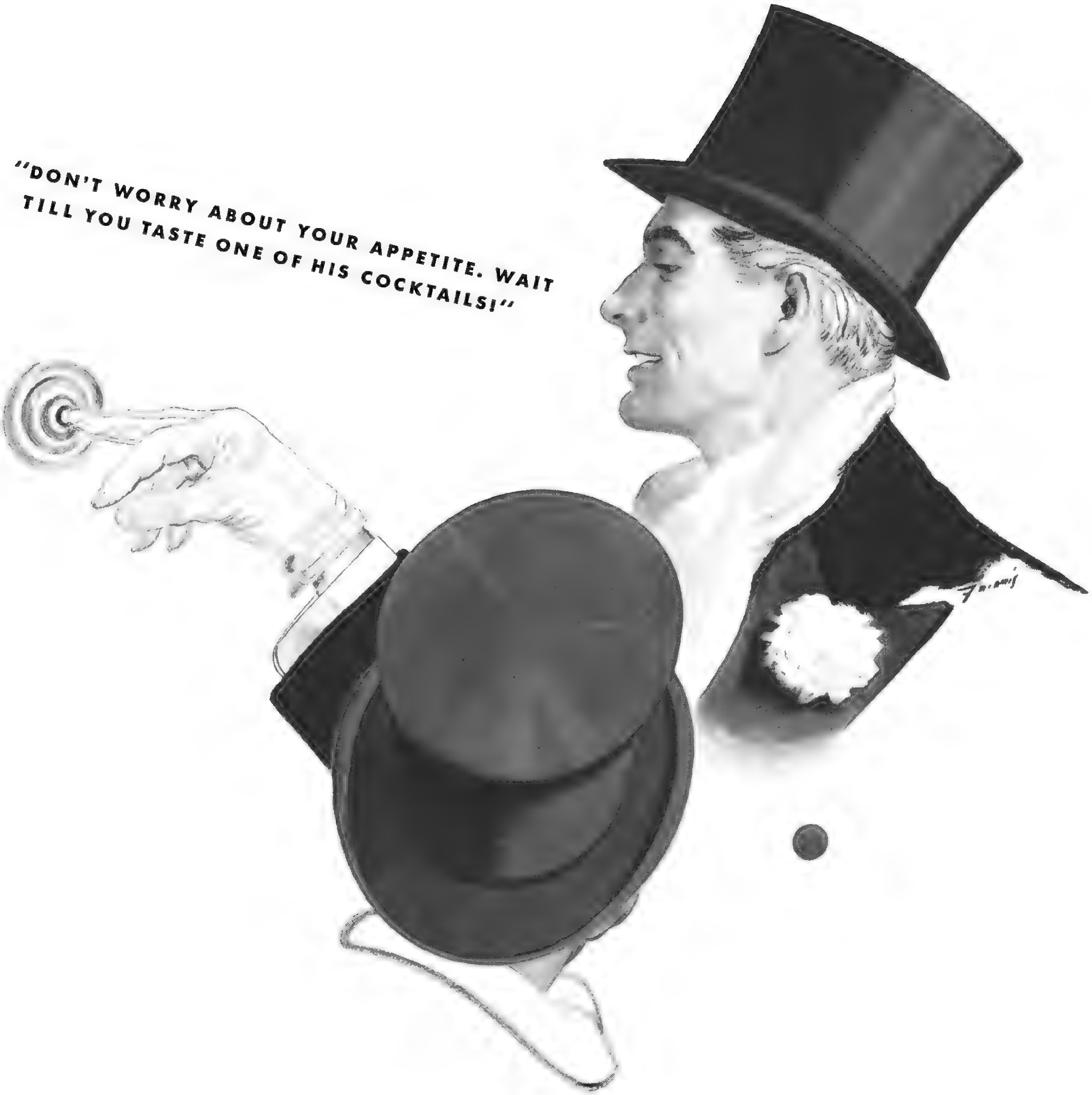
There is strict etiquette among married couples. No man would think of visiting in a home when the husband was absent. In a community where good will is important for bartering and borrowing reputations mean something.

This system may seem crude and unattractive in comparison with the glittering and gay social life of a city. Certainly the woman gets little thrill out of it. Her escort rarely spends any money on her. He furnishes transportation and himself to the rare social occasions. The Ozarkian debutante doesn't have a coming out season, she isn't rushed. If she wants two beaus she's regarded as being feisty. Her business is to get a man and settle down to being a God- and husband-fearing wife.

But at that it has its advantages. The hill woman knows her position. She isn't tormented by the modern girl's jitters over whether she can combine a career and a husband or whether she should desert her art for marriage or vice versa. She doesn't go unhappily through life waiting for Mr. Right to come along. She surveys the neighborhood and sees what she can get and is satisfied. She doesn't worry about the correct psychological relationship. She doesn't have to uphold her feminism. She hasn't got any. She's feminine. She doesn't go through the emotional strain of clandestine romances because her lover talks glibly of freedom in love. If she gets into trouble she doesn't have to be flippant and modern about it and take all the blame and risk. She can go running with the shotgun to papa and point out the gentleman.

As a rule she seems more contented and happy and less worried than her city sister. She may lose her looks and look like hell in

Continued on page 130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Yes, I'm a Hillbilly

Continued from pages 95-128

her clothing. But she doesn't have to worry much about her looks and if her husband is a good provider she settles down into a contented matron. The hillbilly is taught from childhood that he must pick out a sturdy, hard-working wife from a good family and raise a family to help him with the farm work. He becomes the head of the house and his wife is his "old woman." He doesn't worry about whether he's going to stay in love with her or whether he'll be able to hold her love. He doesn't think about it. He sniffs the air and decides it's damp enough for foxhunting or that the fish are biting over on Little Crooked. He's the pioneer delayed into the Twentieth Century He doesn't need to go thrill and sensation hunting. Life has plenty of savor.

Tourists in shiny cars have a lot of fun about the way hillfolks dress, forgetting that their favorite clothes are the battered garments they wear fishing. They also jerk a finger at four hillmen sitting placidly on a store porch, whittling at the posts and say, "Shiftless mountaineers. No wonder they never get anywhere."

In the first place the mountaineer doesn't want to get anywhere. He likes it fine where he is. He's never seen any other place to get to. He's never had enough money to make him want more. He wants a few clothes, sufficient food and a little corn whisky and he usually trades farm produce for them without any "cash money" being used. He doesn't want fine clothes because he's never seen any, except on the touristers and who gives a God damn what th' touristers wear. They're plumb loony anyhow.

In the second place he is not really lazy. There is only a small portion of his land that is tillable. He gets part of his living from woods and rivers. It isn't necessary to paint log cabins or stables nor to fence in much of his timber. Land is cheap and why apply fertilizer to rocks? When the land's corned out he can clear off another patch.

If the tourists saw the hillbilly playing tennis or golf or bridge or going to the theatre or reading there would be no complaints of shiftlessness. That would be employed leisure. But there are no theatres, tennis courts, golf links or libraries. There are store porches and horseshoe pitching grounds. They are the community clubs. The tourist rarely sees the hillman at his active sports.

Let the tourist who has sat in a slowly poled boat while a gigger balanced in one end and speared fish with a long handled, two-tined fork in swift water, illuminated by a basket of blazing pine knots, say that the life of a hillman is lacking in adventure. Let the city man who has followed yelping dogs on a frosty, moonlit December night through tangled woods to capture eleven coons inquire "how on Gawd's earth those poor hicks pass their time in this Godforsaken country." Let him crouch in the underbrush in autumn on a hogback and imitate the call of a turkey gobbler by putting his hands to his mouth. Let him dive in twenty feet of water and hook a forty-pound catfish with a grabhook and pull it to the surface. Let him sneak a deer out of season. Let him sit on a hilltop and listen to the melody of hounds following a hot trail through the valley. And then let him sit in front of an open fire on winter nights with a dishpanful of buttered popcorn and another full of Arkansas Blacks and talk leisurely of hunting. Or let him pat his feet while the wild strains of a mountain fiddle echo through the cabin or an old man shouts out the gory legendry of Sixteenth Century England.

The hillman doesn't drive restlessly from one place to another seeking diversion. He doesn't plank down his money at the box office and melt into an inert audience. He creates his own amusements. And if the larder is replenished by a noodled or jumped fish or an illegal wild turkey so much the better.

Let the gentleman who hasn't complained about the high price of good liquor throw the first bomb into an Ozark still. The Ozarkian has corn but no money. Therefore the moonshining industry. It's no disgrace to be a moonshiner in the hills, not if you make good liquor, untainted by lye, red pepper or tobacco. It's just a little more picturesque to make your liquor outdoors by a rippling brook than it is to make home brew in the cellar or gin in the bathtub. And the liquor usually is better, too. Revenuer shooting has been greatly exaggerated in the hills. It's not healthy to go still hunting. But as a usual thing those guns held by the watchers are fired so that the cookers can rapidly make themselves scarce. Dead revenuers are not good business.

Likewise the family blood feuds are virtually extinct. There are some "troubles" still continuing and the murder rate is pretty high. The Ozarkian believes in settling things out of court. Corn liquor, a fine disregard for foreign laws and a total lack of inhibitions help along homicide. Like most hillmen, I do not regard murder as being a crime, like thieving. It is a private affair between two men, much as were the old duels. Usually a hillman knows when someone is out to get him and if he takes risks that's his bad luck. Killing is to be deplored, but it isn't helped any by outsiders meddling.

"Hit's too danged bad," a hillman will say, "but I reckon John had it a-comin' to him."

The old feuds sound romantic, but as a matter of fact most of them originated over political squabbles, horse stealing, barn burnings and disputes over line fences rather than any injuries done to mountain maidens. The biggest clan war was started over a dispute as to who would be elected sheriff.

The idea that hillmen are silent and sullen is one of the worst libels that has been sprung on us. There is no more good-natured creature than the true hillbilly, nor a more talkative one. He will talk your leg off, ask the most personal questions and, if he likes you, go to any lengths to oblige you. His comparative solitude robs him of the habit of listening, not of talking.

Being a hillbilly I like to talk. I like to mix business with pleasure and gossip with the clerk. I like corn whisky, hunting, fishing and loafing. I don't like to dress up. I believe shoes to be a highly overrated article of apparel but I wear them when necessary. I'm not deeply religious but in my youth I went to church because it was the only place to go. Hillmen are not very pious but they use the church as their emotional outlet and their theatre. Some of them get religion every fall and backslide during the winter.

I like square dancing and fiddle music makes me feel good. I like to listen to dogs baying at night. I like fried pies and stack cakes and 'possum boiled in red pepper tea and baked on a spicewood mat and fried squirrel and hot cornbread. I like roast yearlin' coon and stopping in the middle of the road to talk to the neighbors. I dislike the impersonality and rush of the big cities.

I'm a little superstitious from habit and I believe the mountain weather prophets and signs rather than the meteorologist.

I'm not much impressed by the law and I feel a man has a right to do what he wants with and on his own property. I dislike people interfering with my business. I don't like to keep up with the Joneses. I'm not impressed by money or social rating. I am impressed by people who talk well or do physical things well. I see no point in working to be popular or impress people. They'll find me out sooner or later. I like the easy familiarity of the hills, being identified by my grandparents or my clan, feeling rooted to clan traditions. It somehow pleases me to be told that I have the Gish nose or that "a Gish always sneezes three times." I like to see people complete with their backgrounds and not disembodied as they frequently are in cities. People in cities seem to dwindle into voices over the telephone, faces behind a counter, girls who step from apartment house lobbies into cars for an evening and then disappear during the daytime into the mysterious realm of their work.

I think man should be dominant in the home because someone has to drive even a well matched team. If you start splitting hairs over authority you have nothing but quarrels. There must be some final source of power and responsibility. I believe women are happier under such conditions. I don't believe in making a brood sow of a woman, but I think she is more contented with a family. I like my women virtuous but not cold. I believe you get a deeper and more lasting affection when both man and wife have not expended a lot of emotion on previous affairs and still bear scars which give them a sense of uncertainty regarding all relationships. As my hillbilly grandfather said, "You caint hit nuthin' if you scatter your shot."

Maybe an experienced woman makes a better wife. But hillfolks believe that a girl who's been restless and feisty before marriage will get restless again and want to gad around and neglect her children and husband.

I'm not strong for divorce. It destroys the family and hillfolks are great believers in blood relations and clannishness. We think of the children. I still regard a flirtatious married woman as being loose, although when I see her in cities I'm likely to blame the husband for making her feel impermanent or not giving her enough to do. Marriage in the hills has its faults but husband and wife start out with the idea that this is till death do us part and not until husband irritates wife by leaving the cap off the toothpaste.

My greataunt and uncle used to throw flat irons at each other but they stuck together and raised a family and had a happy old age together. As my Aunt Haley used to say at the family squabbles, "Hit don't matter nohow. We're all connection ain't we?"

I think that a man should expect fidelity from his wife and see that he gets it. Usually in the hills evidence is forthcoming with recognizable features. I have no patience with so-called freedom in marriage. I prefer to take my marital vacations hunting and fishing. My wife can stay at home and cook my supper. Or she can go over and visit with her folks.

I am not shocked by adultery or murder, but I am shocked by deliberate immodesty and artificial seductiveness. I like frank words among men, but a certain amount of prudishness in front of women. I don't like to see drunk women or women on the make. I don't like women who try to excel in masculine sports.

I'm a hillbilly, by Gawd. I've got a fine indifference to the outside world, newfangled things and a great skepticism for anything I can't see demonstrated in front of my eyes. I don't see much point in the argifying I hear about the rights of man. Just let me alone and I'll get along all right. I have for generations.

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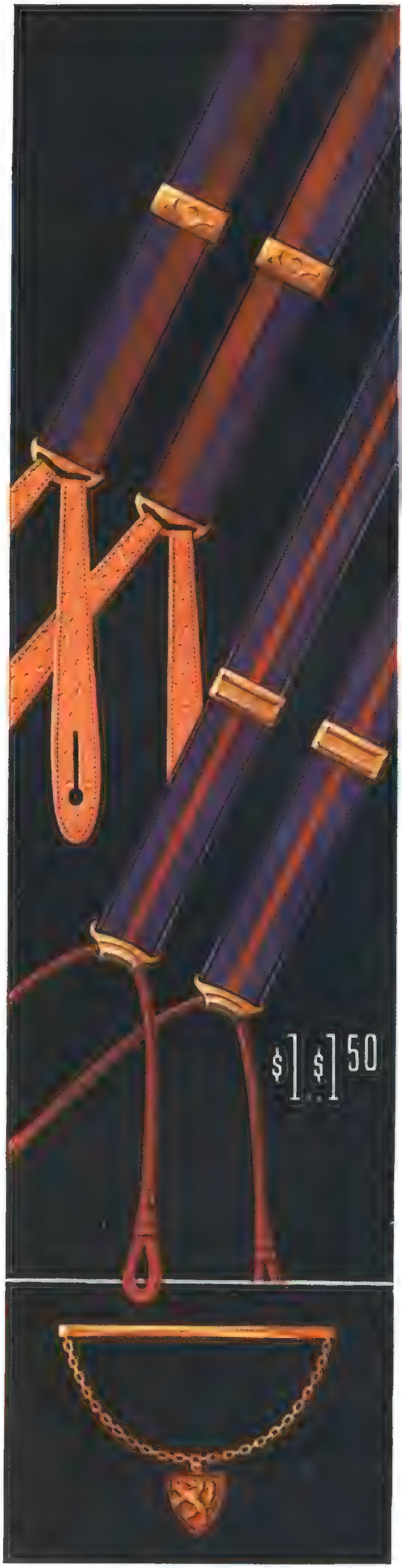

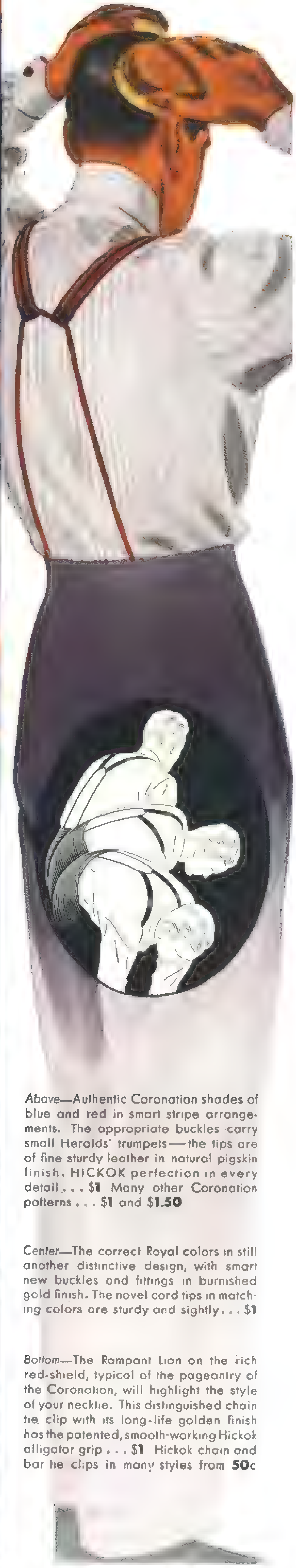

Above—Authentic Coronation shades of blue and red in smart stripe arrangements. The appropriate buckles carry small Heralds' trumpets—the tips are of fine sturdy leather in natural pigskin finish. HICKOK perfection in every detail . . . $1 Many other Coronation patterns . . . $1 and $1.50

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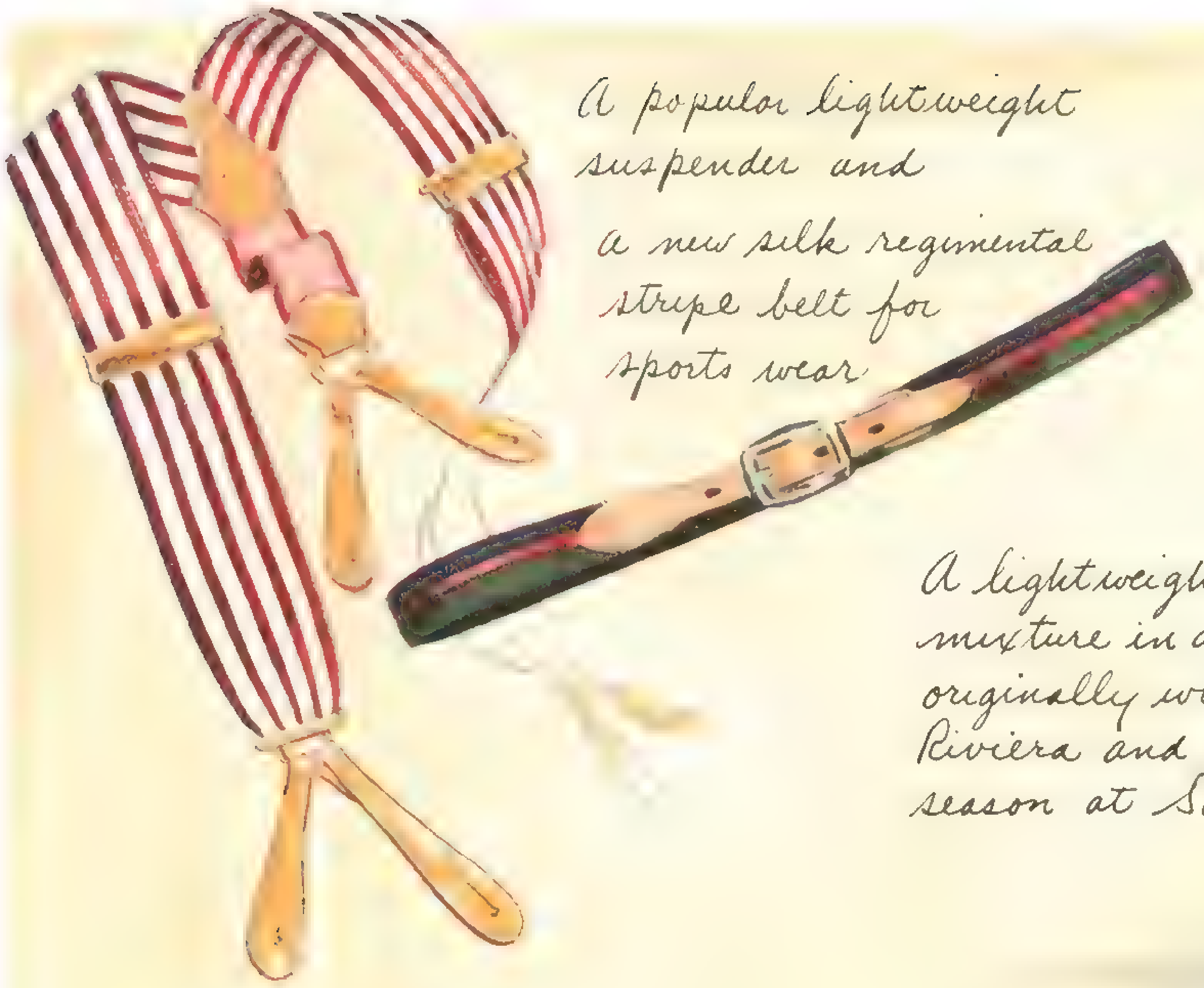
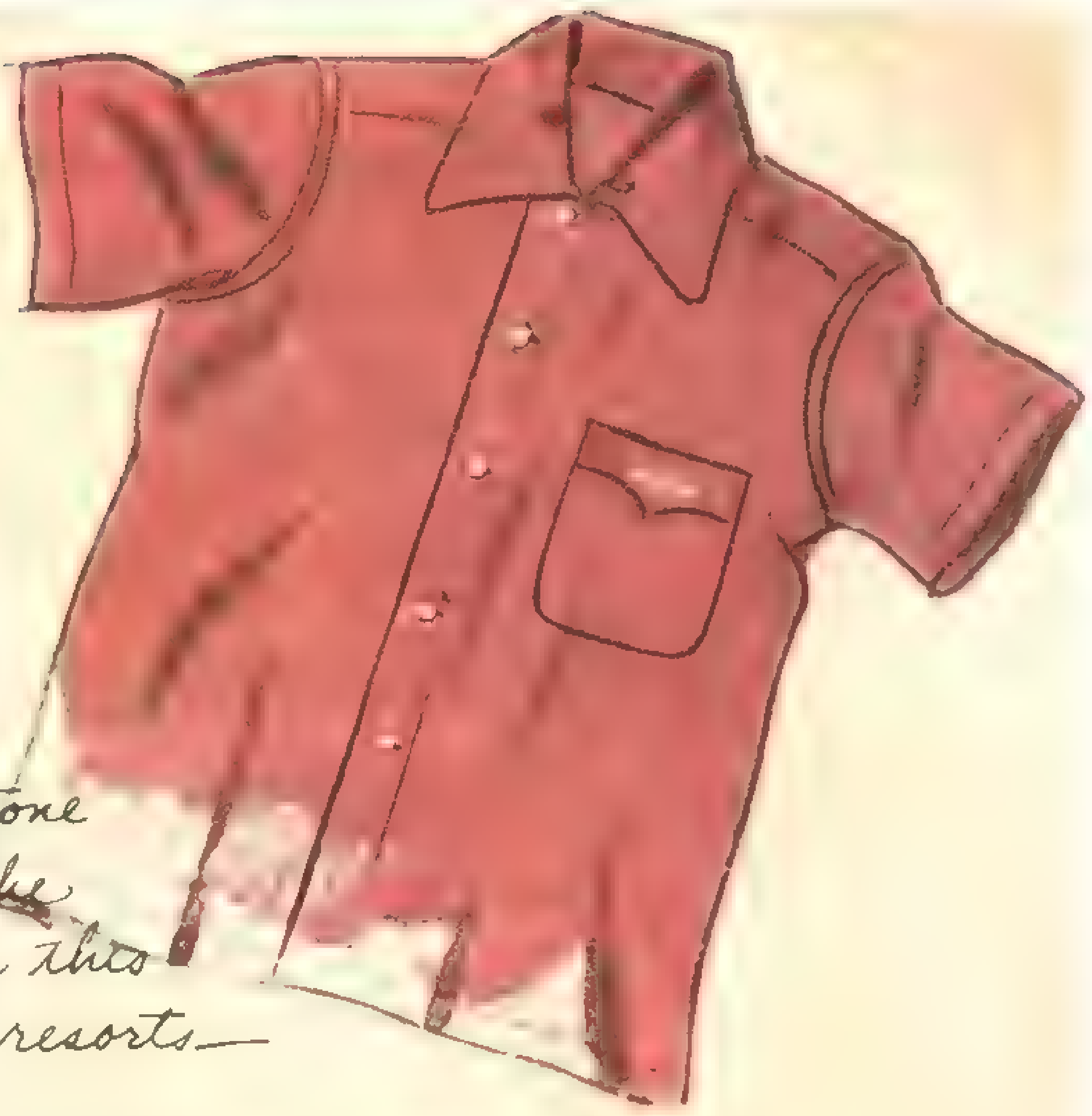
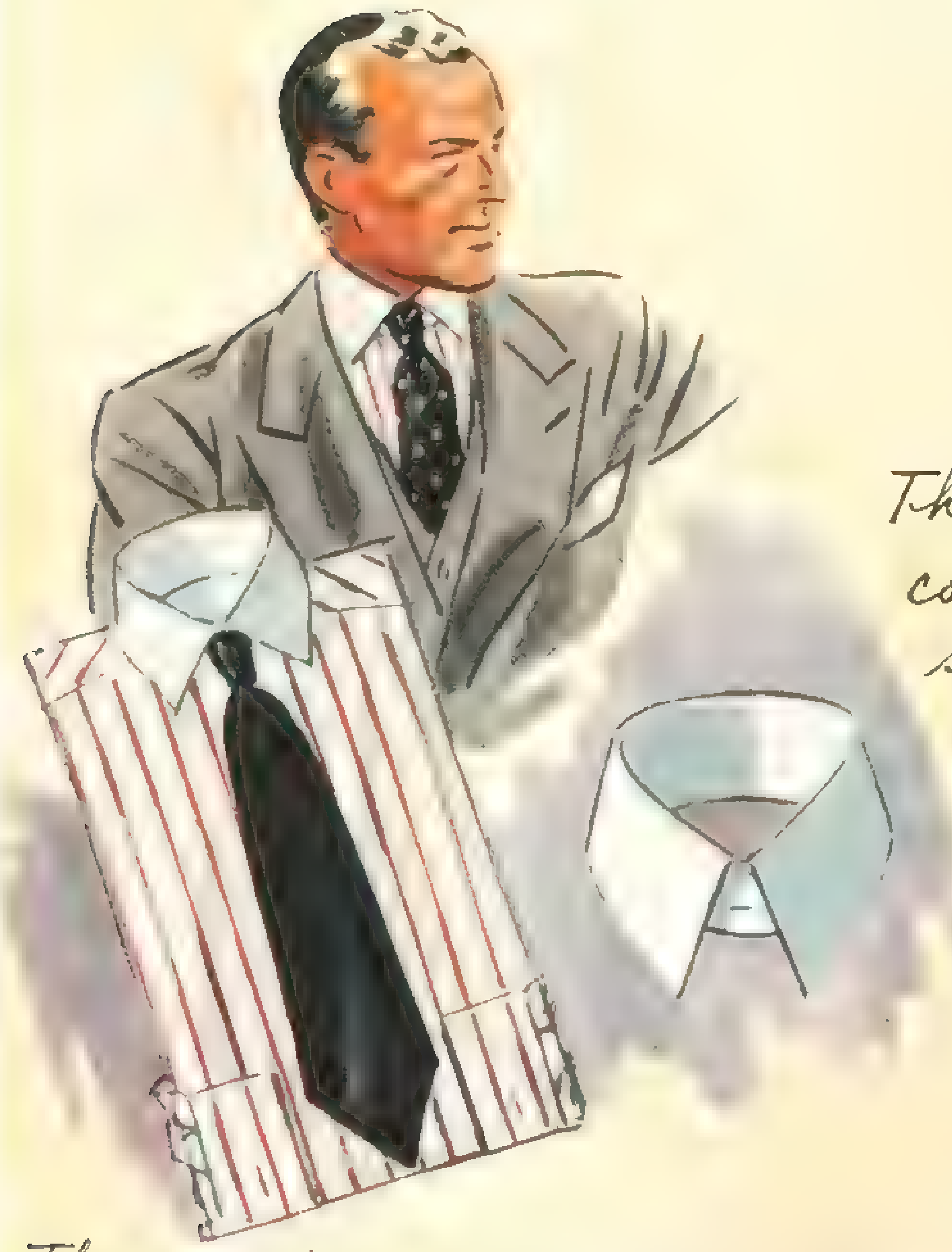


A popular lightweight suspender and a new silk regimental stripe belt for sports wear

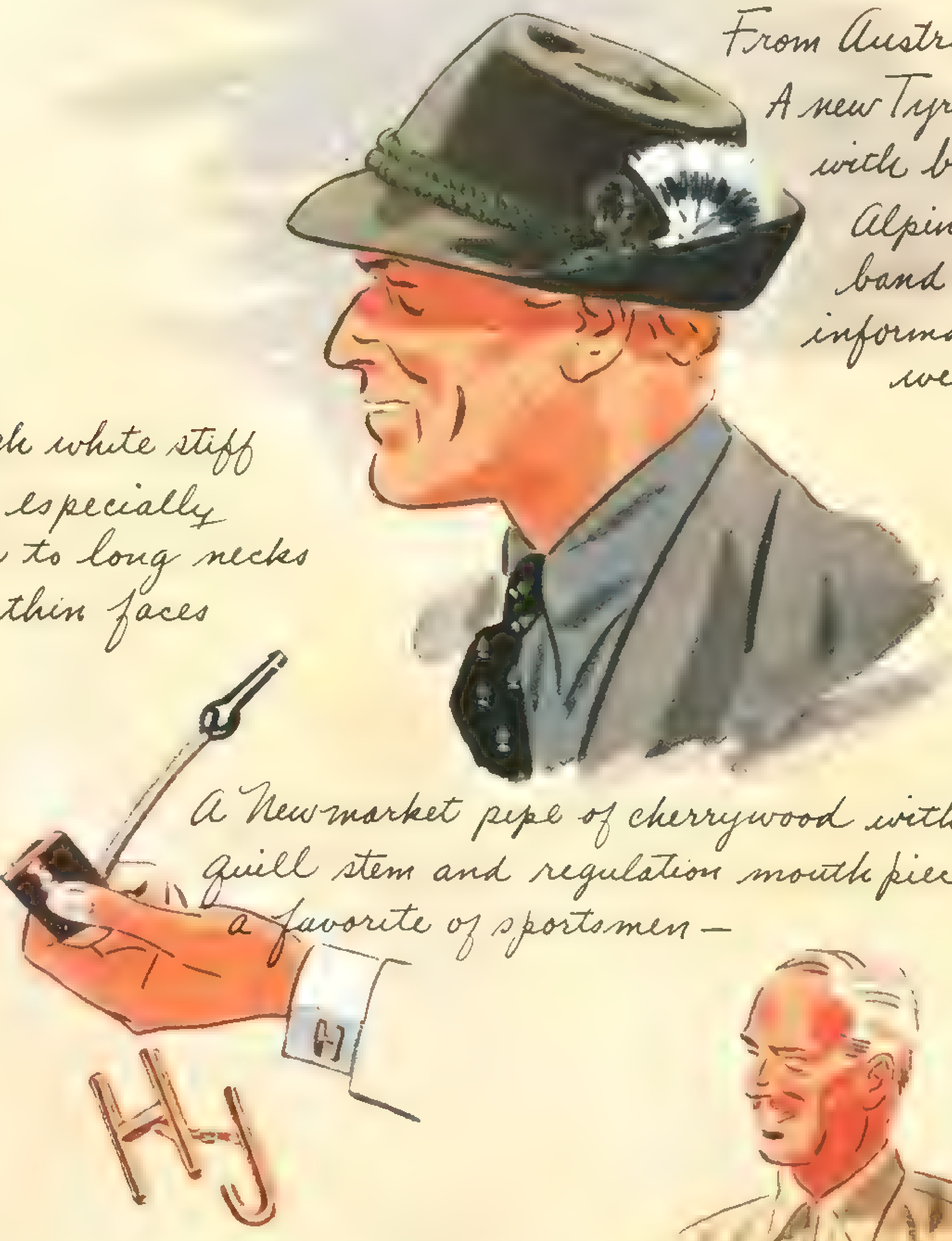


A lightweight cotton mixture in a coral tone originally worn on the Riviera and popular this season at Southern resorts—

From Austria— A new Tyrolean hat with brush and Alpine cord band for informal country wear—



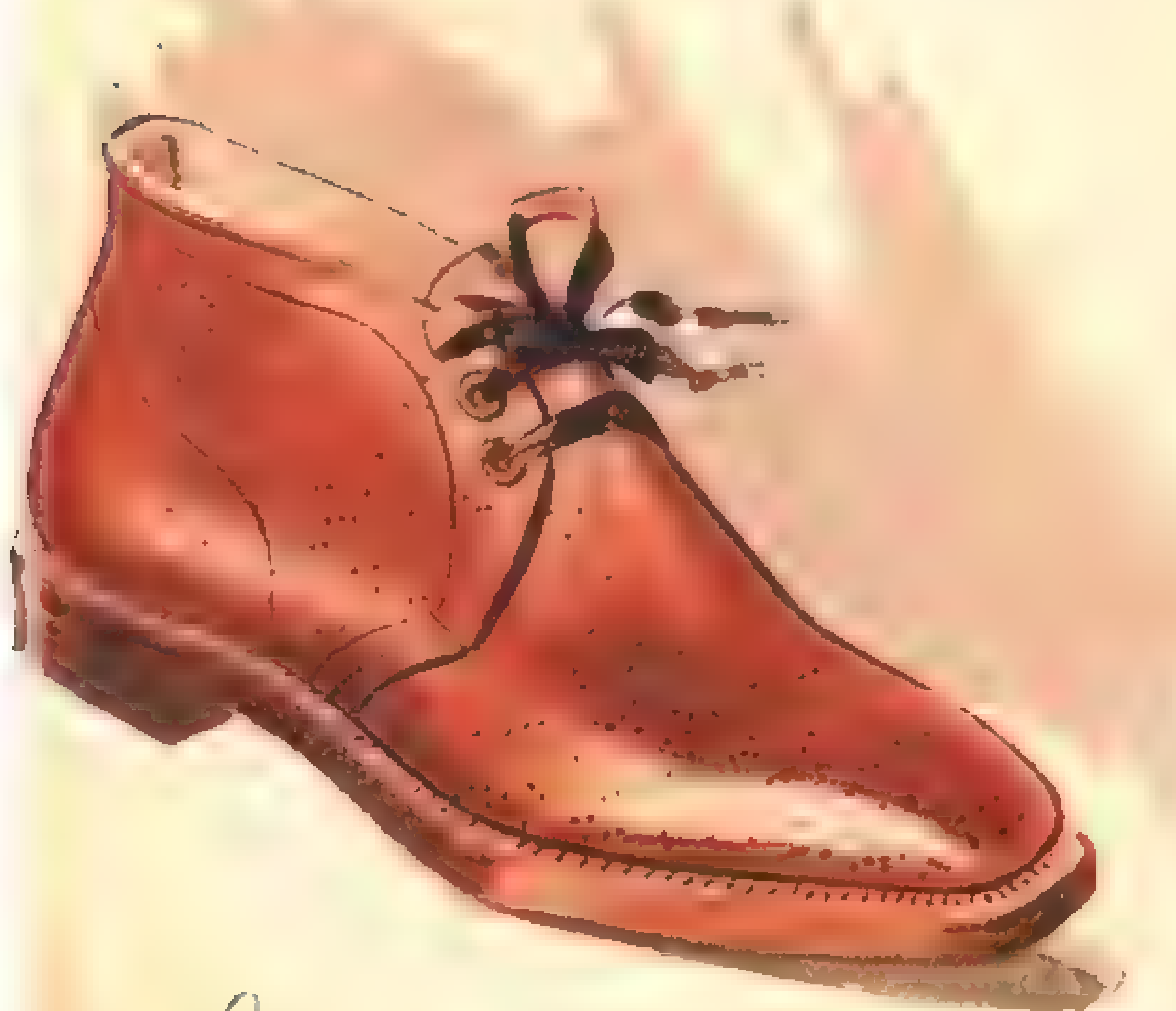
The high white stiff collar, especially suited to long necks and thin faces



A Newmarket pipe of cherrywood with quill stem and regulation mouth piece a favorite of sportsmen—

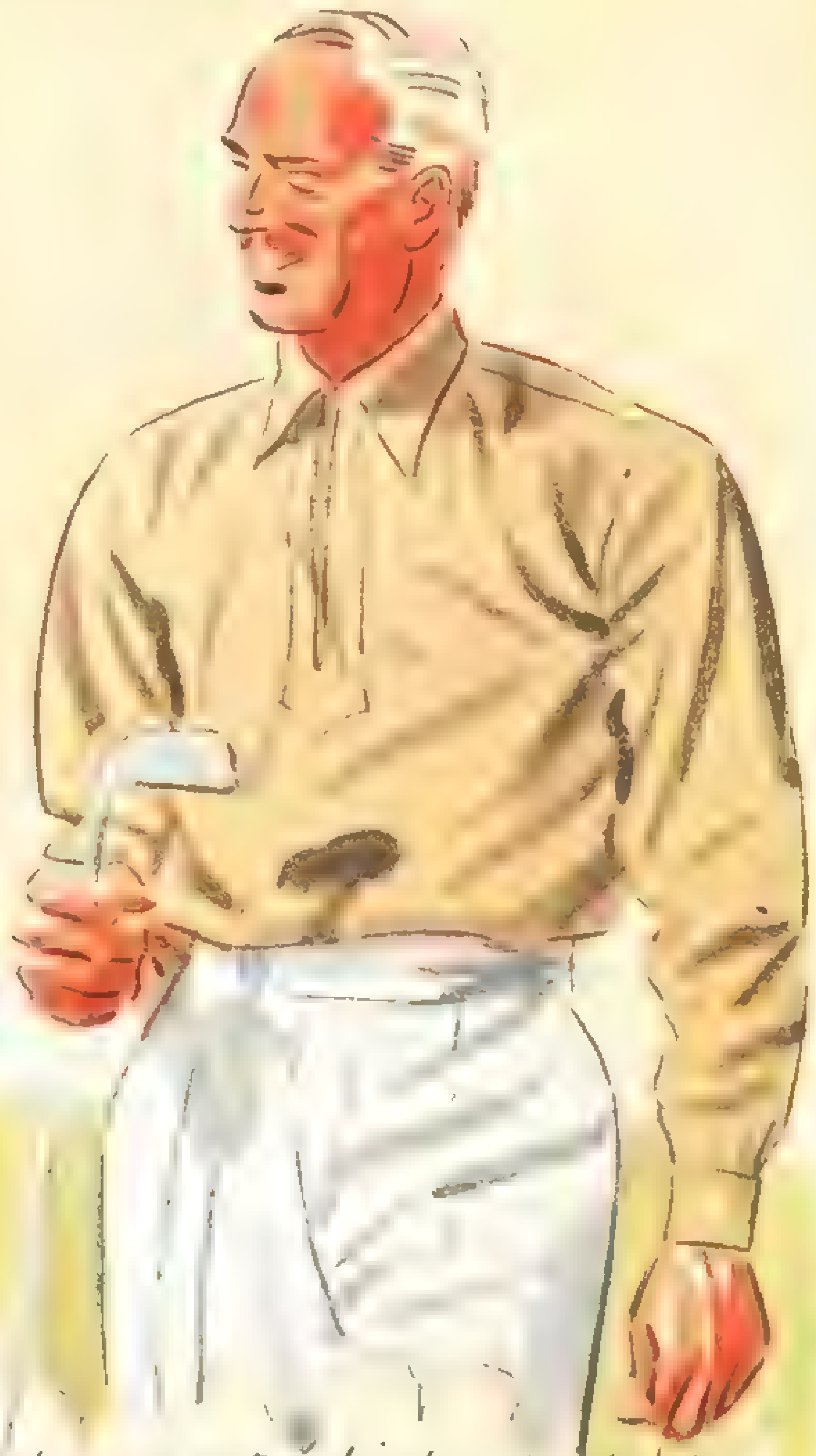
The new wide spaced colored stripe shirt on white grounds, first worn in London. Note the satin tie—another London inovation—

New gold initialed cuff links



Pigskin is a new leather for men's shoes and its first use in this country is in the Molière model for country wear—

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Cotton suede sport shirt—ideal for outdoor activities—

HIGH FASHION NOTES FOR SPRING

The Overnight Bag

Continued from page 87

round face. "Why, say! That's okay, Tony! Why didn't you kids say you wanted to get married? Why, say, if I'd ha' known—"

Mongiove grinned slowly. "Listen, Nick. Babe knows I ain't the marrying kind."

"That's okay," Helen said. "How could I ever meet the marrying kind? You'll be all right for a while, Tony."

"We talked it over, Nick, Babe and me did. We just finished figuring it out. We figured we ought to get the bag from you. Keep the business in the family, see?"

Tony and the girl looked at Nick Pappas, letting it sink in. Their eyes were mocking and bright with a cruel amusement.

"Get out," Nick said hoarsely. "Get out of here."

"Easy," Mongiove said. "Don't get tough, Nick. The customer is always right. This lady wants a bag." His hands were in his side pockets, and he dropped his head forward, looking at Nick with a cold smile.

Nick stood back from the counter, sweating. He put one hand on the shelf.

"Pop!" Jimmy said. "You won't do it!" His voice crackled up and down the way a kid's voice does.

"Well, well," Mongiove said, "for everybody else he has a bag, and he won't give one to his own daughter. Is that right? . . . Listen, Nick. Remember Joe Rizzuto, what happened to him?"

Nick looked at him dully out of a face like putty.

"Give her a bag, Nick."

Nick's hand went blindly up to the shelf and pulled down the first suitcase it touched.

They walked out together, Mongiove and the girl, laughing, swinging the bag between them.

Nick Pappas watched them turn along the avenue and go out of the picture frame the window made, as he had seen so many girls go. He tried to look at Jimmy, but he couldn't. Instead, his eyes moved vaguely along the shelf where the other bags still stood. #

The Juvenile Leads

Continued from page 99

ested in public business. And the theory is, I suspect, a good one. It is true of a lot of people.

As you work through the kinds of entertainment our society presents, you find that there is a definite order: radio works on the principle that nothing is important (except possibly a loud laugh); the movies hold that one of their own inventions, nonsexual love, is more important than anything else in the world, past, present or to come. (This was not true in the days of the great vamps, when love was pretty darn physical, if you ask me); the stage varies, but the general idea favors sexual love, the real thing, as the absorbing interest in life, to which everything else must be sacrificed, by which everything else is made valid; finally novels run through all the preceding stages, but branch off into heretical paths suggesting that men are interested in courage, money, doing their neighbor dirt, achieving power, and even in thinking.

Now two things have interested the human mind more than any others in the past generation, and both have had incalculable effects on the human body: the development of scientific knowledge and the crisis in the economic world. It happens that young people are interested in the first, because they love radios and airplanes and photoelectric cells which open doors before you touch them; and children are not interested in economics until they have to be. (It is my experience that explaining the genesis of the depression to a small child is far more embarrassing than explaining the genesis of life.) But adults, with their miraculous minds, are interested in these things also; they are everybody's second choice, as the private satisfaction of the appetites is everybody's first choice. The difference is that few people are passionately interested in the love affairs of others—as indifferent, in fact, as they are to the digestive disturbances or satisfactions of others. (It was not because Edward loved Mrs. Simpson more passionately or more nobly than Jack loves Jill, that people were excited; it was because Edward might give up an empire—a political and economic fact, not a passional one.)

I should like to see a few more adults getting their licks in. There was a movie a few months ago called *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* in which a "bad woman" made good. Run out of a small town by the prejudice of the citizens, she went to New York and set up a chain of dry-cleaning establishments and, in a misguided effort to help a foster child, got herself put in jail. That was the interesting part of the picture, but not one episode was devoted to the matter of consuming importance to every spectator: how did she manage to get into the cleaning racket, by what skill did she succeed in a business overcrowded and dominated, I understand, by gangsters? No. The good-bad woman had adopted two children and the sub-juvenile passion between them took up most of the footage, after the picture got on its way.

I am not speaking as a senile old philosopher when I say that the business career of Carrie would have been more interesting. Nine out of ten of those who went to see the picture either had little businesses or wished they had; nine out of ten, I suspect, saw plenty of juvenile emotions

Continued at top of page 134

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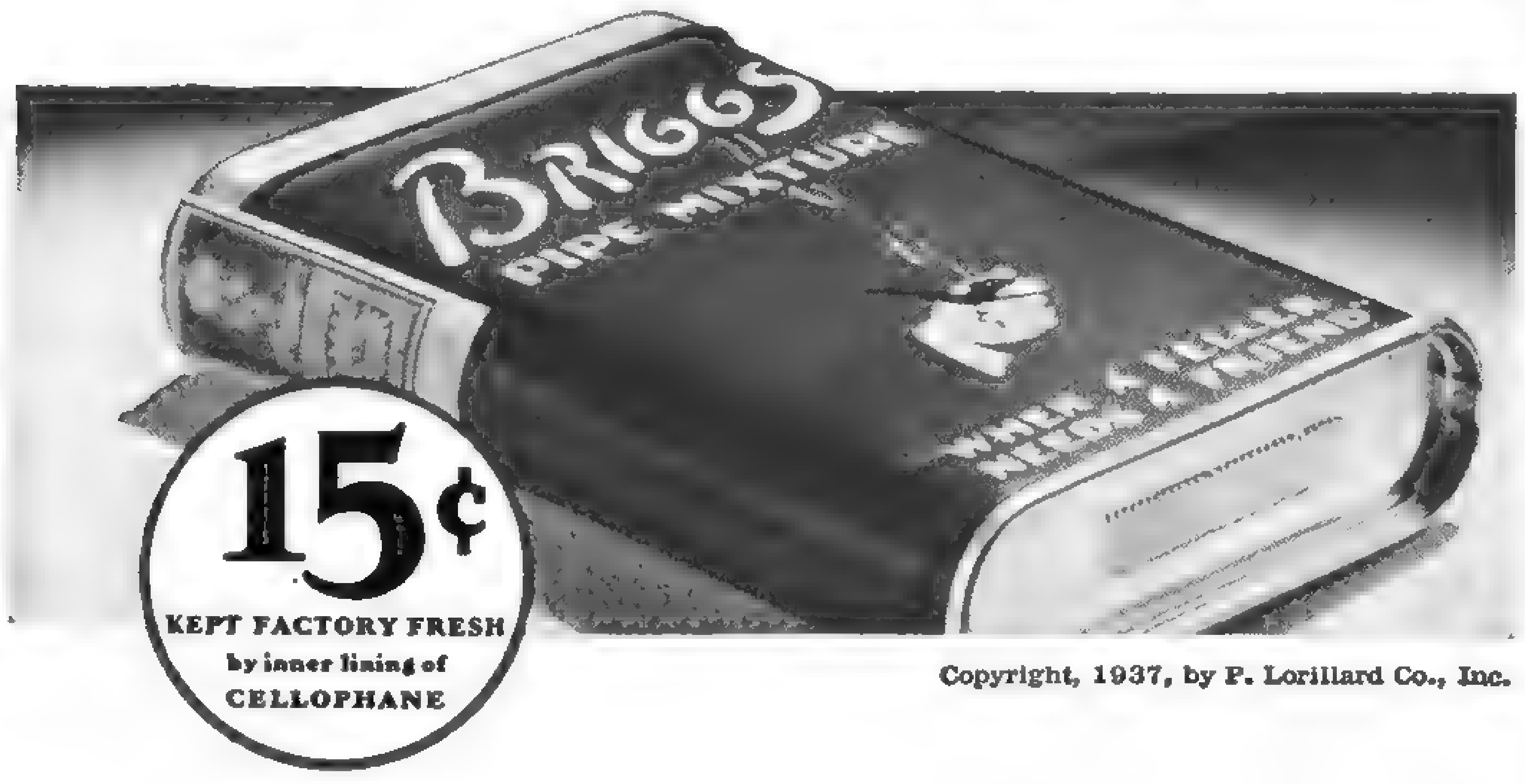
But don't wait for an emergency! Discover Briggs when your nose and palate can relish its richness in full. Thousands more pipe smokers learn, every day, that Briggs delivers luxury out of all proportion to its low price. (Smokers of costly mixtures, please note.)

And no wonder! Briggs is a blend of exceptionally choice pipe tobaccos, each one mellowed by aging-in-wood *for four full years.* Such blends cost much more than 15¢—until Briggs was introduced.



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The Juvenile Leads

Continued from pages 99-133

in the real world, without needing to go to the theatre for more. Any hint to them on how to order their lives so as to make a little more money, and to spend it pleasantly, would have been profoundly appreciated. They got none.

Is that all the fault of the movies? The whole career of *Victoria Regina* is reduced to her love for Albert; the really significant thing about Parnell lay in his statesmanship, but you would hardly discover that from the play; Victoria and Parnell were both presented as adolescents, to their last day.

And now I am willing to take a chance. Somewhere in my library are half a dozen anthologies of the greatest plays of all time; also various histories of literature. Without consulting them, I make the statement that not more than one-tenth of the great imaginative works of all time are concerned with the young. I go further and say that in seventy-five per cent of these great works, the emotion of love is not the single dominant theme. Look them up for yourselves. And then consider the remarkable fact that the one body of work which is beyond dispute America's contribution to world literature, does deal with the very young: I mean *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn.* Maybe it's time some other Americans got going. ⧺

The Car Sinister

Continued from page 81

name, in the interests of accuracy. She was high, wide and handsome according to Mauve Decade standards. She was upholstered in genuine leather, and if some day she winds up as a sofa, it will be a case of the survival of the fittest part of her.

But perhaps that criticism is not entirely fair. I'm sure that Silent May, as we came to call her, had a good motor, although no garage man would condescend to inspect it. Standing at ease, her engine had the smooth and powerful thrum of a fine cement-mixer, and although in first and second she wailed like a hoarse banshee, she always took us over the top. One day she began to play "Knock, knock!" in earnest.

"Who's there?" I asked a garage man.

"Hugh."

"Hugh who?"

"Hugh can't pull that old Dodge on me."

Or such was the tenor of our conversation. Respectable mechanics simply would not raise the hood of my senile sedan. The less I knew about her motor, they said, the happier I'd be. There wasn't anything you could do with a bus like mine but take her out in the woods and shoot her, they intimated. But Silent May resolutely stuck to her guns, to the accompaniment of the fife-and-drum corps under the hood. She got me there and back, though I calculate that on the whole I expended more horsepower on her tires than she would have used in climbing Mount Everest.

Silent May got the couple of amperes of electricity that flowed through her veins from the battery that had been part of her layette, and you could no more charge the thing than a bum could hang up the price of a diamond tiara at Tiffany's. So I cranked, unless we were on a hill, and when I wanted a pedestrian to clear the way, I stopped, took his arm, and guided him to one side.

Though I lack the technical equipment to make a professional diagnosis, the lack of alignment of her front wheels led me to suspect a bad case of housemaid's-knee-action. In spite of this affliction, or perhaps because of it, she did a spirited and unceasing rhumba which translated itself to the steering wheel in a disconcerting fashion.

She had the getaway of a tired tortoise, and she turned the tables on Aesop by never catching up to her hare-like sisters of the road.

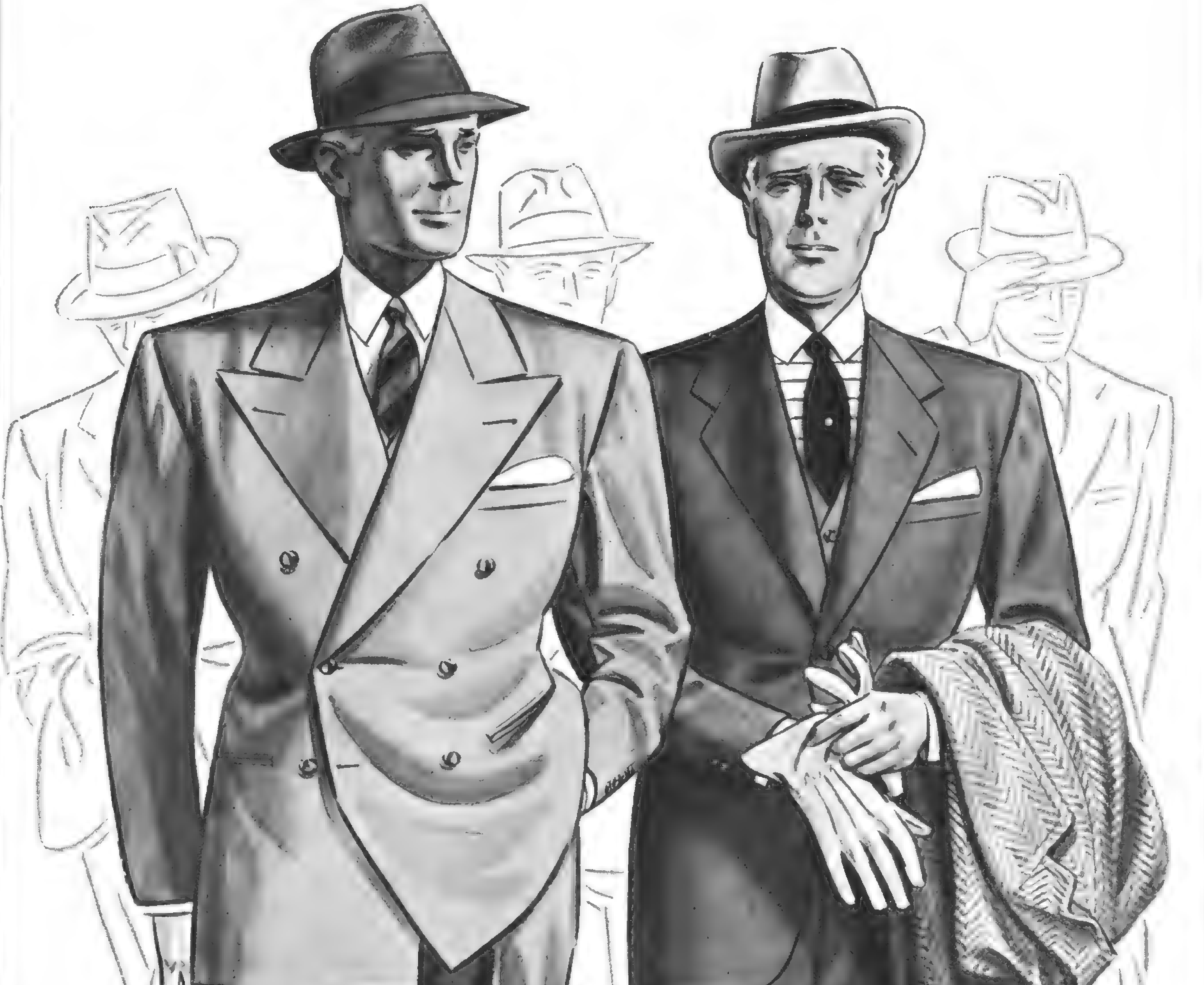
But the afflictions I have listed above were as nothing compared to the chronic airlessness of her tires. Her former guardian had grudgingly admitted that she was a little light on latex, but my experience with Betsy had instilled in me the delusion that rubber was the least of a car's worries. The life of Silent May's tires hung by a few woven threads, and it wasn't long before they began popping like 3-inch salutes on a busy Fourth of July.

To me, no sound has quite the sickening finality of that made by air suddenly bursting its rubber bonds, and that sound rang in my ears so regularly during my sojourn with Silent May that my heart came up and made itself at home in my throat. She wore a size 32 x 4 shoe, the automotive equivalent of Primo Carnera's footgear, and if you think it's easy to answer that sort of baby's call for a new pair of shoesies, just consult your nearest dealer. I saw no logic whatever in equipping her with a set of boots that would set me back more than her total cost, so I began to build up a comprehensive collection of tires that had seen active service.

Pecuniary consideration was not the sole factor that impelled me to fix my own flats. A man of sedentary habits should have, I believed, some enforced physical exertion during the course of the day, and patching tubes and coaxing tires on and off rims became my golf, my tennis, and my slough of despond. I worked up many a virile sweat over them, and many, many a virulent swear. I bought

Continued at top of page 136

MANY ARE SEEN—FEW ARE NOTICED



Interesting—to check the passing crowd and silently pick the winners. Notably well-dressed men, all! The kind who see meaning and order and urgency in the Stein Bloch way of making clothes—who insist on fabric character, on style distinction, on tailoring excellence.... Such men know well that the difference in quality counts far more than the difference in cost.

Stein Bloch Clothes

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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• 50 SECONDS to rub—circulation quickens—needed oil is replaced—your hair has a chance!

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It's amazing how Vitalis stimulates sluggish circulation—loosens that tight, dry skin—encourages the flow of necessary oils.

You'll be proud of your hair after you've used Vitalis—proud of its healthy lustre, so different from that "patent-leather" shine. Loose dandruff goes. Vitalis and massage helps promote the health and looks of your hair. Take the sensible way to improve your appearance. Start your "60-Second Workout" today.

VITALIS SEALTUBE

ASK YOUR BARBER for genuine Vitalis in the new sanitary Single-Application Sealtube. Where you see this seal, you are assured the same genuine Vitalis you use at home.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

The Car Sinister

Continued from pages 81-134

a patching kit and some blowout boots, and then another patching kit, and another, and another, until I lost count. I scraped my knuckles, broke my fingernails, and wore my patience to a frazzle—all over tires. I ran the gamut from fifty cents to three bucks for 32 x 4's, and the higher they came, the harder they fell. I don't know whether it was the way Silent May scuffed her feet or what, but I do know that it was likely to be time to retire at any moment of the day. I even tried filling the things with cooked oatmeal instead of air, but it was no go.

We called it quits when I heard the siren call of the city. I took Silent May around to the man I had bought her from, and begged him to welcome his erring daughter back home. Hadn't he told me a couple of months ago that he had planned to make a truck out of her? Wasn't there a little more constraint on the oxygen under her than there had been when she left him? That was all very well, but he'd hate like anything to give more than seven-fifty for her.

The right rear tire chose that moment as a propitious one to declare itself flatly in favor of deflation.

"Six-fifty," my friend said laconically, like an auctioneer talking reverse English.

"Sold!" I snapped, and I couldn't conceal my impatience to get the money in my pocket before another of her shoes swooned.

I don't believe I've ever walked a more pleasurable two miles than those leading back to our cottage. The sterling merit of well shod human feet suddenly dawned on me, and I thought happily of the blessed years of peace that lay before me, without a tire to change or a tube to patch. I wouldn't touch hand to steering wheel again, I resolved, until there had been perfected some puncture-proof miracle of the rubber industry.

Since then I've been considering the pros and cons of the thoroughly used car with more detached judgment that I could muster when I was the victim of one, and there are some things to be said in its favor. Driving a crotchety car brings out the mettle in a man. Change and repair twenty tires in a summer, and dancing on a bed of spikes takes on the aspect of an evening's pleasant relaxation. It puts you on intimate terms with Necessity and her charming daughter, Invention—*vide* the time I repaired a leaky radiator with chewing gum. It makes you highly appreciative of the comforts of the modern vehicle, which you have hitherto taken for granted. After keeping an obsolete auto to what it considers the straight and narrow path of a four-lane highway, a man could thread a camel through a needle's eye without so much as waxing its tail. And above all it develops tolerance. I used to loathe subways, but now that I'm back in the city I look at them with the kindliest of my two eyes. Subway trains *never* have flat tires. ⧺

The Girl and the Tiponi

Continued from page 73

selves, they were great. A parched land waited on them, belly-full dark clouds leant towards them, listening.

The Hopi wanted to put forth the greatest strength he could find, to recapture what was his and leave no doubt about it. He sang a sacred song from the masked ceremonies, one that goes with the drum. His deep voice and the drumming made thunder, the house was full of it, it rolled out and filled the night, the ground shook in time with it. Here was the power and mystery of the Hopis. The prayer reached to the messengers of God, calling for the means of life, compelling it to come. On the bare, hard rock of Walpi the Hopi stands. Droughts come and fat years, wind, rain, and snow, the wild tribes assail him, the white man presses against him, and still the rock stands, still he stands on it where he always stood. His face bends slightly downward as he sings his earth-penetrating prayer. He compels the means of life. All things must come in time. He waits, immovable.

From the four corners of the earth the dark clouds gathered over Sun Shield's farm, over the Hopi fields. Lightning glided from cloud to cloud, snake lightning, forked lightning, arrow lightning. Thunder rolled. As the song ended, the clouds opened and the water poured down. The drought which had lain over the Hopis was broken.

He passed the drum to Mountain Bird. He was content, sure of himself. He smiled slightly and glanced towards the girl. From under her shawl she was staring at him, and listening to the pounding rain. She hardly thought of the man, she almost lost the idea of choosing. Those things of which he was part seemed irresistible, the matter ordained.

The Tewa pulled himself out of his absorption in that song. A great thing had been done, but the issue here was between men. It was a girl and the magic of that bundle there, not a competition between the holy things that are kept underground in the *kivas*.

He sang the best of all the Cloud Dance songs. These songs will also bring the rain, and they will make the land content. The dance is undertaken partly for mere pleasure. The drum time varied greatly, and was mainly

Continued on page 139

BIGGEST SURPRISE IN SIAM

"In Siam I was dazed by the Lopburi Pagodas," writes M. R. Swift of Tacoma. "I was astonished by combats between fighting fish, awed by the great Emerald Buddha. But what amazed me most was to find I could buy your 'Canadian Club'—just as at home. Somehow foreign wonders pall before our own. And I was less excited over having to go to Siam to see the Emerald Buddha than over having 'Canadian Club' go to Siam to give the Siamese a taste—and what a taste—of some of our own most famous and treasured domestic wonders!'

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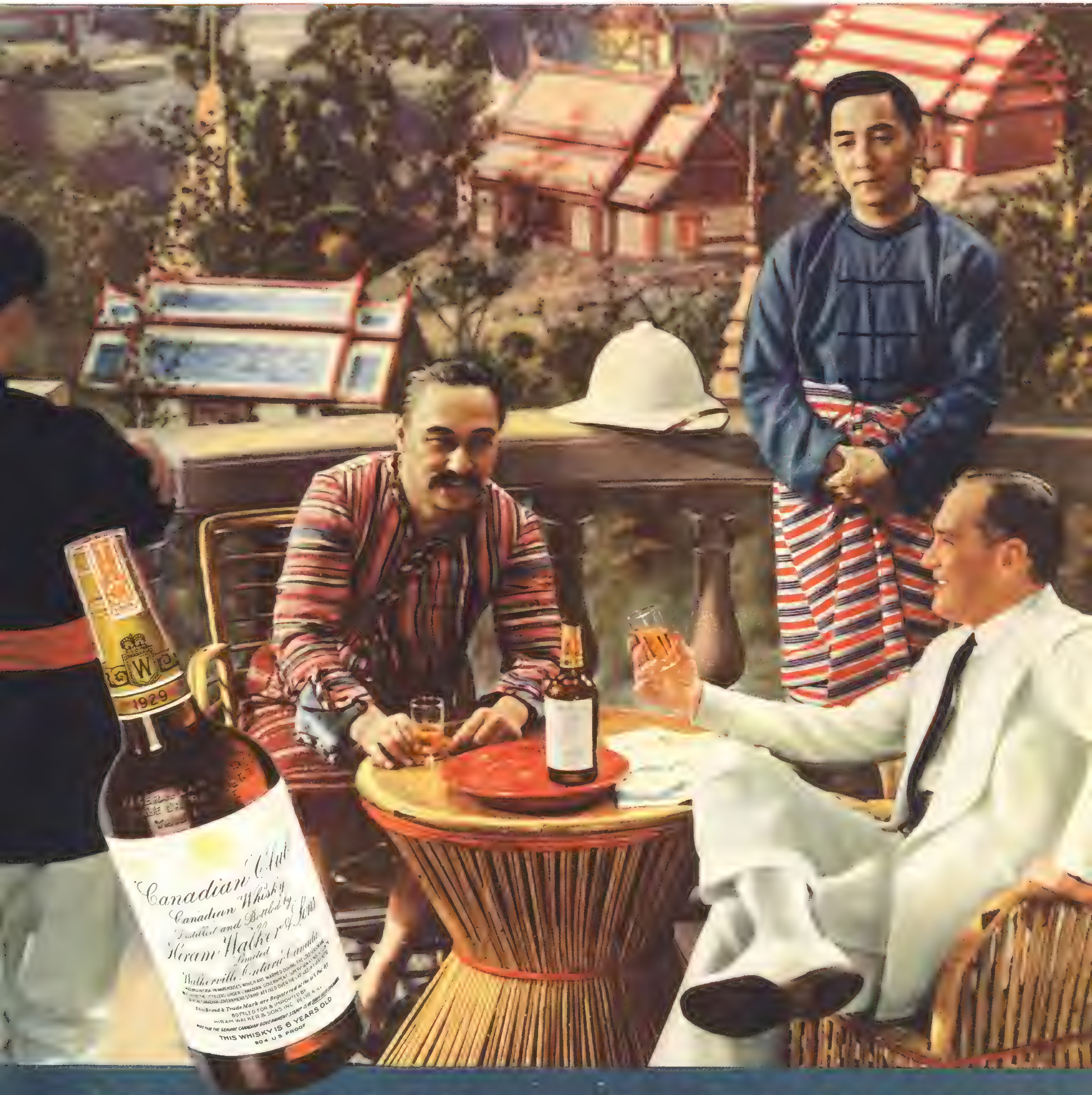
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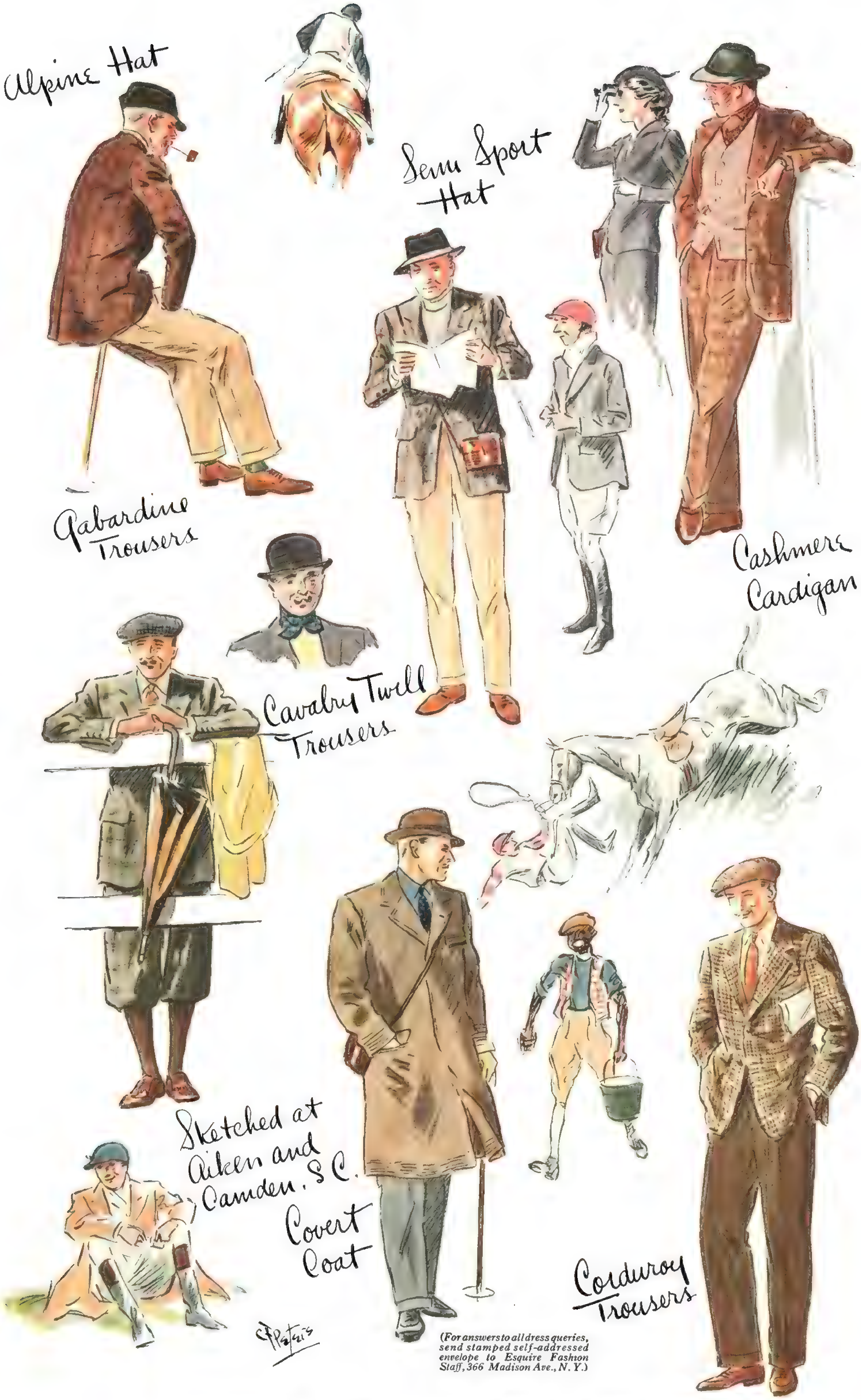
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COUNTRY CLOTHES FOR SPRING

The Girl and the Tiponi

Continued from pages 73-136

quick and gay, the song was tuneful, tender in parts, lively in parts, and suited to his lighter, clearer voice.

The firelight seemed clearer. The listeners could not help beating time to the drum. The Tewa is a worker and a fighter and a strong man, but he seeks for enjoyment in this life and he feeds himself with beauty of his country. The words and tune spread out over the land. The clouds thinned and widened, the rain turned to the steady fall which soaks into the ground. All over the Indian country, as far as a man could ride in many days, the ground was soaked, the grass-shoots appeared, the flowers were in bud. The land became content.

One thought of his tribe, but also of the man himself as he sang. One liked him. The Hopi had called in the rain, but the Tewa had adjusted, had sent it plentifully out not only over these Hopi farms, but over the fields and pastures of the Tewas, the Navajos, the Supais, the Zuñis, even of the Apaches and the Utes. They were all truly sorry when the song ended. The Tewa smiled broadly as he passed the drum to the Navajo. Behind her shawl the girl felt happy. Now she had seen a man. Now she knew.

The Navajo was delighted with all the good things that had occurred. The threat of anger had disappeared, rain fell over all the Indian country. Now was the time to rejoice and be gay. One wanted to attract the girl. He would not sing sacred songs.

He threw his head back, half closing his eyes as he struck the drum and let out his voice, the Navajo voice, high-pitched and clear as a star. He sang gambling songs. His people have innumerable such songs with words to amuse, mockery and gaiety and nonsense, and tunes that one whistles afterwards. The songs are short, but a good singer, a great one as this man was, could go on all night without repeating himself.

The Navajo does not dance in the plaza of a stonewalled village, but in the rugged desert or the mountains, by the light of bonfires. He drifts over the desert, a lone rider filling the huge emptiness as he lopes along with songs that suit him. The man's voice carried, it spread far out through all the night.

In the beginning, when the nations were dividing the good things of life, the Navajo came to where they were. He walked right in. He took the fast horse, the horse-racing and the gambling sticks, pleasure with pretty girls, hunting, and the fruits of other men's efforts. "I'll take these," he said. He jumped on the horse and was gone before they could stop him.

The rain completed its work and stopped. Quickly the clouds rolled away from a moonlight, happy night. All over the land the grass became tall, the flowers ready to open. The horses everywhere kicked up their heels and pranced, the stallions called out, the colts ran around their mothers. Everything was well; the world was gay and thankful.

Ordinarily, he would have gone on till sunrise, and his listeners would have been glad of it. The men could not help picking up the refrains and singing them. The tiponi had other plans, so at length he stopped and everyone stretched and smiled. The girl had pulled her shawl to hide her whole face. The Navajo felt that the contest was ended now. Something would be settled, but not by anyone's effort. There was a power at work. He went out, found a fairly dry place under a tree, and rolled up in his blanket. He lay staring at the moon through the leaves.

The two men inside fell asleep on their sheepskins. They could not help themselves. Butterfly was not thinking about good marriages and purposes now. Following her simple desire she went out to the man under the tree, carrying the tiponi and a blanket. They spread the two blankets together, without speaking. Truly, she was delicious.

Singing Gambler woke with the first whiteness in the east. He felt happy. He rose quietly, stretched, put on his ragged clothes. He stared at the medicine bundle, thinking. It communicated with him. He caught his horse, saddled, then gently removed his blanket without waking the girl. In it he wrapped the bundle, and rode off towards home.

That was good, that was pleasant, he thought. It happened, and it will not happen again. Since she fed my child, my wife's breasts are no longer like that. He saw his wife, a young woman, in her velveteen bodice and full, brilliant skirt, riding the pinto horse. Cradle-board and baby in the right arm, the reins in the left hand loosely held so that she could also ply the quirt, going across country at a high lope and laughing. Hopi women ride in wagons.

We young men are shiftless. We need strong women whom we are afraid of losing. In time one must settle down. Whatever is in this bundle, whoever made it, I am to give it to my wife. When she has it, I shall hoe corn whenever that needs to be done. I'll do other useful work. I shall show myself a man to her, and she will be happy because of me. That is what it is for, I know.

He quirted his horse into a high lope and began to sing again. It was the tune he had made up yesterday, but he had changed the words:

Truly the hoe is heavy,
But I know a woman worth
the trouble. #

PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders!

This Easter . . .
SWING HIGH . . .
SWING LOW! . . . It's
all the same to "Free-Swings"

PARIS

Whether you're right or left-handed . . . whether you're round or square-shouldered . . . whether you address a conference or a golf ball . . . whether you're a piano mover, a gymnast or a "tackle" . . . "Free-Swings" and You, one and inseparable, swing into action together!

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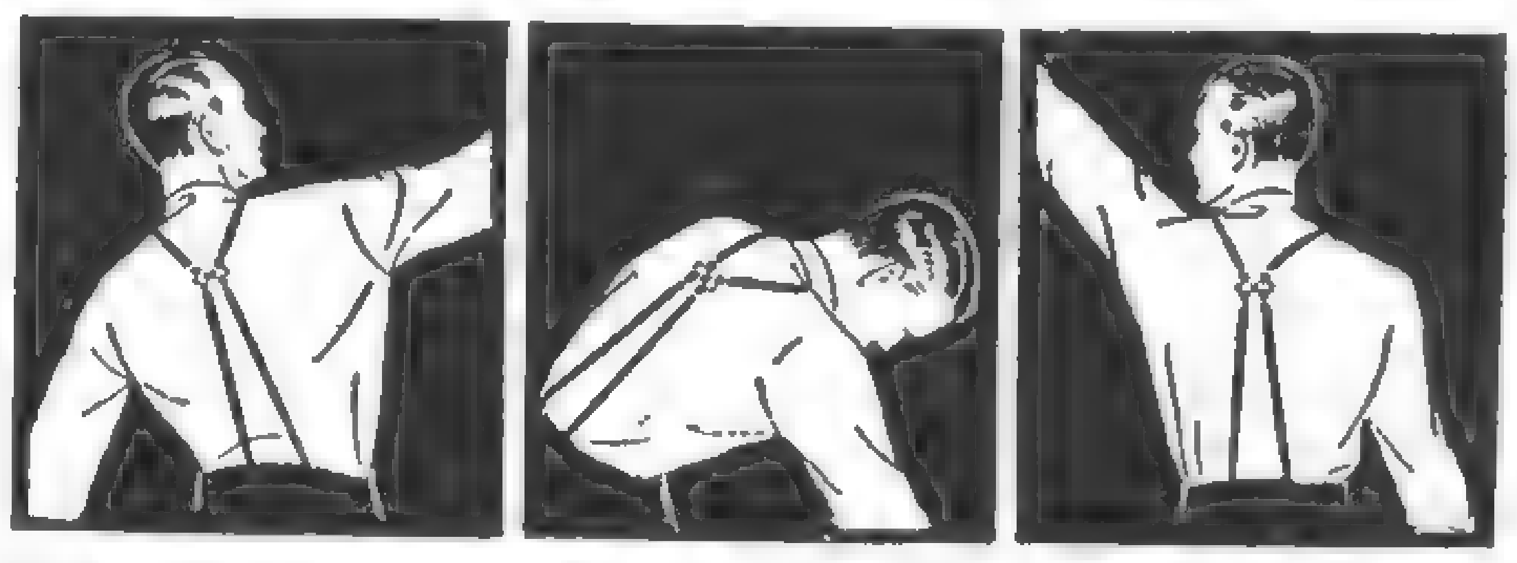
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McAngel of fine textured 'Acele' in eleven new fashion accepted colors. 3.50

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To Make Life Seem Full

Continued from page 83

I will say that she wouldn't want to remember it now?

No!

No, no. For years I have lived in shame, cowering with a secret I thought shameful. But not now. For years I would have said those things, but not now. She's right! She should be sorry! An ugly, brutal thing *is* enough! I *was* put into life!

Slowly, then, Miss Hedwig arose from her chair, arose like a woman dreaming, stood erect in the dark room, her head thrown back, her body straight, strong and heedless and triumphant.

IV

Miss Amelia's quiet talking lapsed into a sigh, and presently she looked up at Miss Hedwig.

"I shouldn't have told you this," she suddenly blurted. "You're criticizing me for it now, aren't you? For daring to suggest that I was wrong in running from him. I shouldn't have told you, Hedwig. But it is what I feel. I can't help it."

Miss Hedwig stood stiffly erect, breathing heavily now too. Her eyes looked far beyond the room.

"What's wrong with you, Hedwig?" Miss Amelia cried suddenly. "Are you angry?"

She stood up and came slowly to her sister's side. She touched her arm softly. "Don't be angry, Hedwig. After all, I didn't go with him. Maybe I'm wrong in saying that I should have. It's age, Hedwig. It's this awful twilight that comes every night, this emptiness, this nothing. Forgive me!"

Miss Amelia began to weep in her handkerchief.

Miss Hedwig relaxed a little. She looked down on Miss Amelia as she cringed by her side, weeping for the emptiness of her life. A dim smile came to Miss Hedwig's mouth, a faint smile pitying and superior.

"You poor thing, Amelia," she said. "Stop crying. I'm not angry. Stop crying and turn on the lights. I'll take the tea things out. It's high time we had supper. Come on, now, Amelia, stop it!"

Miss Amelia sniffled into her handkerchief. She blew her nose and walked across the room. Miss Hedwig's eyes followed her. She shook her head pityingly and thought, the poor thing, the poor thing! ⌗

The Man on the Street

Continued from page 100

how he talks."

"But the public is listening in!"

"Dat's how de public talks too. Average people."

"Let's change the subject."

"No, let's stay on it. Take you for instance. You eveh use swear woids?"

"I shall have to ask you to keep a civil tongue in your head or I shall be forced to call a policeman!"

"Sure, cops."

"Let's not pursue the subject any further. Thanks for coming and here's—"

"Tanks! Now why be a hypocrite about it? Why not be honest? You know you wisht I'd a neveh come. Don'tcha . . . Don'tcha?"

"Yes!"

"I t'ought so. Now dat we undahstand each udder, go on wit de questions."

"The next person, please!"

"Now wait a minute! I come all de way down here for dis program—*walked* down, see, walked—to say wat I tink. An' you ain't toinin' me away. Go on, ast me somepm."

"All right, I'll ask you one more. *One* more. Let me see . . ."

"Lookin' fer a hahmless one?"

"No, I'm not! I'm looking for— Here. Here's one that certainly deals with a fundamental matter. A question sent in by a man in Boston. What do you consider the greatest thing in life? What is it we all strive for?"

"Dough."

"Money?"

"You hoid me."

"Well, that's at least bluntly to the point. But don't you think that's a bit—ah—mercenary?"

"Moicenary? What's dat?"

"Mercenary? Interested in—well, money—"

"Sure. Dat's what I said."

"Well, suppose, just to see how many answers we get to that question, suppose I ask others here the same question. This gentleman—"

"Sure, sure. Keep goin' till ya git somebody tells ya happiness is de great ting in life an' den we kin all go home feelin' swell an' are hahts boistin'. Well, lemme tell you, an' dat guy from Boston who tinks de answer teacher'll git is happiness, it's dough see. Dough to git de material tings wit. Ta feed yaself—an' your loved ones as dey say, aldo I ain't got any. Okay happiness. But happiness is when you got a steak an' french fries undeh ya belt, see."

"Heh—well you certainly give a forthright expression of your views. Ah, let me ask you. I gather from what you have said, also from this last which smacks of what Karl Marx and his followers call dialectic materialism, that you are a Communist. Is that right?"

"No I ain't no Communist. I don't know nuttin about Kahl Mahx an' as fer dat last some kinda materialism I neveh hoid of it. I jist am what I am."

"Heh, heh, I see, like Popeye, eh? Yes, sir, well—"

"Don't git funny."

"No offense meant."

"Dat ain't de point."

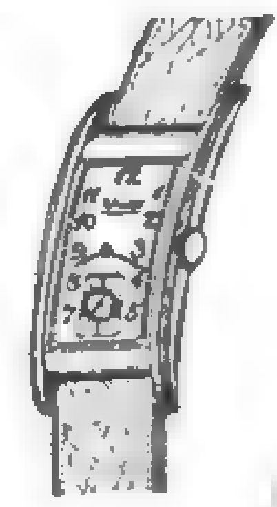
"All right, my good man, all right. Now I want to thank you for coming down. You have taken

Continued at top of page 142

Buying a Bonnet or a Bottle of Whiskey, Be Sure It

Goes Well

IF YOU'RE OUT for a hat or the makings for a high-ball, headwork can save you a lot of footwork. Know what you want... and, by all means, want what you know. If you don't already know G & W, it's time to get acquainted. Because G & W is *Good Whiskey*... good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients... good all the way through because it's controlled at every step. *Get Wise*... get G & W tonight. It always *Goes Well!*



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It is so easy, Señor, to create the cocktail that is gay, delicious music to the palate. The juice of half a lime, ½ teaspoonful of sugar, a jigger of Bacardi—just that, with cracked ice—and there is a drink that *sings*, Señor.

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ONLY BACARDI MAKES
BACARDI
RUM—89 Proof
NO IMITATION CAN ACHIEVE ITS FLAVOR

The Man on the Street

Continued from pages 100-140

up the entire broadcast period and I'm afraid we haven't time to do justice to another interview. But it was a—well, quite an experience having you with us, at least. Now with the compliments of Whiz let me present you with a pound box of the wonder cookies that melt in your mouth."

"Neveh mind de advertisin' an' neveh mind de compliments. Jist gimme de cookies. How many people you usually git on dis program?"

"Oh . . . that varies. Six, seven maybe. Maybe five."

"Okay gimme seven packages o' dese."

"But we only give one package to each person."

"Seven to a program. An' I filled in de whole program."

"But don't you think that's—"

"Listen I come all de way down to dis place—walked see—fer dis program. An' I'm gonna git what I got comin'. Hand oveh six more or I'll staht sayin' stuff into dis mike you really won't like."

"All right, all right, here you are. Seven packages. Thank you and goodbye. Ladies and gentlemen, you have been listening to the broadcast of *The Man on the Street*, brought to you by the bakers of Whiz, the new cookie sensation that is taking the country by storm. We now return you to our studios for a special announcement. Be sure you stay tuned in for this announcement. See you Friday at this same time, in front of the Keenlan Hotel. Goodbye. Take it away, Bruce!"

Storm Over Shanghai

Continued from page 93

Felipe hot." Bull Bashan put his tongue between his lips and blew out the rude sound he had learned in the States. Rabat had laughed the first time he had heard it. He did not laugh now. The Cuban had scored twice against him—one of them the winning point—and the crowd's easy disgust, as well as the victor's manner, irked him even through the spell the redheaded American had put on him. He cursed and took a cognac.

"You'll need more than that," Bull muttered at him, going out, "if you don't quit looking at her. The court is your place; and don't forget it!"

"You stink," Rabat said. "Keep far away from me . . . 'way back there where you'll be safe."

The Cuban passed them with his partner, smirking at the stands. He even gave a little bow towards the Americans' box. Rabat swallowed as though to drink back the blood that burst up to his face. Damn Shanghai and what could happen here! Biarritz would have seen freshness like that set down, the black son—!

Then suddenly he found himself arguing that anger with himself: one side the hill-town boy who knew he must not lift his eyes, the other the successful athlete who demanded why not? Why must he and his kind have only tarts? Because they were as they were. But why? You tell me. There is no reason why. No?

It was the Cuban team against Bull and himself in the feature match. The nigger and himself, really, for as backs the other two men were about even. The crowd knew the fight would be between the delanteros, and even in his mixed-up state, Rabat was pleased to hear that despite his defeat he was still Shanghai's popular forward. The odds had Bull and him as favorites. He stole another look at the box.

The Cuban was sore that his victory in the quinela had not made him top man. He went after the distinction as with a machete. Serving, he put out a drive that went by Rabat's head whizzing like an arrow. Another inch would have seen brains all over the court. The crowd yelped. Bull made the return, grey as smoke under his tan. The Cuban tried the forehand again and scored.

He grinned his thick grin at Rabat. "You were good, too, Julie—once."

Anger pulled Rabat up, but it tied him up as well. He was fighting the ball, trying to concentrate. The champion's mark—the knack of relaxed effort—was as far away as usually it was fast upon him. The odds began to slip apart. Bull came up to talk to him. Usually he swore at his partner's rare lapses. Now he spoke soothingly. Rabat knew he was both furious and worried.

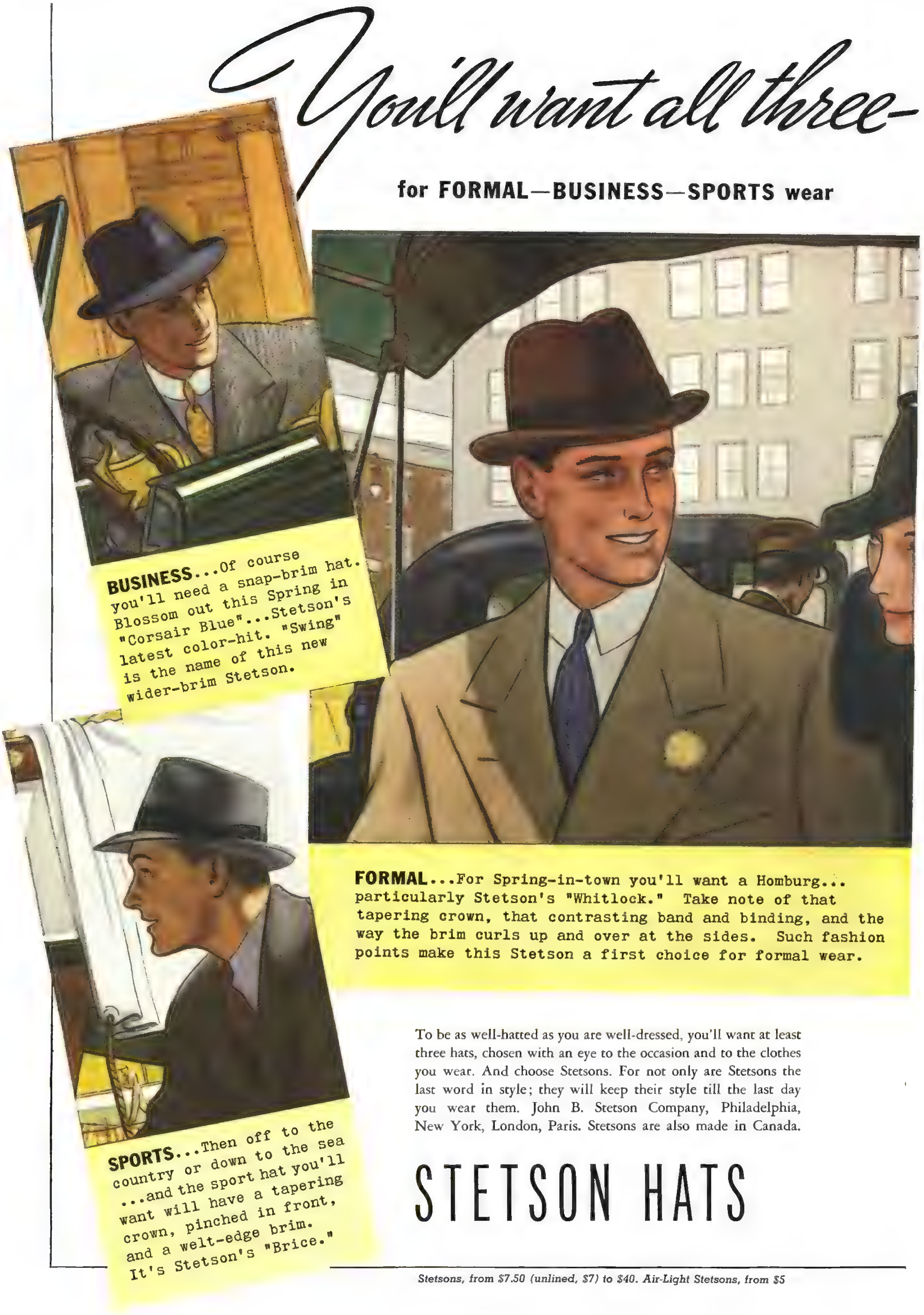
"I'll get going—to hell back to your place, stinker."

It was empty prophecy. The Cuban, getting even hotter, took their game apart like a cheap watch. Rabat was so patently off-form that by the time the game was over the wolf-voice of the crowd was up. The Cuban went capering off the floor, shaking his hands above his head like a prize fighter, and this time he gave a real bow to the Americans' box.

Rabat dared a glance. She was paying no attention to the Cuban's antics. She was looking directly at him. Then his on-stride carried him forward so that he would have had to turn his head to hold her gaze. The men for the next match passed him, so unconcernedly that with something of shock he knew what was happening inside of him wasn't showing on his face. A moment more and he was inside the dressing room.

Tonight it was different in the shower. Here he usually took the game he had just finished out of his mind and looked at it happily while the bright needles of the bath played over him. A bottle of beer for his thirst and a double cognac to draw him up out of the slight fatigue of hard play, high

Continued on page 145



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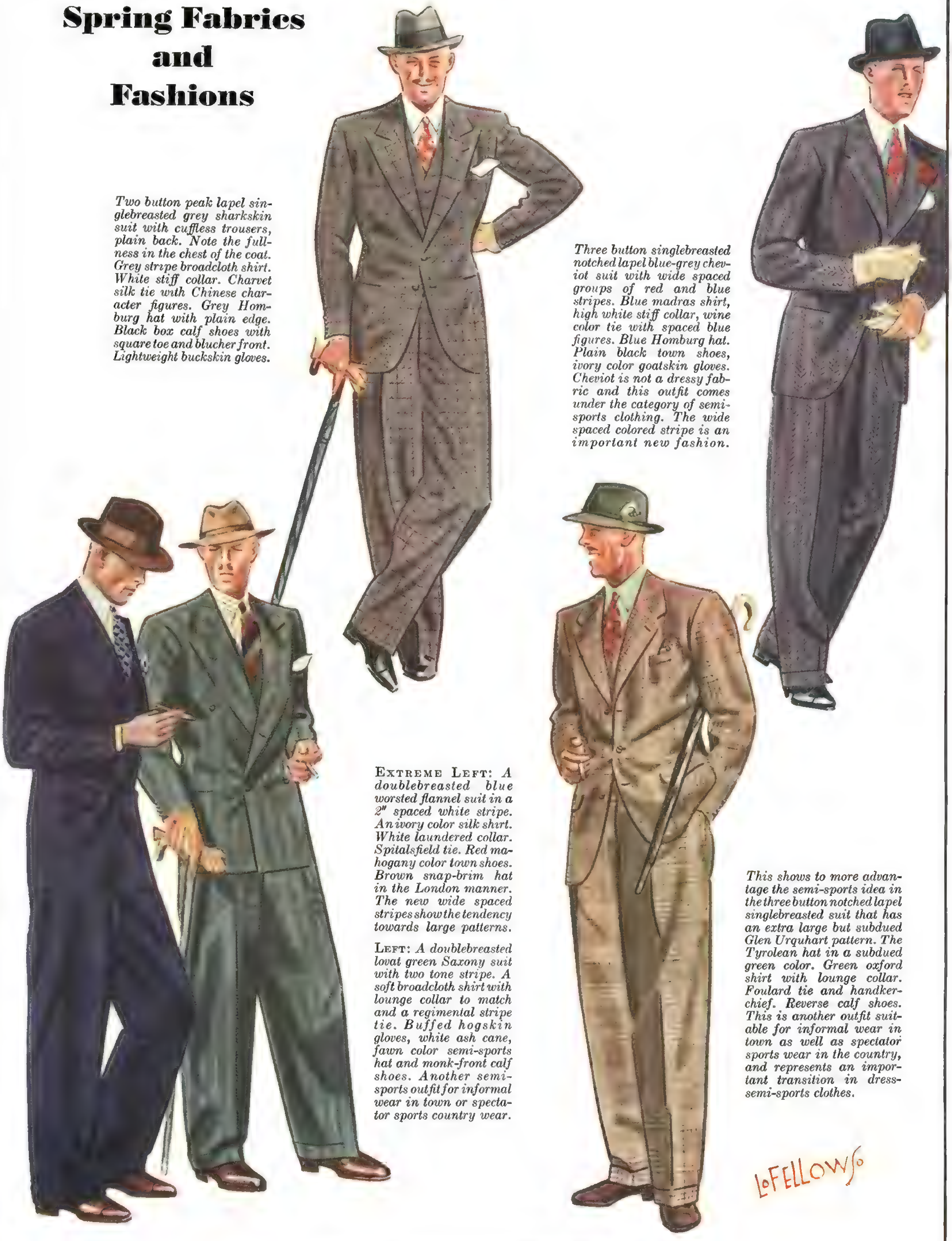
Spring Fabrics and Fashions



Two button peak lapel singlebreasted grey sharkskin suit with cuffless trousers, plain back. Note the fullness in the chest of the coat. Grey stripe broadcloth shirt. White stiff collar. Charvet silk tie with Chinese character figures. Grey Homburg hat with plain edge. Black box calf shoes with square toe and blucher front. Lightweight buckskin gloves.

Three button singlebreasted notched lapel blue-grey cheviot suit with wide spaced groups of red and blue stripes. Blue madras shirt, high white stiff collar, wine color tie with spaced blue figures. Blue Homburg hat. Plain black town shoes, ivory color goatskin gloves. Cheviot is not a dressy fabric and this outfit comes under the category of semi-sports clothing. The wide spaced colored stripe is an important new fashion.

EXTREME LEFT: *A doublebreasted blue worsted flannel suit in a 2" spaced white stripe. An ivory color silk shirt. White laundered collar. Spitalsfield tie. Red mahogany color town shoes. Brown snap-brim hat in the London manner. The new wide spaced stripes show the tendency towards large patterns.*

LEFT: *A doublebreasted lovat green Saxony suit with two tone stripe. A soft broadcloth shirt with lounge collar to match and a regimental stripe tie. Buffed hogskin gloves, white ash cane, fawn color semi-sports hat and monk-front calf shoes. Another semi-sports outfit for informal wear in town or spectator sports country wear.*

This shows to more advantage the semi-sports idea in the three button notched lapel singlebreasted suit that has an extra large but subdued Glen Urquhart pattern. The Tyrolean hat in a subdued green color. Green oxford shirt with lounge collar. Foulard tie and handkerchief. Reverse calf shoes. This is another outfit suitable for informal wear in town as well as spectator sports wear in the country, and represents an important transition in dress-semi-sports clothes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Storm Over Shanghai

Continued from pages 93-142

enough to allow him to take pleasure in the glove silk of his underwear, humming at a rhumba, happy with the fine feel of being good and a success at his job. But tonight—after so dismal an exhibition, so torn up inside—he had none of these things. A mirror watched him sulkily comb the parted wings of his hair.

"Julien, may I present Mr. Spain?"

The house manager's back was so bent Rabat knew the American must be of importance. His nerves began to knot up like maggots. This was the man who sat in the box with her . . .

"—enjoyed your play—perhaps might join us in the bar for a drink—in a few minutes, then?—"

The words were friendly enough, but the man behind them: a cement wall, smooth, cold, hard, such a one as to remind him how little behind were the bare feet of a small Basque town. Her lover? Rabat watched the high thin back swing assuredly out of the dressing room. A bad one, he looked.

One by one the players, ready for the street, passed the slowness with which he got into his clothes. For the first time he noticed how less they seemed when out of their uniforms. Might he seem the same to her? Was it out there on the court only that Julien Rabat would interest her—gave a picture that she wanted to meet? Could he fill out the outlines when dressed like every other man? He shrugged angrily. What the hell was this, anyhow?

Bull left with the others. He did not fling back a coarse envious joke as they did, the Cuban among them. He merely scowled and dismissed the American's visit so completely that Rabat knew he was hating it. Well, let him be sore! Did he always have to go only with sports and whores, for God's sake?

Then at last there was nothing more to delay him. He went out into the great echoing hall. Avoiding hands that would have detained him, he hurried down an aisle to the bar door. For an instant he hesitated, breathing hard. Then, frowning, he slapped it open and went into the green and silver room, Rabat.

Faces and arrested bodies turned to him as to a camera. For a time he stood, looking at them all, impersonal as Buddha, before he saw the man Spain rising from a table. Below the American's elbow, as he started forward, he caught her face, watching him. A thin prickle of sweat started out on his back that his clothes might not be all right.

"—Miss Abbott . . . present Julien Ra—"

"As if I didn't know his name! Frightfully nice of you to join us—what will you drink—game is quite the nicest thing in Shanghai—"

She talks as he had overheard other Americans of style do, with a sort of half-finished jerk to her sentences, the other half filled up with a slight pleasant laugh. Like them all, the smart as well as the traveling peasants, it was obvious her first wish was to be amiable; yet unlike the others she didn't seem to be curious about him as if he were some kind of freak. He knew she wouldn't ask questions. Flatly, he felt she didn't care a goddam about him, about the other man, about anything. All she wanted was to get through this minute, and then the next, the next . . .

"You've not seen pelota before?"

She nodded. "In Mexico City." A little shadow came into her manner, but she put it aside with: "Berondes was popular there, then, as you seem to be here."

Rabat nodded. "He is popular everywhere."

A knife, abruptly, was grinding around in his bowels. Had she then asked to meet Berondes, the handsomest man in the game? Met him?

Then all at once she was laughing in front of her bright gravity and Rabat knew this was a new thing for her to do—something she never before had done. Because of this he was at once prideful and disconcerted. He had little to say—but they did not seem to mind the lack, so much they talked. When they were ready to go it appeared they had found him all right, for as they stood up, Miss Abbott put herself easily between Spain and himself. He tried to keep the tremble out of his arm that the touch of her hand caused, as three they went out.

The rain was abating, yet still it slanted down in silver spears from the high cave of the Chinese night. Miss Abbott bent her face away from it as they ran across the sidewalk. "Cold," she said, when they were in a taxi. "Wet and cold . . . *allez*, gents, lights for the dark places!"

Like most of his craft, Rabat was less addicted to nightclubs than other men—actors and thieves—who work after dark. But though tomorrow's play would be hard, with the Cuban having come out like that, he started without comment on what seemed a familiar path for the Americans.

Some dancing at the Canidrome, with the rain lessening on the wide lake of grass outside, the small close chic of the Little Club, then a miscellany of the Russian places—overheated, overcolored, overnoisy. At the last of these, the Del Monte, several hostesses sent Miss Abbott bad glances from their small floorside tables. Rabat overlooked them, but the irritation of these beautiful women—each of whom he had casually had, once—pulled him somewhat out of the half-embarrassed shell which had held him the rest of the evening. Spain talked so much about things he could not keep up with; and Miss Abbott laughed

Continued on page 146

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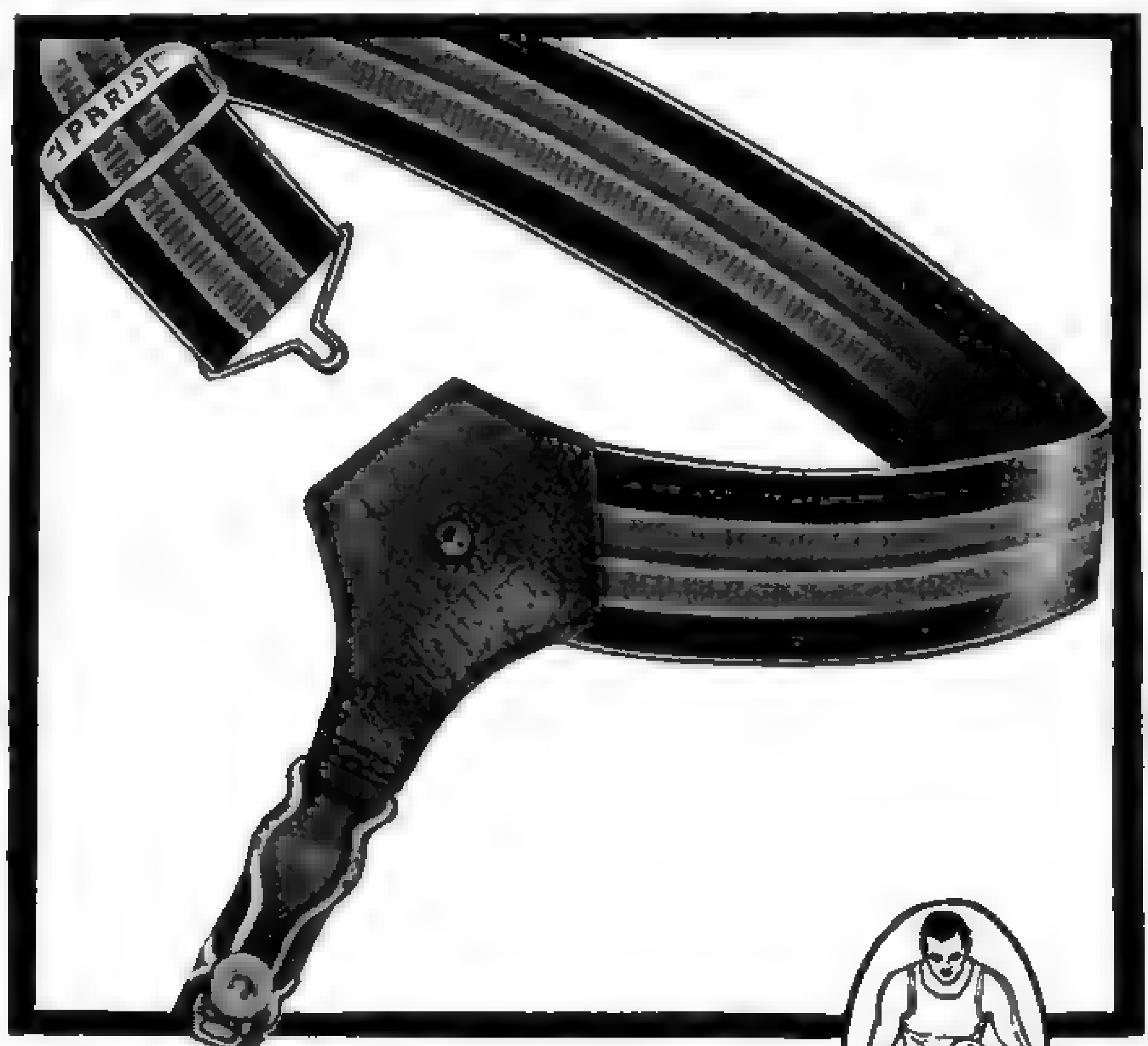

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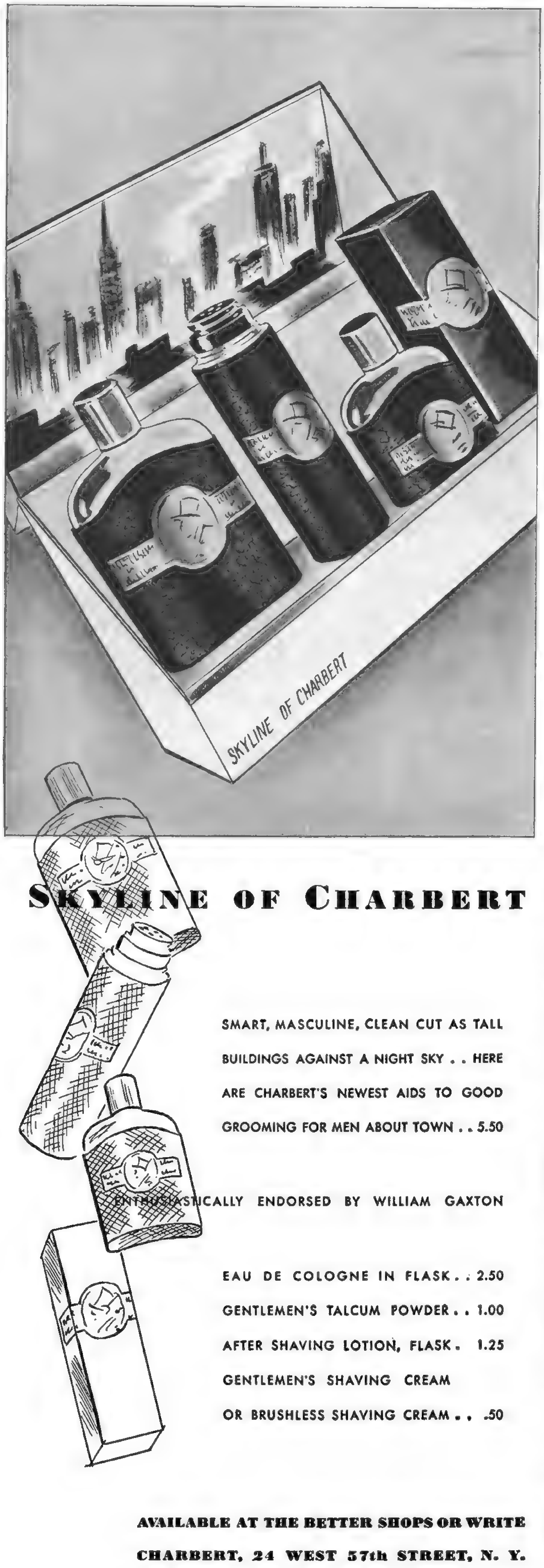

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Storm Over Shanghai

Continued from pages 93-142-145

or smiled or was silent, but always listened. Now, however, she turned her attention to him.

The innumerable whiskey sodas with which she had matched his lemonades might have done it. His arm was lying idly on the table. Reaching over, she poked a finger at his wrist. Then, the pupils of her eyes suddenly expanded, she lifted a hand and slapped him on the neck. There was a faint report. She sat looking at him, disappointment coming with a frown into her face.

"Once I hit a Praxiteles like that," she said. "It sounded different."

Rabat sat rigid.

"The athletes of Praxiteles," Spain said quietly, "are done in marble. This one happens to be flesh and blood."

Miss Abbott looked down at her glass. "And that's a good thing. Shall we go now?"

Rabat gave Spain a glance. The American looked all at once old and somehow dead. Rabat knew he never had been her lover. A quick sense of gladness came over him; he suddenly and strangely felt sorry for the man. She was the kind who even when you had them could go away from you, inside of themselves somehow, and leave you alone and feeling like a fool. What would it be like to love one of them and not even get that close?

On the veranda, outside, they stood silent, waiting for a cab. It had stopped raining. A machine sloshed up and the door man pulled open its door. Miss Abbott held out her hand to Spain.

"Do you mind, Spain? Julien will take me back. See you tomorrow?"

Spain nodded, the coldness, the hardness, the smoothness, the cement wall around him and keeping him from saying what Rabat felt must be pounding at the back of his teeth. "That's the way it usually is, isn't it?"

Suddenly Miss Abbott was leaning forward, her face like eggshell in the half-light. "You've no right to sound like that, to criticize, Spain. Remember."

"I try to remember."

A sudden thrill like victory banged through Rabat. These Americans, these old friends, were all but quarreling over him, the hill-town boy! That gave him courage to fight off what he knew Spain saw him as. He followed Miss Abbott into the cab.

Spain's face reached in at them, so marked up that for a moment Julien was frightened, faltering, realizing what an awful thing he was doing to this man. But Miss Abbott beside him made herself remote from the fury flickering from Spain, and Rabat made himself remote, too. "Good night," he said.

Spain did not answer, looking at Miss Abbott.

"Good night, Spain," she said.

"I hope so," Spain said sharply, and leaning further through the door kissed her hard on the mouth. Then she jerked back like a jack-out-of-the-box, and slammed the door shut. "The Cathay," he said to the driver. As the cab drew away his chest was moving as if he had been playing hard and he seemed to be holding himself to keep from running after them, to shout, to kill, to cry . . .

As they came into the spread of the arc-light at the highway, Rabat looked at Miss Abbott. But if she had read the story in Spain's face she had, also, determined not to do anything about it. She peered through the window up at the pinkening floor of the sky.

"The storm seems to be over."

"No," Rabat said, putting his arm around her. "That means a worse one is coming. Red sky at morning is the sailor's warning."

She clutched his hand hard against her heart. "Hold me tighter," she said in such a voice as he never before had heard. "I'm so cold—so cold—"

Biting gently at the lashing of his cesta, Rabat strolled out onto the floor. The glove was well tied, but he had to have some little thing to do to allow him to shed the flattering implication of the first applause. Yet Bull Bashan saw that he was holding up his stomach to give him even more chest, and the old swagger—that had been gone for the past week—was back in his walk.

Rabat looked down at the barrel of a man squatting on the sideline bench. Last night he would have turned away from the inspection of the wise little eyes, annoyed by their mocking glint. But tonight was tonight. His gaze went on over to the box where the Americans wouldn't be sitting any more. Then he looked down at Bull again.

"Tell the nigger to keep out of my way," he said. "Tell them *all* to keep out of my way."

With even more chest, Rabat went on out to his warm-up. The crowd began to mouth his name, to lick him with its eyes, feeling him to see what of gain he might have for this evening. Suddenly the empty box, that he had been wearing like a badge shining on his ego, began to taunt him with the knowledge that in all these laddered faces there was not one, now to think of him as anything but a mechanism—a professional athlete—to bring excitement or money. For an instant he went sick with the onsliding recognition that he had grown older again, put something else behind him.

But as he dropped the ball and his cesta swept down in the long arc of his serve, all those outside thoughts—the pressure of a life away from the court—went away as though before a good broom and he was doing what he was supposed to do, as he should.

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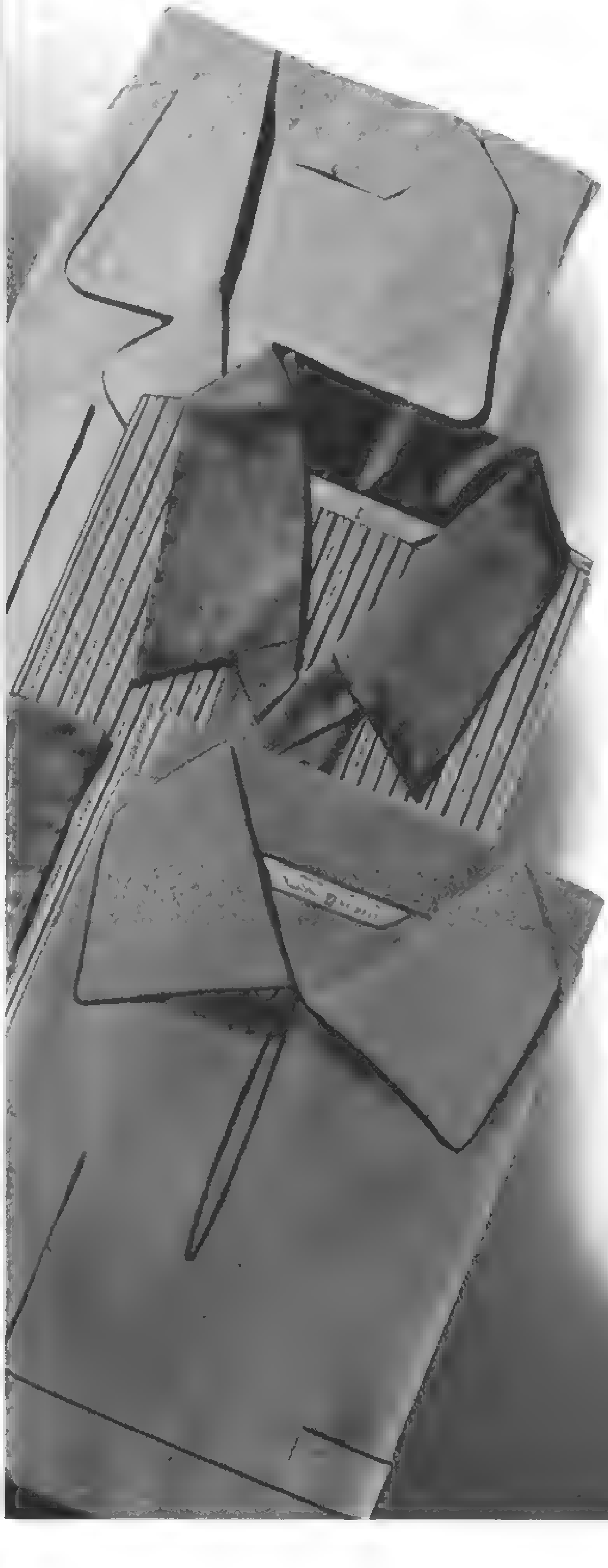

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The Average Actor

Continued from page 102

that he go to London for training, Jane Cowl that he go to New York, Ethel Barrymore that he make a start in stock, Otis Skinner that he try vaudeville first, Walter Hampden that he have the sense to stick to insurance for a livelihood and keep his pleasure in acting by remaining an amateur.

The big decision resulted from the close conjunction of two events. One was a production of *Ghosts* at the Little Theatre in which Acton played Oswald with so much public credit and private elation that he knew he had to achieve the satisfactions to be gained from such performances more often than merely a few nights a year; he simply must find the leisure to study great roles like that with proper care and lovingly build them up gesture by gesture and intonation by intonation. The other event was the death of his mother two weeks later. This not only released him from the necessity to remain in the upstate town, but delivered him the means to leave, in the form of a $4,000 inheritance.

Thus, at the age of twenty-seven—which is late to begin an acting career—Jeffery Acton traveled south of Albany for the first time in his life and came to Mecca.

* * *

He meant to go to dramatic school for a year and play a part in some Broadway show at the same time, if he could get one. He had no great hopes of that, though. He was prepared for the long, hard struggle that tradition prescribes for beginners. But almost immediately he got a part in a production that lasted most of the season. The part paid fifty dollars a week and was a nice bit, that of an angry man who appeared in the second act for a few minutes, holding the stage with four good, long passionate speeches, and then was seen no more. He usually got a hand on his exit, but audiences forgot all about him by the end of the play.

He could congratulate himself upon an auspicious start. He had avoided the traditional despairing period of making fruitless rounds to the managers' offices. At the very beginning of this exciting new career he had a salary practically as big as the one he had taken six years to work up to in insurance. He wrote glowing letters back to his friends in the Little Theatre, and they told themselves they had always known he would make good. What they could not know was that his first part was a pattern for most of the roles he was to have for years to come and that in this initial leap he had gone almost as far as he would ever go.

Since that first fortuitous role, Acton has had some twenty-seven others, some fairly important, some pretty piddling. Three were in long-run hits—the rest in moderate successes or outright failures that ran from three nights to ten or twelve weeks. By slow, stubborn haggling, role by role, he got his "price" up to $150 a week. He has a few times made a little more, but for four years $150 has been the minimum salary he will consider. It is his "price" and it is an axiom in his profession that if just for a single week's performance—on Broadway—he accepted less, he would have to start all over again the struggle to put his price up to where it had been before. He may accept a cut from this price to help keep a failing play alive after it has opened, but he will pass up the most flattering role rather than sign a contract before the play opens to play it for less than his price. A dozen casting agents, fifty managers, twenty playwrights know his price just as Wall Street brokers know what the active stocks are selling at.

To most persons this $150 a week sounds like a comfortable income, and so it would be if it came in 52 times a year. It is a "good" year when it comes in as often as thirty times or more—and such "good" years must make up for the years when it comes only ten times, or perhaps none at all. During his first three years on the stage, before he learned to supplement his earnings from the theatre, Acton's inheritance of $4,000 dribbled away in the idle periods between engagements. Now he has come to depend on the "legitimate" for only a part of his income. Last year, for example, his outside earnings were nearly twice what he made on the stage. Here is where his total of $6,635 came from, though he acted on Broadway for only fifteen weeks during the year:

One play that lasted three weeks, with salary at $150 a week	$ 450
One play that lasted twelve weeks with salary at $150 for the first eight and a "cut" to $120 for the last four	1,680
Three weeks' engagement in a summer theatre at $60 (the summer theatres are out of bounds so far as one's "price" is concerned, even stars play in them for pittances on the chance that try-outs will lead to Broadway engagements at their regular price)	180
Two other summer theatre weeks at $100	200
Role in series of 15-minute weekly radio dramatic sketches, over 13 weeks at $100 a broadcast	1,300
Four separate radio broadcasts at $150	600
Eleven other separate broadcasts at $100	1100
Twenty scattered days of work on commercial movies (i.e. special films made by business cor-	

Continued on page 151

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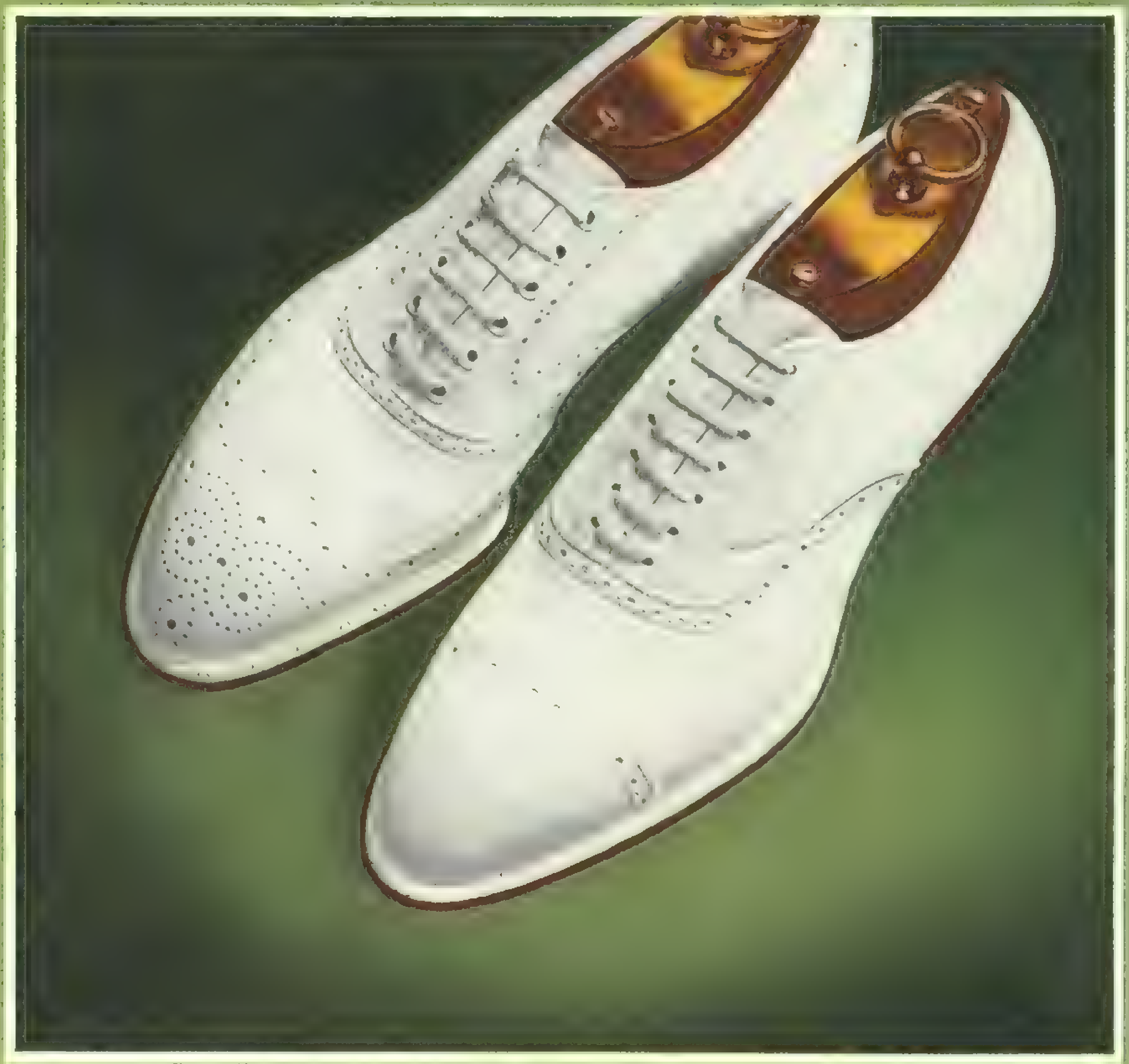

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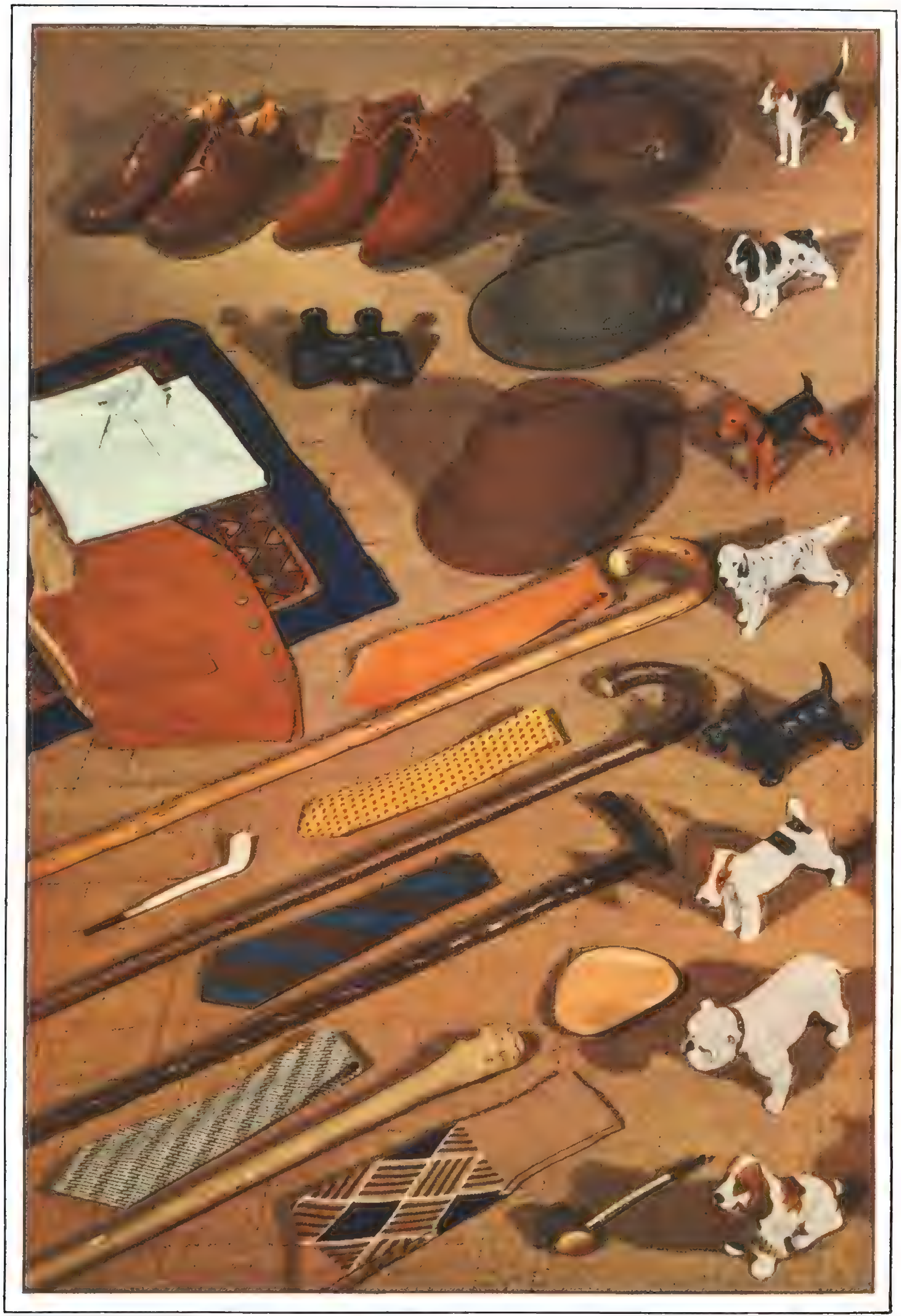

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STAGED AND DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

FOIBLES & FANCIES OF A COUNTRY SQUIRE

Upper left-hand corner: A pair of brown Norwegian model country shoes with crepe soles and heels. Next a pair of reverse calf Molière boots. The hats are, first, a brown rough felt with tweed band and Scotch feather mount, a brown mixture Tyrol with green cord band and silk edge, an Alpine rough finish hat recently worn by well-dressed sportsmen. Binoculars. Flannel shirt with new lounge collar attached. Suede waistcoat. Foulard handkerchief. Homespun tweed tie. Scotch fir cane. Foulard tie and clay pipe with bakelite stem. Cherrywood cane. Wool tie. White ash stick. Hand-loomed wool hose. Pigskin pocketbook tobacco pouch. Newmarket pipe made with cherrywood bowl, quill stem and rubber mouthpiece. The dogs, starting at top of the page, are: Foxhound, cocker spaniel, airdale, setter, Scotty, wire hair terrier, English bull, spaniel with bird in mouth. The background is tweed suiting.

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The Average Actor

Continued from pages 102-148

porations or educational institutions to be shown privately—so-called documentary films) at $50	1,000
Modeling for commercial photographers—six scattered assignments at various rates	125
TOTAL	$6,635

Out of this income, Acton disbursed these sums:

Ten per cent commission to agents on a majority of his jobs	$ 380
Alimony to first wife	1,200
Apartment rent	960
Equity dues	50
Income tax, state and federal	190
Servant	572
Life insurance premium	271
Repayment of old debts from previous year, which had not been a good one	450
TOTAL	$4,073

This left only $2,562 for food, clothes, entertainment, medical attention and miscellaneous expenses for a family of three—and an actor must maintain a good wardrobe. It can be regarded by many people as a not unenviable financial situation. One might say it is a better yearly balance than Acton would have had if he had remained in insurance upstate.

The disagreeable factor is that it is precarious. The income can very easily shrink to a half or even a fourth as much this season, while the expenses will remain pretty much unchanged. If Acton should fall ill, it will cease entirely. It is possible, of course—and this is what makes the set-up endurable—that he will get his long looked-for "big break" and come into not only bigger money but a measure of greater security.

But after nine years of the break not coming, it is more probable that it will not come—now or maybe ever. And actors do not increase their earning power with age after, say, forty or fifty. Quite the reverse, especially $150-a-week people. Like baseball players, they must save enough in a few good years for all the years to come. So far Acton has not been able to save.

How did he come to be stuck in this $150-a-week rut? It is not his fault if earnestness, conscientious hard work, sobriety, intelligence and a modicum of talent are taken as a standard of his deserts. Then, too, he has the native equipment for his work—a good face, a supple well-formed body, a flexible and resonant voice, health, seriousness, imagination, a feeling for and a love of the theatre. All his performances have been at the least competent. Often they have been very skilled.

The blame would appear to be on the theatre as an institution, since it can reward its unquestionably useful practitioners with so little security, and makes these practitioners look to outside sources for two-thirds of their income. More precisely, the blame can be placed upon the cowardice of theatrical managers in control of the theatre who seek so often to raid the well-known ranks of Hollywood for their good parts. They do this because they believe audiences demand "names" or because they have so little confidence in their own ability to select players that they must turn to those already selected and elevated by others before them.

These Hollywood players, so comfortably in the money for the moment, were, many of them, once $150-a-week people, too. How is it they got out of that fateful category and Acton has not? In few cases are they more talented or more intelligent. In many cases, it is true, they are unusual types, more or less freaks, in demand for their rarity. Even the film star who might be noted for his simplicity, his wholesomeness, is a freak in that he has these qualities so over-developed that they mark him a freak—just as most of Hollywood's women are so far more beautiful than the average attractive woman that they are really freaks. But what explains the motion picture success of more actors than any other element is that they have been favorites of luck, pure and simple. Acton is a victim of luck of a different sort.

What was it but luck that entered into the choice he made at the beginning of his second season as a professional? Though the audiences may have neglected to remember his name when he played the angry man that first season on Broadway, managers and casting-agents whose business it is to take note of promising newcomers, had not forgotten him. Early the following season he had three simultaneous offers.

One was a part of about the same importance as the angry man, at the same salary. He rejected it because it represented no progress. Another was a very important role in a play being presented by an unknown producer who was willing to gamble on Acton's inexperience in long roles on Broadway in consideration of his playing it for only $75 a week. This *was* progress, both financially and professionally. But Acton rejected it because, though it was the longest part in the play, it was that of the villain. He had absorbed the common horror of most actors of "unsympathetic" parts, believing that the public and even the managers associate an actor with his part and unconsciously build up a dislike for the player of an unlikable character. It also seemed to Acton that it was a hopeless play and stood a poor chance to run.

Continued on page 152

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!
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LUCKY STRIKE
GENUINE
BUCKINGHAM

In other words, Half & Half and all's swell. Cool as a ticket-line half a block long. Smooth as recalling you bought yours last week. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
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The Average Actor

Continued from pages 102-148-151

Besides, the producer was a shoe-stringer of no reputation, whereas the third offer was from the Theatre Guild itself. This offer was at the same salary of $75, and the part was sympathetic, even if not very long. The great consideration was the hope that if he did a good job for the Guild they would have better engagements for him as time went on. He took the Guild assignment, the engagement lasted for over four months, and there was the promise of continuing in the role on the road the following season.

But the shoe-stringer's play happened to become one of the outstanding hits of the season, it ran for eight months—and the villain was talked about and written about everywhere as being the most penetrating portrait of a sadist ever seen upon the stage. George F——, who was as obscure as Acton at the time, had been engaged for the role after Acton turned it down, and his performance was the talk of the town. The following year a famous author wrote a play especially for him about another magnificently evil monster, and he went on from there until today he is said to earn $150,000 for making three pictures a year in Hollywood. The breaks of the game, Acton has told himself, thinking of that sequence of events.

But would he have made the same reputation and climbed as far with it if he had played the sadist? To say yes is equivalent to saying that the role makes the actor and not the actor the role, and any actor will explode furiously if you dare intimate as much. But nearly every actor of less than featured rating believes it secretly—believes he could play the star's part every bit as well as the star.

At any rate, Acton believes he would be in F——'s shoes today if he and not F—— had played that one turning-point role eight years ago.

Not that Acton broods on that fateful choice very often. He recalls it now and then as an anecdote to illustrate how the celebrated F—— before he attained his purely fortuitous reputation was a second choice after Acton for a part. In retrospect the episode forms a comfortably lulling assurance to Acton that all he himself still needs to step into F——'s shoes, or shoes like them, is one good part. He can point out that it is happening all the time.

It is happening, that is to say, to others. And when it does, as in the case of young L—— last year, it evokes a very curious reaction in Acton. He said to me not long ago, "Why is all this fuss being made about L——? All the dramatic critics writing solemn essays about him, movie contracts being thrown at him from every direction, the famous John A—— announcing he's going to write a play especially for him—why? What's he got that I haven't got?"

What answer do you make to a question like that? What do you answer any man, actor, lawyer, beggarman, thief, who enviously demands to know why some younger man is outstripping him in the race for the rewards of life?

Acton does not ask his question with bitterness or resentment, but with puzzled surprise. And that is why it is revealing. When someone else actually achieves the sudden eminence that, parrot-like, he has been repeating is always possible in his profession, i.e., possible for himself if he has one good part, he is surprised because he has really ceased to believe in the possibility for himself.

It has come about so gradually that Acton is not even aware how much he has accepted his status of $150-a-week actor. He still talks a good deal about the little place in the country he means to buy, the car he intends to have, the better apartment he and his wife will move to—"when I get my break." But he doesn't talk about it confidently. He is no longer sure it is right around the corner. He is not even sure it will ever come at all.

The most notable change in him, however, is not in the amount of hope with which he looks to his future, but in the attitude from which he regards his present. In a word, acting is no longer an art to him. It is a business. And not a very good business. He would get out of it if he could and he makes sporadic attempts by trying to write plays and radio skits shaped to shoddy commercial formulae. Even for what it sets out to be, this writing is not very good, for neither by nature nor training is Acton a writer.

But even in the field of acting, the classic and semi-classic roles of Shakespeare and Galsworthy and Ibsen and Molière and Schnitzler and Shaw have been eclipsed in his scheme of values by the pressing necessity to find a role in any play that will run for thirty weeks, or a contract for broadcasting hack-written sketches advertising a laxative, for acting in documentary movies demonstrating the superiorities of the Hellish-Hot Furnace, for modeling in photographs advertising cigarettes.

In the case of a stage role, he is sure to be a great deal more interested in having one in a semi-literate mystery-melodrama, replete with comedy cops, frightened spinsters and clutching hands, which, despite its appalling banality may possibly pay him a salary for a few weeks, than in the potential opportunity of playing the noblest roles in the combined repertories of London's Old Vic, the Reinhardt theatres of the old days and Stanislavsky's Moscow Art.

A Report on Man's Best Friend

Continued from page 89

Europeans testify. They ate pie and ice cream with a knife, picked their teeth at table, at formal parties spat on carpets and portieres, and regarded a bath as a health risk. Nowadays even a dog has better manners. In those days American dogs were mean curs whose chief use was as scavengers of the garbage dumped in the gutter in front of houses. All is changed. In the bright pampered age of Emily Post and Elizabeth Arden the dog must be as clean as a hound's tooth, and then some. If your dog isn't as sweet as your stenographer, whose fault is it, with these items in the local bazaar?—

Manicure set in leather case.
Wash-up Kit—towel, spray, powder.
Emergency kit for traveling.
Dude—exclusive dog shampoo.
Sleekote Deodorant and Hair Dressing in fancy bottle, smartly packaged to resemble doghouse (smells like bay rum).
Kosmetic Kit in pale blue box containing screw-top bottles and jars with shampoo, deodorant, tonic, and freshener, talcum, salve, and boric acid cream.

The high point, though, is registered by Bonwit Teller's new creation "Leash." Let them tell about it:

> DO YOUR DOGS OFFEND?
>
> Every summer an increasing number of women come in to buy cologne for their pets. And they say even the sternest mastiffs are pleased because it makes them socially acceptable at all times. Dogs hate to be banished from company. So we've had an exclusive deodorizing cologne with a nice, clean woodsy scent brewed specially for them. Nothing sissy about it.

The dog industry is new and booming. It is based on the aristocracy which, represented by the American Kennel Club and its registrations, has a longer history than many things American. More than a million pedigreed dogs have checked in during the last half century. The 1936 registrations, estimated at 84,000, will exceed 1935's by a good per cent, to constitute the all time American high in the fancy dog line. A hundred thousand dogs in the nation are in training—not for anything in particular but just against one another. On the fancy breeds, the "noble and well-born," more than thirty million dollars was spent for feed, kennels, medicines, etc., in the first part of 1936, an increase of 23% over the same period of 1935. If the twelve million run-of-the-mill hounds of the country eat the average ration of a well-fed Peke, our annual dog food bill runs to $624,000,000. Add the other costs and you wonder how the pet budget is ever balanced.

Among other odds and ends needing mention is the fact that even civilized whelps have sex urges. In these the master class interferes in its own interest. On the one hand it invents and applies "Cupid Chaser," a dope foisted upon the lady in season, guaranteed to make her offensive even to the Casanovas of the species. On the other it engineers a program of planned sex, as in this come-on in the magazine ads:

> Prospective Matrons
> Sire: Ari of Kettle Cove
> (Sg. Lux ex Anita by Troll)
> Dam: ch. Lady Anna v. Seigrist
> (Int. Ch. Favoriet ex Ch. Trail 'Em)
> Ready to Breed

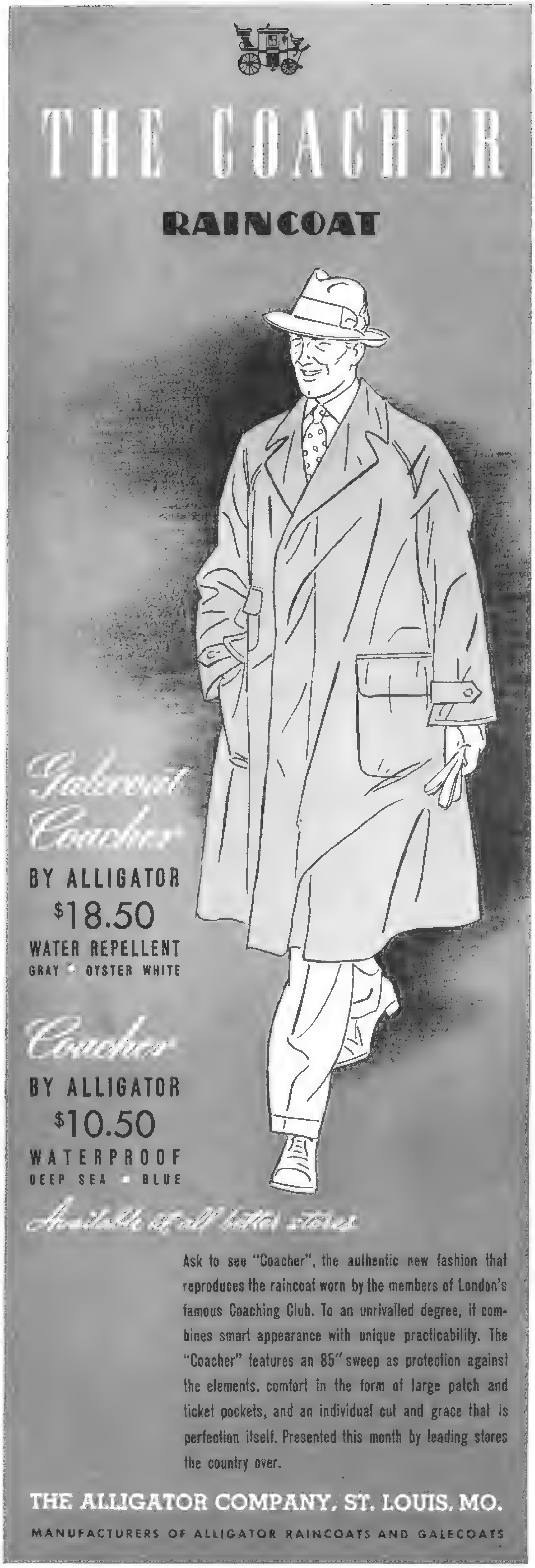
Dogs were among the world war heroes, and there was some agitation for a dog bonus. Lieutenant Bobby, the only dog officer, is retired. Rags, an alley pup, carried messages under fire in a lousier war than dogs could ever have contrived; he was gassed and wounded, and on his death rated both monument and biography. Another famous dog was Nellie, the mascot of a couple of hundred newspaper men and gals at the front in the ignoble spectacle, The State versus Bruno. The reporters adopted him and kept him down in the basement of Flemington's Union Hotel, where they had converted a poolroom into a bar. Here, between the liquor and being nice to Nellie, they tried to forget the tripe they had to turn out by the toilet-tissue reel: another argument for Dog as Escape.

The importance of the dog in human relations is placed in a new light by these remarks in the London *Evening Standard:*

> "In these days of international stress it is a relief to hear of the formation, under distinguished patronage, of a vital society to be called the Fellowship of Faithful Friends. The 'F.F.F.,' as it is to be called for short, qualifies the extent of its friendship with four more 'F.'s'—'four-footed, furry, and feathered.' The founders maintain that in our treatment of animals lies the vital factor in eliminating war and lessening unemployment, hence they propose to organize 'dog parties, cat parties, bird parties, monkey parties (if enough) and other pet parties.'"

What strange complications the future holds as dogs become more ubiquitous, egregious, and cultured only astrologers can tell who practice under the sign of Canus Major, and maybe not they. The case of the lad Bert Long who ran away from home with his pup is a small portent. Stranded in Florida, Bert wrote home for carfare. The Longs sent a money order made out to boy and dog both. After a lot of trouble a judge was finally found who waived the pup's signature.

But the time will come when dogs who have hit the human trail will be able to sign their own names. When those days arrive, Sugar-Plum, CDX, UD, the literary Pekinese, rising up from her silken cushion after her Doggie Dessert, will neglect her deodorant, her manicure, her tonic, her freshener, her shampoo, her talcum, her salve, her boric acid cream, her anti-belch medicine, and her Cupid Chaser, to write a Report on the Human Situation and man's too desperate dependence on the dog. I will bet the price of a pooch pudding, nay of a bitch banquet, that the report will hark back to the smelly old days when men were men and dogs gamboled in the garbage. ⌗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Galecoat Coacher
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$18.50
WATER REPELLENT
GRAY • OYSTER WHITE

Coacher
BY ALLIGATOR
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WATERPROOF
DEEP SEA • BLUE

Available at all better stores

Ask to see "Coacher", the authentic new fashion that reproduces the raincoat worn by the members of London's famous Coaching Club. To an unrivalled degree, it combines smart appearance with unique practicability. The "Coacher" features an 85" sweep as protection against the elements, comfort in the form of large patch and ticket pockets, and an individual cut and grace that is perfection itself. Presented this month by leading stores the country over.

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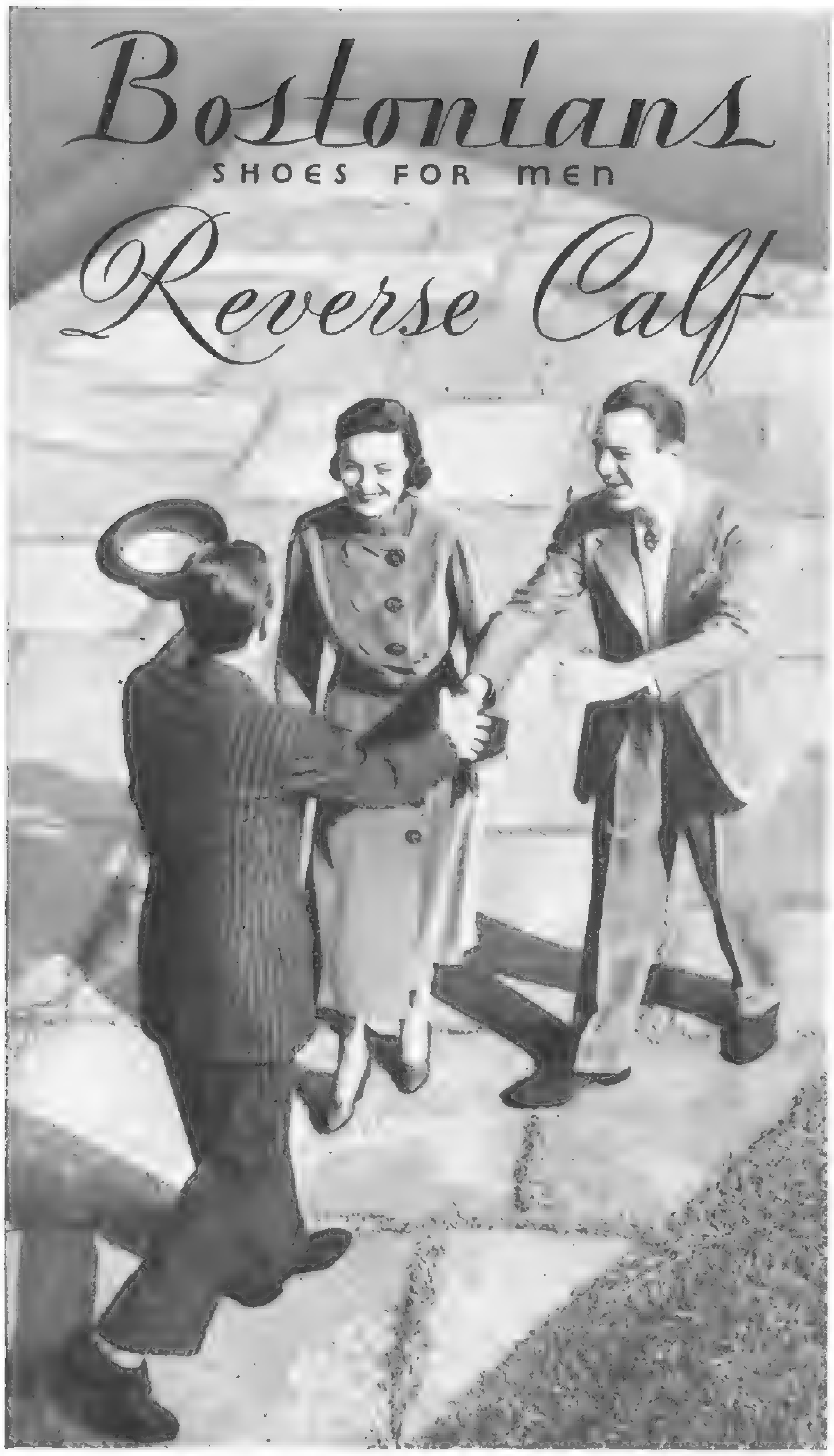


Reverse Calf rates first in men's fine shoes for Spring... Soft suede finished leather that goes with about all types of business and leisure clothes..wears well... requires little care... Bostonians feature Reverse Calf in a wide range of exclusive styles priced at... $7 to $10.

THE HAVANA . . . Full wing tip Oxford over a favored Town Last. Brown or Grey Reverse Calf.

Skiing in July

Continued from page 75

your skis on, sprawled in a comfortable chair suspended on a moving cable, which takes you up on high quicker than Elijah in his proverbial chariot.

Austria in *April* offers the tiny village of Kuehtai, in the Stubai Valley, resting in the shadow of peaks 9,000 to 11,000 feet high where you'll stay at a quaint, informal Tyrolean Inn. Pushing on to Switzerland, you'll find Zermatt with any number of really fashionable hotels. The Gornergrat funicular carries you right into the massive Monte Rosa group where you'll find some of the finest skiing in Europe in the higher altitudes.

Come *May* in the U. S. A. and you'll go to the Tuckerman Ravine on the slopes of Mount Washington, the highest peak of the Presidential Range, the skier's paradise in the East. On its tremendous open slopes, Benno Rybizka, imported from the Arlberg "Ski-Dorado," teaches the willing everything from the snow plough to the Tempo swing. You'll put up at the new Jackson Ski Club near Jackson, New Hampshire, where you recline on great bear rugs in a roofless ice house and tan yourself in the blazing sun.

If you go to Austria, you can enter the *May* Ski Race in the Arlberg. You'll stay at the "Hospiz" of St. Anton, in ancient times a lonely shelter for courageous travelers who dared to cross the Arlberg Pass in winter. Now it is a hospitable inn, with all the comforts of home. Or, go on to Ober Gurgl, the highest village in Austria, where the Hotel Edelweiss will do well by you.

If you want some really *hot* skiing in May, go to the highest point of the Bernina Railroad. From there, you climb into the "White Hell of the Pitz Palu"—easy ski-running and about 90 in the shade.

Or, you can pick the renowned Chamonix at the foot of Montblanc, where you'll find plenty of Swiss scenery.

From May on, most of your skiing is done in the region of the glaciers, the so-called summer Alpine and glacial skiing. It may sound a little hard—but with the exception of a few ice falls, which you can easily avoid, glacier skiing is far easier than skiing on trails down wooded slopes.

In June, you'll trek to Oregon, and to Portland, which is a riot of roses. Ninety minutes by automobile and you'll be skiing on the slopes of Mount Hood. From here you can journey to a new ski terrain. Excellent highways bring you from Seattle to the door of Mount Baker Lodge.

The great exodus to Europe starts in June. This time you may pass up Paris for Austria, where you'll join Europe's crack skiers in the June Ski Race on the steep glacier slopes of the Gross Glockner run. Or, you'll stay at the Franz Josefs Haus, a swell inn at the foot of the glaciers near the village of Heiligenblut.

In Switzerland, a swank hotel up the Klein Scheidegg will be your hangout. This is an ideal place for downhill runners who hate to climb a mountain on foot. From the 2,300 foot run down to Wengen, the funicular brings you back to the hotel in half an hour.

In *July*, you can park your wife or other impedimenta in Interlaken, while *you* take the Jungfrau funicular up to the glacier bowl of the Concordia Platz and the Jungfrau Joch, a majestic summer hotel.

If you stay on, you can enter the famous Race held the first Sunday in August.

Over on this side of the Atlantic, it's Seattle for summer skiing. Mount Rainier and a magnificent swoop down from Camp Muir to the big and spacious Paradise Valley Inn. You don't have to be a good skier. The slopes are so easily graded you'll feel like an expert.

If you are in the early stages of skiing, spring and summer months are the ideal time to learn, because of snow conditions. New, freshly fallen snow at midwinter temperatures forms powder snow. If it is not too deep it is ideal. Glittering crystals flash like diamonds in the sun and make a splendid "binding" substance. However, the deeper the powder snow, the more difficult to navigate. The skis sink into the deep drifts and it requires superhuman effort to lift them out again. Going down hill they push great quantities of snow in front of them and you make no more proggress than the Toonerville Trolley in a snow storm.

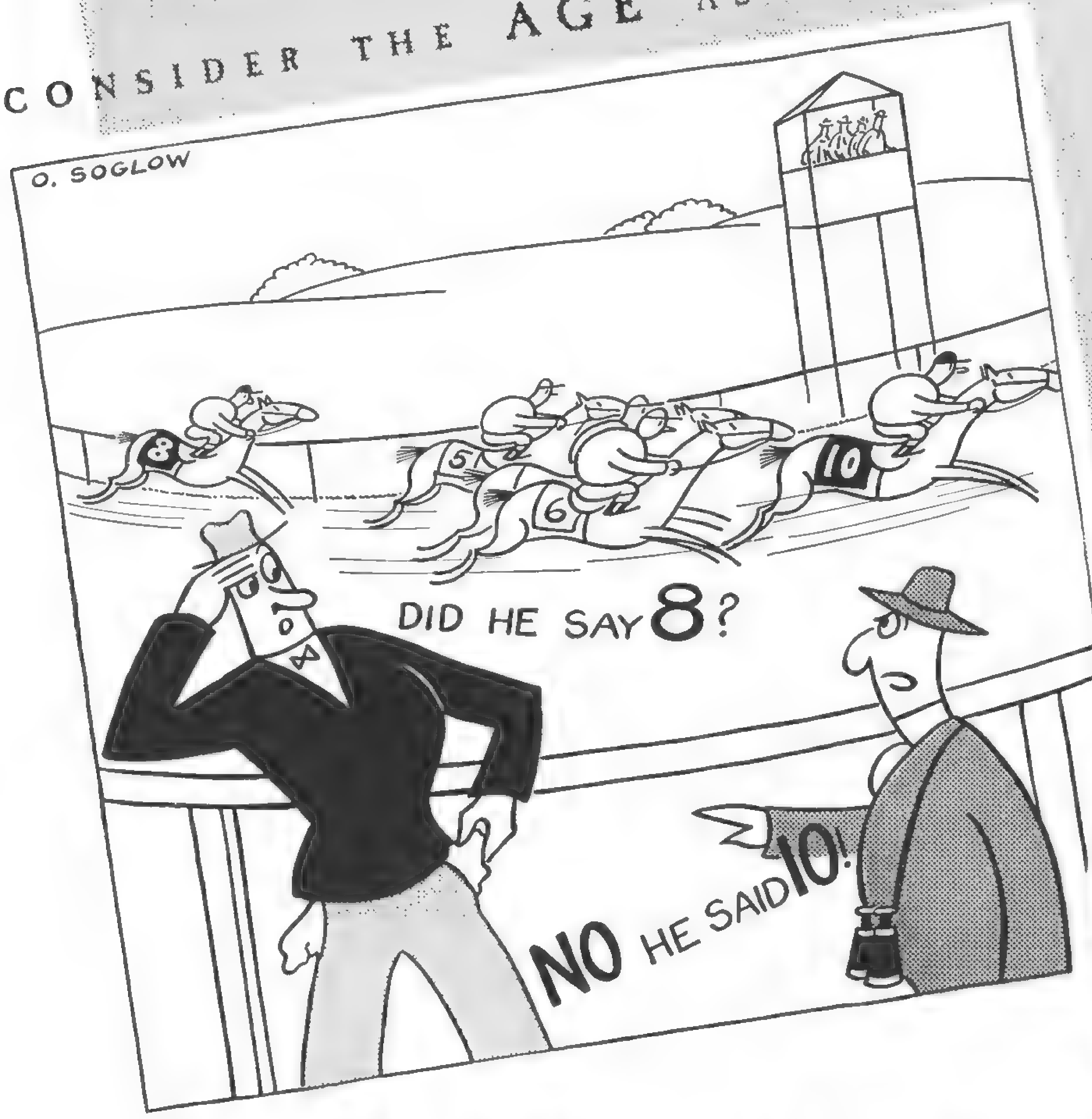
The powder snow soon settles into what skiers call "old snow." The snow becomes heavy and slow; snow crystals lose their light and grow dim. Ski running becomes labored. The snow binds itself fast to the ski and often sticks to a depth of several fingers over the whole surface.

In the spring, however, this old snow freezes to a solid crust during the night. The warmth of the sun thaws the upper layers of the crust during the day, and makes the snow into a soft, binding surface easy to ski on.

The "firn" snow of spring and summer is much slower than the powder snow of winter. Waxing, therefore, is important. Norwegians and Swedes, the "old salts" of skiing, claim that waxing is the most fascinating part of skiing—and waxing secrets are guarded jealously and handed down from generation to generation. There are as many kinds of waxes as there are wines, and wax connoisseurs are as tiresome as those vintage experts you know. Use Klister wax for spring and summer. It is like honey, and must be applied with a rag or a brush. Unless you enjoy lugging tons of caked snow, you must use it.

Continued on page 156

CONSIDER THE AGE AS WELL AS THE BRAND


O. SOGLOW
8
5
6
10
DID HE SAY 8?
NO HE SAID 10!

Martin's 10 Year Old now costs no more than most 8 Year Old *(or younger)* Scotches

EVERY DROP over 10 YEARS OLD

Imported by McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City

HIGHEST AWARDS
Gold Bar Extra Quality
MARTIN'S
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88
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Blended
Scotch
Whisky

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The colonials would call it "Pukkah"...which means the "Tops" in America...this splendid spring shirt and pajama idea...created by JAYSON for you! The Bombay fabric is a rugged, fine combed madras, enriched by a lively color sparkle. The shirts have either regular soft or the Jaysonized* no-starch, no-wilt collars... and both shirts and pajamas are available in many models, tailored as only JAYSON'S Troy craftsmen know how. Ask your dealer for Bombay by JAYSON...the shirt $2...the pajamas featured with Jayson Lastex Belt $3

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Jayson
SHIRT

*Made under Celanese patents

Skiing in July

Continued from pages 75-154

Get a gliding wax for downhill runs, but don't attempt to use it for climbing. Just as many cross country and slalom races are won by a good weather forecast and the proper gliding wax, as are won by daring and skill. Veteran skiers will tell you that nothing equals the palm of the hand in smoothing and rubbing down wax. But if you expect to be doing any hands across the table stuff after skiing, use a piece of cork instead.

Racers often polish their skis with a piece of leather until the ski presents an absolutely smooth, glass-like surface; then comes a final polish with a piece of silk. Next, a layer of graphite wax, polished with a piece of paper. Just gives you an idea.

Having decided where you are going for your summer skiing, it is a good idea to find out what to wear.

Put your heavy woolens away in mothballs—you do a strip-skis act when you ski in the spring. The less you wear the better.

Dark fabrics absorb the sun rays and are much too warm, so follow the example of European skiers and buy yourself a pair of white gabardine plus-fours. If you manage to stay on your feet when you ski, you can wear heavy natural linen. Even though it gets pretty wet, if you do take a spill, linen will dry very quickly. All you need with your plus-fours is a cotton mesh shirt, and a jacket or windbreaker of lightweight, windproof balloon silk. When you are climbing, you take off your shirt, and roll your knee length natural wool stockings down to your ankles.

You must wear a tennis visor, or a glacier hat—a big, wide brimmed affair that looks like a woman's beach hat. The brim is wired and collapses into small space in a knapsack or lunch bag.

The combination of sun and snow is so dazzling in May and June that you cannot expose your skin for long at a time. Burning does not come from the direct impact of the ultra violet rays at such altitudes, but from the reflected glare on the snow. That is why, in glacier skiing, necks and chins take such a beating. A small silk foulard scarf takes care of this situation.

If you don't want to have your features swollen almost beyond recognition, you must use sun lotions and heavy creams which form a layer of film on your face which the sun cannot penetrate. Put several applications on your nose or you'll look as if you'd been on a bender since birth. In the evening you remove the protective creams with cleansing cream (it's not sissy, it's a necessity) because your skin will be far too sensitive to stand the usual soap and water ritual. No tanning you ever got in the tropics is as quick or as vicious as a snow burn. And never go without dark glasses.

Summer ski resorts are a mecca for sun fans. You can see them lounging in comfortable deck chairs on the terraces of their hotels. You stumble on them in little ravines and gullies high up in the mountains—the men in a pair of trunks and zero at the top; the women with the minimum coverage completely surrounded by oils, creams and lotions to work up the right shade of tan.

Before deciding on your summer ski safari, you had better start a month or so ahead of time to get yourself into condition. It's uphill work you know, and it will *get you* in the knees. Practise a few dry ski exercises in the quiet and seclusion of your own apartment and take the creaks out of your joints.

The knees, which must act as springs and shock absorbers, are the most important part of your anatomy in skiing. To wit: keep your feet flat on the floor and dip until your knees are in front of your toes.

Sounds easy, but try it. If you feel no pain—you are doing it right.

The famous Arlberg technique has proved that it is safer to bring your center of gravity *nearer* the ground, so you practise going into a low crouch by dipping and squatting on your haunches. If you want to learn to break a neat 70 miles an hour downhill speed, you have to learn to "stem." Bend your knees, get yourself into a radical pigeon-toed position and dip up and down. It will slow you up when you get out in the open and it will slow you up plenty in your own bedroom. In your downward flight if you find yourself headed for a fence, an odd rock or a lone tree—you have to know how to christie. So learn the basic movements in your bedroom by dipping with a swing of your hips as in hula, and alternate from right to left. A few weeks of this and your rotundities will be on the wane and you'll feel like a boy again.

Consider well, gentlemen, a skiing holiday. Recall those summer cruises, a shipload of rheumatics and romantics; school teachers 200 strong; bar-*mades*! who consider an ocean voyage a sort of a lewd interlude. Remember the dude ranches with college gals and stenos who fall for the cowboys and leave the tenderfeet alone. The beaches, with their quota of bleached blondes with Hollywood chassis. And greatest of all—the Summer Hotel with its rocking chair fleet; its middle-aged widows eternally dragging you into a game of bridge that connives to be more for contact than contract; and the predatory mamas with Annabelle on their hands.

My friends, they know not of spring and summer skiing. So pick your spot, pack your skis, gird up your loins and be off to the mountains where men are men and women are wonderful. ⧺

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 106

The latest Beau Brummel to join the pace setters burst upon us via Hollywood. Billed in his press book one month as an "Outstanding American Baritone," he rose by the next to "American Baritone EXTRAORDINARY." He is the answer to a maiden's prayer. He has been pictured as being trailed across the country by panting admirers. Borrowing tenor tricks, his agents wire ahead to local police for protection from expected female mobs. In some cities, due to late spring or better attention at home, the crowds fail to materialize; nevertheless, the syndicated story goes out, relating the number of females he has escaped.

Baritones also have the endorsing habit. They collect money for advertising anything from mouthwash to motor cars. Last season's tire salesman is now putting over medicated vaseline.

For many people, all baritone voices have a surface resemblance. They aren't alike, but somehow listeners find it difficult to tell them apart. Hardly had John Charles Thomas finished singing a familiar old song at a Metropolitan Opera concert last winter, when an old fellow rushed up and clapped him on the back: "Good work, old man Tibbett!"

Eddy, Thomas and Tibbett are Americans, all in the heavy dough. Their voices vary in size and timbre and in dramatic effectiveness, but are all expertly managed. Each can produce a smooth, resonant and clear tone, and can croon as well as bellow.

The smoothest vocalist among them is described by a Chicago critic as having "the intellectual drive of a chocolate fudge sundae." His singing is rich and effortless, and he makes full use of his resonators. Unhappily, he colors the outside surface of a song rather than plumbs its depths. He is interested in sounds and words rather than in inner meaning. He is best in suave lyrics and songs of whimsy, and he is said to "have a taste no deeper than a well and an imagination no wider than a church door." Evidently he needs no more, for the sheer unmatched beauty of his cadences enables him to get away with murder. He sings "La, la, la, la" through whole sections of *Rigoletto*. He is content if he knows the principal aria, though in that he often sings the first verse twice. He has left for posterity a record of *Di Provenza* from *Traviata* with several phrases backwards. Between loafing and fishing, he has little time for serious study.

"You know," he said to a conductor with whom he had just sung his twenty-sixth performance of an opera, "I like that rôle. I think I'll learn it some day."

The most interesting of the clan goes deeper. He will split a gut to make an effect. He acts through his voice and most often touches the core of deep imaginative experience. An extrovert, he welcomes autograph hunters and cheerfully signs anything—even an "I. O. U."—as he did once, thinking it only a blank piece of paper. All people interest him, and he enjoys casual acquaintances. He claims a singer shouldn't think, at least during a concert, though, with the curiosity of a six-year-old, he never can know enough about anything. He has innate dignity and reserve, often mistaken for aloofness. He keeps time with his big toe, walks on his hands, chews gum between songs on radio broadcasts, shouts "Blah!" now and then to relax his throat muscles and to shake his blah feeling. He is the only baritone today who makes money from the five media of opera, concert, radio, cinema and records.

The sensation of the moment has yet to establish himself with Metropolitan mossbacks. He's still selling love on a rising market. According to fan magazines, he refused an opera contract, saying he wasn't ready. At present he offers little more than a beautiful voice, wisely used. Many things pass out of his soul and over his larynx without raising a quiver. His chief handicap lies in the fact that his admirers will not take him as seriously as he wants to take his art.

All our baritones came from ordinary walks of life, and made their own way with an occasional "angel" here and there. None of them has any social backlog. Tibbett (without the final "t") was a gob, came to fame via the accepted opera house route, has never opened his mouth in Europe, and for five years has been the world's highest paid singer. Thomas was a minister's son who hit it off in operetta, after Baltimore's famous Peabody Conservatory refused him a scholarship. Eddy was an adtaker and obituary writer, whose ancestors missed the Mayflower by ten years. His "deadpan" face is excellent for character make-up, and in the movies he hasn't taken a chance with anything but surefire operettas.

Bonelli, intelligent and likable, and once an operatic spear bearer and Jack-of-all-trades, has not yet achieved the fame his work deserves. Last winter one of his fans wrote him, "I hope you don't think I am borrowing on your influence but—to get to the point—I would like an autographed picture of Lawrence Tibbett. I hear him frequently and admire his voice very much."

The baritone gods are all regular fellows who enjoy loud laughs like the rest of us. They bring drinks to their small, offstage cubbyhole, which, at the Metropolitan, is nearer the stage than the leading tenor's. They are rated as heavy thinkers, yet their wigmakers say: "Just as dumb as tenors, only an octave lower." ⅲ

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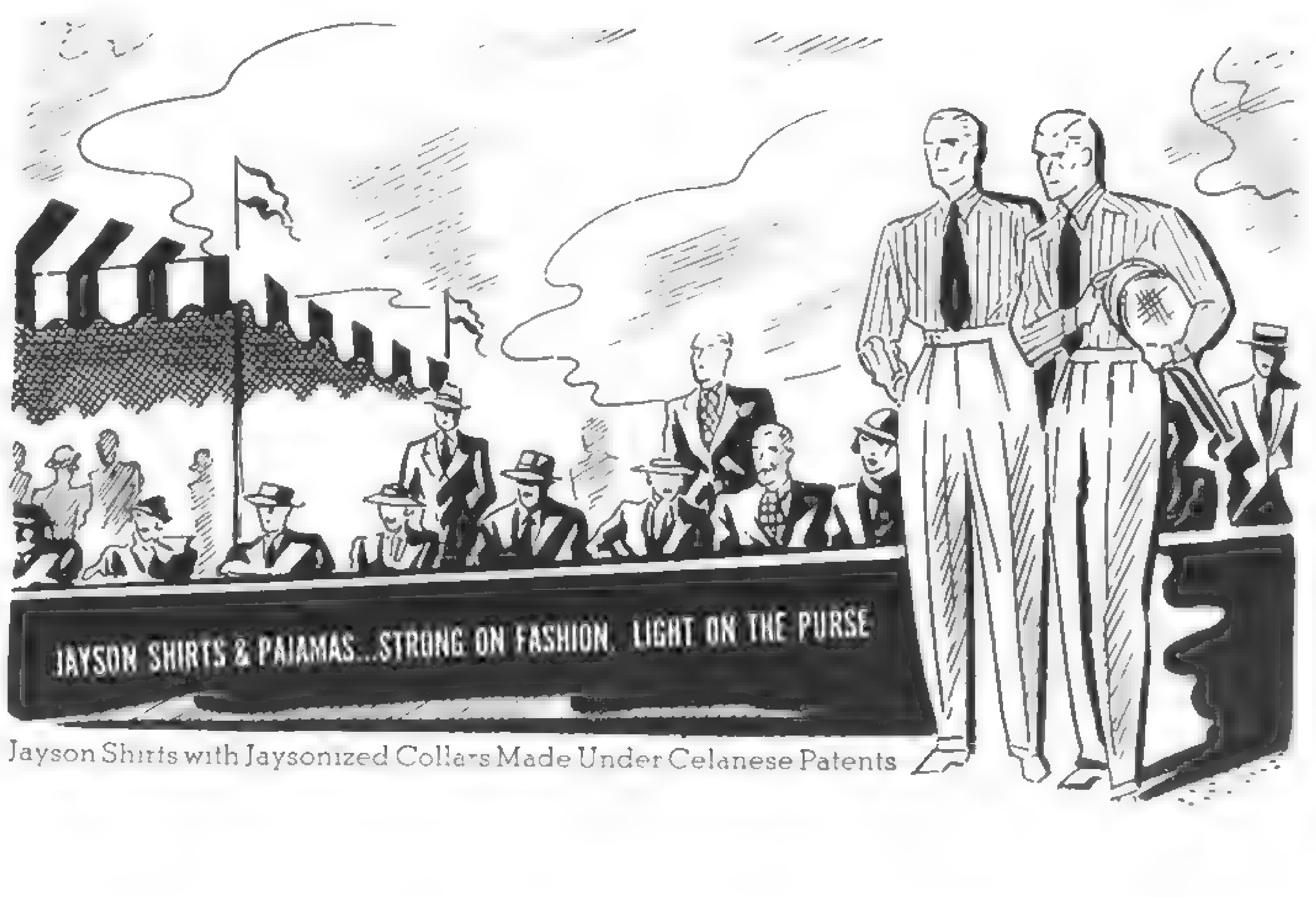
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Cameras at the Crossroads

Continued from page 71

something had gone wrong with the printing.

At the other extreme is the almost black picture with only a hand, a chair-arm or diamond bracelet illuminated.

This murky photography reaches its highest perfection among our better portrait photographers, who have advanced to the Deep-And-Dirty-Fog phase of the art. Modern portraits which are any good at all—say the ones costing from $75 to $150 for six, are so dark and bleary that it is pretty hard to say whom they take after. You can stop on the main street of any town in the country, of course (or in the Men's Washroom of Grand Central Station) and get a dandy clear picture of yourself for a dime. But these are only snapshots and are so easily recognizable that they could be used against you if you got into trouble with the police. No photograph of the three-for-$100 variety has ever turned up in a post office with fingerprints and information about a reward attached.

The more you pay, the darker, more sinister, evil, brooding, malevolent and inhuman you appear in the finished print. Between you and the camera hovers a black miasmal mist. You are something out of one of Poe's nightmares. You hate yourself. These pictures, the photographer will tell you, are not too dark—they are only fully developed and show you as you *really* are. They have quality, texture, luster, patina, feel and surface. If they are also too dark to be intelligible to you that is because you do not realize that photography is now an art. For children and newspapermen these simple clear pictures are all very well . . . oh yes, they have their place . . . but an artist creating a portrait works in a different medium. Usually nowadays that medium is the dark. Some day a photographer is going to charge $1,000 for entirely black pieces of paper with his name written in pencil on a heavy white mat below. He will call them portraits and sell a lot of them.

I don't know what troubles photographers. As soon as they get a studio and a secretary they begin to look for your ectoplasm instead of your face, and the result is a dark black (or sepia for no extra charge) oily smudge.

So I say, photography is at the crossroads. #

The Art of Puss Poking

Continued from page 84

will say the younger of the two, a youth of twenty some-odd has lately absconded with the Old Man's latest wife, the Old Man being the best skull buster in the region. It so happens that neither has a weapon of any kind, other than those provided by nature. The Old Man looks around for a club, or rock, but sees none. The logical thing for Young Cro to do is flee, but he is too frightened for any such presence of his dull mind. Young Cro backs up a few steps and the Old Man comes charging at him with a guttural growl.

They circle, Old Cro stomping the ground, flexing his biceps and striking his hairy barrel-like chest with his fists; Young Cro ambles fearfully around, wild-eyed and filled with terror. The Old Man clutches his fingers and begins to close in; Young Cro instinctively raises his arms as though to ward him off. Now Young Cro is by no means a weakling; he has a long, powerful torso, not quite as thickset as the old warrior's, but lithe and supple; nor are his arms as thick as the Old Man's, but they are longer and graceful. Suddenly the Old Man gives a roar and lunges in, arms raised and fingers half-closed as if to clutch the young hopeful by the gullet. Young Cro is panicked. He involuntarily does something without knowing what: he straightens out his right leg, extends his torso forward, drops his chin down behind his left shoulder, straightens out his left arm at the end of which is a closed fist, and shifts the weight off his left leg, all in one quick snappy motion. The result electrifies him. His fist lands squarely on Old Cro's cheek bone and he drops as if stricken by a stone axe. He is down, but not out, and Young Cro is too cautious to spring upon him. Slowly, painfully, he gets up. Young Cro is now warmed to combat, dances around and bellows like a young bull. Suffice it to say that blood flowed upon the sod that day, and in the end the Old Man was vanquished by a young upstart who had accidentally discovered how to deliver a straight left to the puss. To our dear reader's imagination we will leave the details of the fracas. (It was a red-head.)

To sum up our point, the old warrior was admittedly the superior fighter by any standard, and he met defeat at the hands of a novice who, in imagination at least, had accidentally become your first puss poker. Once more, let us move up to the present day and review the descendant of this ancient discoverer.

Not long ago I wandered into an athletic club in one of our larger cities. I had heard four members of the club's boxing team had won local championships in an elimination tourney, and were being schooled for national competition. When I walked into the gym, it was not hard to pick out the four champs; they were the center of attraction, and could be identified by their blue trunks bearing the club's insignia. They were, respectively, middleweight, welterweight, lightweight and featherweight. Each was industriously

Continued on page 161

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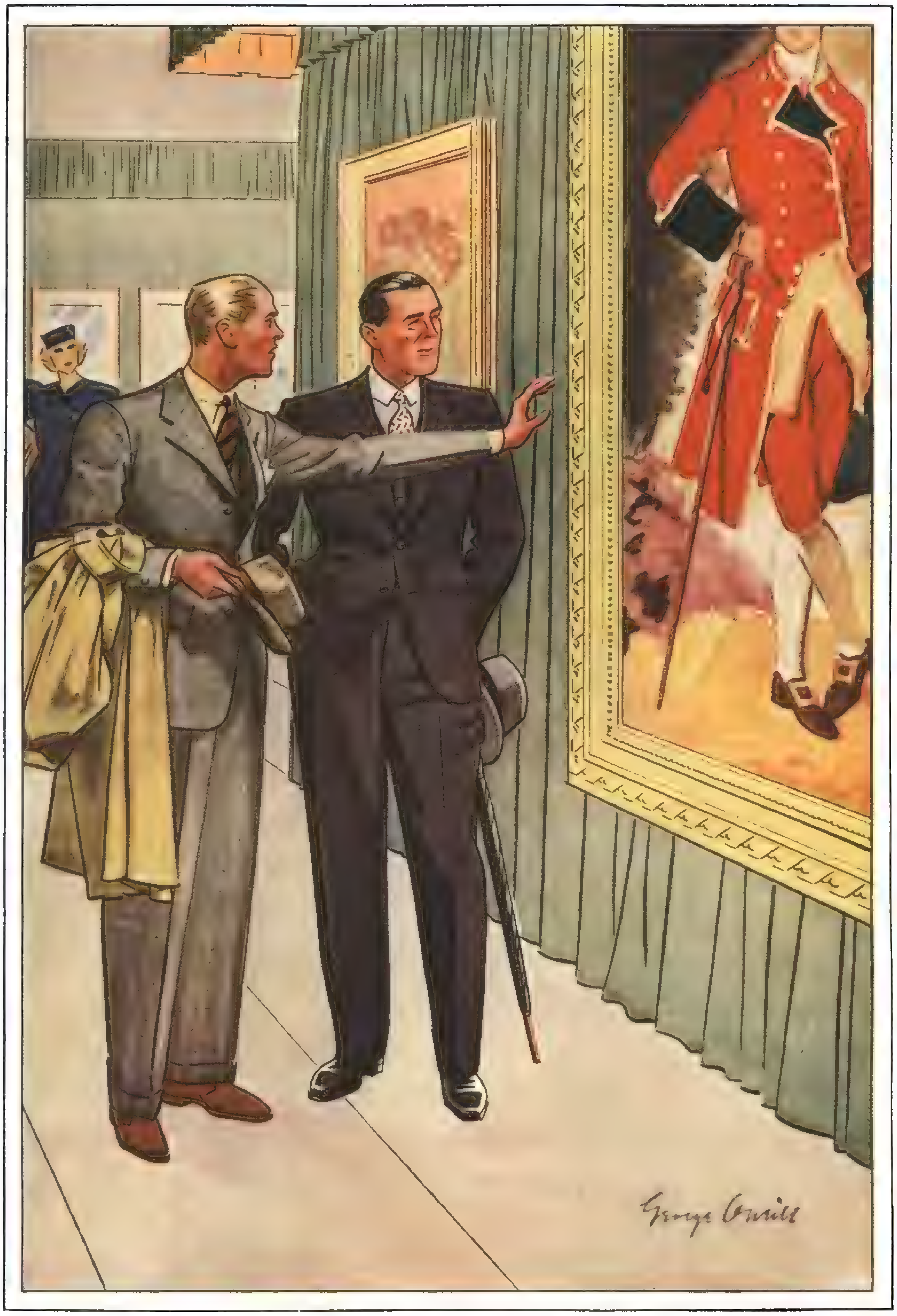


TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT IN TOWN WEAR

THERE is, as the philosopher said, no disputing tastes. Two types may differ widely, in pictures as in clothes, yet both be good. For instance, these two vastly different outfits, both of which are recommended for spring wear in town. On the left, the semi-sports type, with a Saxony suiting and the properly informal accessories that this countrified fabric demands, such as soft shirt, rough finish fawn felt hat, cotton gabardine English tan raincoat and monk-front reverse calf shoes. The other outfit, essentially urban, is built around a hard finish worsted suiting, the kind of fabric that commands very trig accessories, as exemplified in this instance by the starched collar, the grey Homburg hat, black calf town shoes with square toecaps and, even, a tightly rolled umbrella. Note that, in keeping with the comparative formality of this type of fabric, the trousers are cuffless and the pockets unflapped.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Art of Puss Poking

Continued from pages 84-158

engaged in rope skipping, shadow boxing, bag punching, weight pulling or some other exercise calculated to improve their pugilistic abilities. A dozen or so other impromptu pugs scampered about going through all sorts of monkey shines, each trying to out-exhibit the other. I noticed a smooth muscled lad who did not seem to be doing anything in particular, and no one paid the least attention to him. Once or twice I noticed him twist his torso on his hips, drop his chin down behind his left shoulder and snap out a long left. I decided to keep an eye on him.

After a half-hour or so of pugilistic ritual the champs began to edge over toward the center of the gym. This was a signal for the gathering of impromptu pugs to disappear before anyone could suggest they act as sparring partners. But I noticed that the slender boy, who could not have weighed more than 138 pounds, edged over toward the ring also. He stood there with his gloves folded across his arms. The middleweight champ got into the ring and pulled the ropes at the ring post. He glanced about appraising the personnel, and you guessed it, he espied our hero standing there looking meekly up into the ring at him.

"How about it, bud, like to spar a little," says the champ.

Well, the slender lad did not say a word, but crawled up into the ring and walked over to its center. Someone clanged the bell. They touched gloves, then began to circle each other, as did our Cro-Magnon friends, to the left. The middleweight was short and stocky and weaved his heavy shoulders to and fro in a crouch, and shuffled back and forth, his thickset legs bent at the knees. He looked like a heavy puncher. The slim boy stood up straight, his legs not spread too far apart, left arm extended and right cocked closely to his side, keeping up a rhythmic rolling motion with his legs. They sparred. The slim boy feinted and snapped out a left jab. It was pretty light and a contemptuous smirk came over the champ's face. He dropped his guard invitingly for an instant. Quick as a flash a terrific straight left shot out and landed flush on the champ's puss, his head snapped back and he began to fan the air with his gloved hands. Two more straight lefts popped him on the puss before he recovered, and he circled, pumping his arms. Now the slim boy was getting tuned up; in a sort of gliding movement he was in and out of range so fast the heavier lad couldn't have touched him with the well-known handful of buck shot. Then the puss-poking boy really began to work. He shot in left after left, right after right, jabs, hooks, crosses, from puss to belly and from belly to puss. At the end of three minutes the timekeeper again clanged the bell. The champ was bleeding at the mouth and nose, and he was so baffled he completely forgot about a second round of sparring, so he crawled through the ropes and walked dazedly from the gym. Of course, he was an amateur, merely a club champ, and he had stayed three minutes with an unknown puss poker. With light gloves instead of heavy training gloves he would have been cut to ribbons and knocked out in half that time.

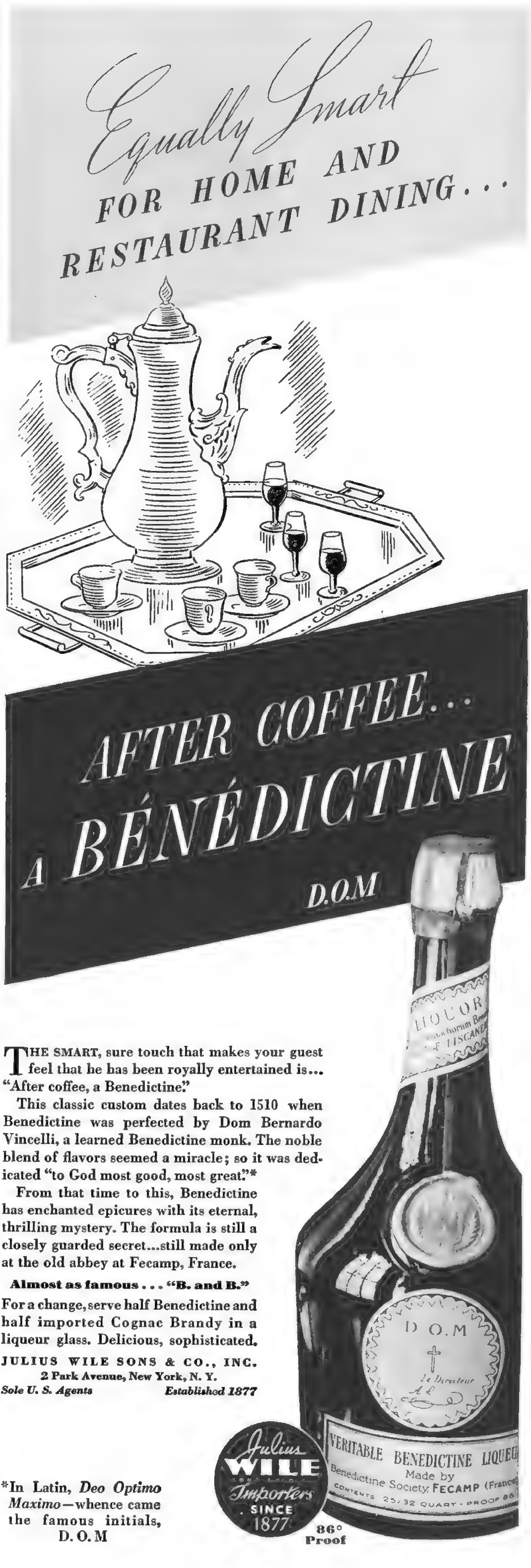
If you should follow up the history of an individual puss poker you would probably find an interesting story, one that had a beginning back in early childhood, first experience with an older bully, later a growing distaste for bad manners in general, and finally a sense for injured justice when one inflicts his superior physical strength upon others, or when a person of bad manners takes opportunity to exhibit himself at the expense of his well-bred brethren. In short, you may say the credo of the puss poker is not only obedience, but enforcement, of the Golden Rule.

Does a puss poker ever take a beating? No—never. There are good reasons for this, and his courage and self-control go without saying. First of all he understands human nature, particularly the bully; and he always strikes at an opportune time. But there are still other reasons; he must practice his art, and practice it well. Not only must he have an intimate knowledge of all kinds of fighting, blackjack, clubs, guns, knives, rough-and-tumble, jiu-jutsu, etc., but he must have a practical knowledge that goes beyond the novice; he is an expert. The secret of his success lies in one principle; the straight left.

The straight left is not only the best defensive, but the best offensive instrument of combat a fighter may have. That is, of course, when properly applied. Improperly used, it accomplishes little more than nothing at all.

The straight left is often confused with the left jab. The jab is essentially a heckling punch, is not of itself particularly damaging; whereas, the straight left is one of the most devastating of blows. The left jab is delivered principally by force of the flexor muscles of the left arm. The proper technique is simply to straighten out the left arm with a snap, the snap taking place at the point of impact. At the start the fist should be firmly closed, not too tightly, with the back of the hand out, knuckles vertical; at the finish the knuckles are up. In other words, the fist is rotated 90 degrees from beginning to finish of the punch. Actually there are few people, including pugs, who can deliver this simple blow correctly. It is necessary to keep the wrist elongated, and at the point of impact, just as the snap takes place, the fist is clenched tightly and the elongated muscles of the arm are tensed. The feet are shifted very slightly, the

Continued on page 162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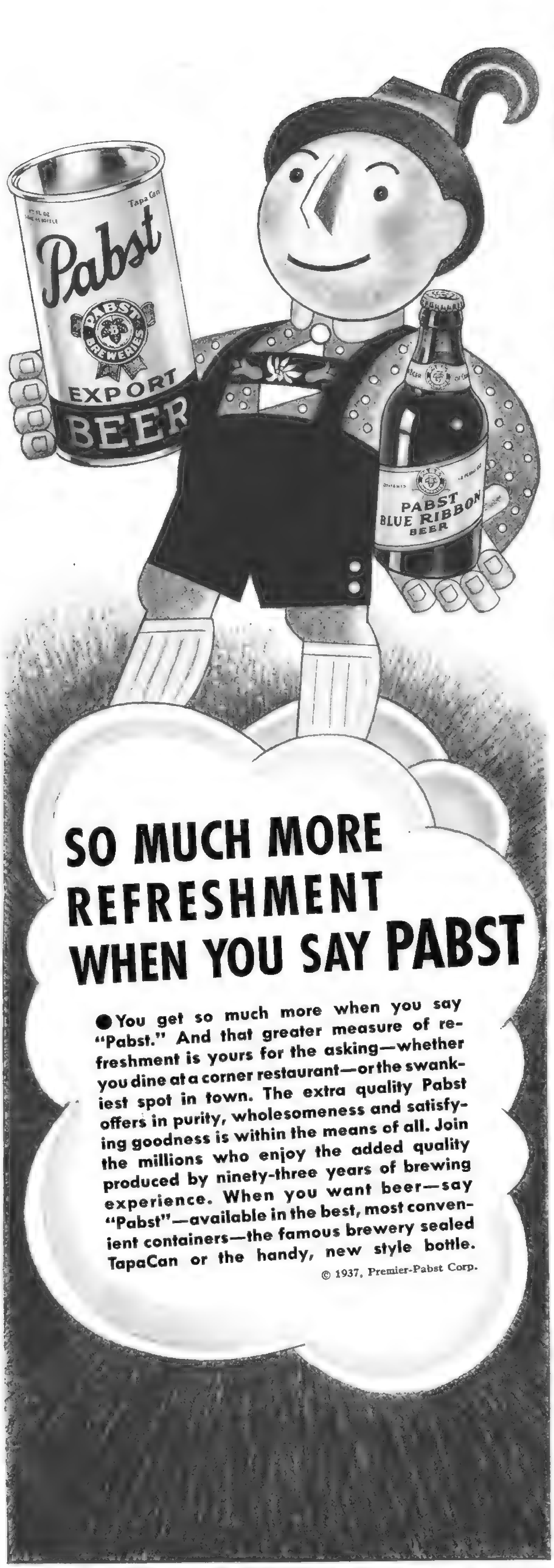

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The Art of Puss Poking

Continued from pages 84-158-161

body should not change its posture or balance. There are only two excuses for using the left jab; its user may be too tired and weak to deliver a bona fide wallop, or he may be too scared. For these reasons it is one of the principal properties of the professional pug.

As a general rule, when there is an opportunity to use a left jab, there is an equal opportunity to deliver a straight left to the puss, and the only reason it is not used to any great extent is simply because most fighters lack the necessary intelligence and co-ordination to perfect it, and since it requires a special ability plus hour upon hour of practice, very few people besides skilled puss pokers know the slightest about its mechanics or use. Scientifically, that is to say, mechanically, the straight left is the most perfect blow of all.

You may read what follows sitting, but for a full understanding of the straight left, you had best take it standing.

Take up a natural standing position with the feet spread slightly apart, torso erect and arms hanging naturally at the sides. Now step forward slightly more than a normal step with the left foot. Next, squat two or three inches, so that the weight of the body is taken off the bones of the legs and shifted to the powerful muscles of the thigh and lower leg. These muscles should not be tensed, but more like that of a sprinter when the starter says "On your mark" and before he says "Get set!" The next thing to do is to raise your right heel off the floor. Now check up on yourself and readjust the weight of your body so that you get the feeling of balance you had at first; when you raised to the ball of your right foot, you shifted a slight amount of weight to that foot, so to compensate for this you must let your torso come back into balance. If you have gone this far, standing, you are probably in earnest and may as well go all the way. So place your hands lightly on your hip-bones, or let them dangle at your sides if you wish. In any case forget your hands. Now imagine you are faced by an adversary about as formidable as Old Man Cro-Magnon. You should have a fixed, determined expression covering your puss, but be careful not to leer, scowl or smirk. Just try to be sweetly determined. Start moving about briskly, forward, backward, sideways and circle your imaginary ape-man to the left. Remember, to the left, never to the right. If you are tall and lean, your movements should now resemble somewhat the kangaroo; if short and fat with a round little belly, a miniature hippopotamus; or you may fall into some slightly different category, depending upon your physique. In any case you will be awkward as hell and this is the point. Your muscles are not trained to this sort of thing, which makes you easy meat for the puss poker, indeed.

The advisable thing for you to do is to practice some foot work for a couple of weeks, but if you are impatient to get it over with, just follow directions. Assuming the graceful poise described in the foregoing, raise your left arm with fist clenched so that your fist is about on a level with your shoulder, back of the knuckles out and vertical. The fist is clenched firmly but not too tightly, the upper and forearm each should make an angle of about 15 degrees with the horizontal; that is, the angle between the upper and forearm at the crook of the elbow should be approximately 150 degrees. The right arm should be held so that the upper arm is vertical and close against the body, the forearm about horizontal, fist closed firmly. You are now in a position to deliver a straight left to the puss. So for the delivery.

First, measure the distance to the puss of your imaginary ape-man. In one continuous perfectly timed motion, starting at your right toe, extend the muscles of your leg and thigh so that your leg shoots your body forward, the motion continuing along the powerful muscles (*erectus spinae*) of your back, the motion following a symmetrical curved line from your right heel to your left shoulder; your left shoulder is thrown forward with a snap, in prolongation of which the left arm is snapped out like a whip, the entire mechanical system which is your whole body, reaching a high point of speed and power at the instant of impact. At this instant, or the smallest fraction of a second before, the weight is instantaneously removed from the left foot, which should raise perhaps half an inch from the floor. The left arm should be handled in about the same manner as previously described for the left jab. If you have delivered the blow correctly, you will find your chin has dropped snugly into the pocket made by your left shoulder.

After practicing this punch several thousand times over a period of months you have taken the first step toward becoming an expert puss poker, and master of many a touchy situation. But it will take months, and unless you have a special talent, it is better to keep quiet in the first place. And if you get to thinking you are good, be careful whom you choose, because you are liable to run into a real puss poker. Far better, just observe the Golden Rule. ⧺

Keep the Home Pies Burning

Continued from page 66

delicate art of getting the damned food through the kitchen and into the bellies of the waiting horde with the least possible waste of time. Here is the source from which our national cooking should spring, but from which it does not. Under the American system, as clearly established every four years by both political parties, papa soon will get a raise or be made manager and we can have pork chops and potted ham, and two maids in every pot.

In other lands, where poverty runs in horizontal lines through generation after generation, the people settle down for a long pull of making the best of what they have, and cooking becomes a science and an inheritance. Where food is scarce, even in middle-class homes, it becomes second nature to nurse the bone through as many waters as possible. Inured to the fact that the tripe is no temporary dish, to be tolerated until papa strikes gold, they have settled down to it and their tripe is the finest tripe in the world, worth sixty cents a portion in our fancier restaurants.

The Italian nation, for example, has transformed a thin slice of veal, worth about fourteen cents retail, into one of the world's gastronomic joys—worth a dollar—by adding a small dose of wine, some inexpensive condiments, plenty of time and a dash of imagination. Leg of lamb is an American standby, and the average family rich enough to afford it wades through at least eighty cents worth per meal, while in a Russian-American café we are served about ten cents worth, soaked in a garlic soup for a few hours and strung on wire and broiled, at a tariff that seems to run way up into the millions before you get through. For that matter, any one of our Greek cafés can serve lamb that surpasses the standard American joint, the main difference being that it comes originally from the neck and is worth around ten cents a ton, delivered.

It is manifest that these restaurants serve what is basically the plainest and cheapest grub. All they have for sale is cooking: a technique common to the masses of people in their native lands, and rising, so to speak, from the soil.

In the rural districts of America, on the other hand, the plainest and cheapest grub retains its plainest and cheapest taste, if any, because our rural philosophy of cooking—if any—is based on weight and cubic content. Farm cooking, on points other than that of quantity, is famed among song writers and essayists who never have been obliged to wallow in it, among old men who have forgotten it, and among politicians who can count its cumulative vote with their eyes closed. Any truthful person who has had occasion since childhood to eat in any variety of farm homes knows that for thorough sogginess, for lack of any flavor other than that of copious floods of bacon dripping, it stands unequalled before the world. On the farm, biology in all its manifestations is reduced to unmasked basic function. Meat on the farm is called meat, gravy is called gravy, and the test of any meal lies in the weight of the platters that are placed, piled with fundamental food, before the bulging eyes and flapping stomachs of the attacking forces.

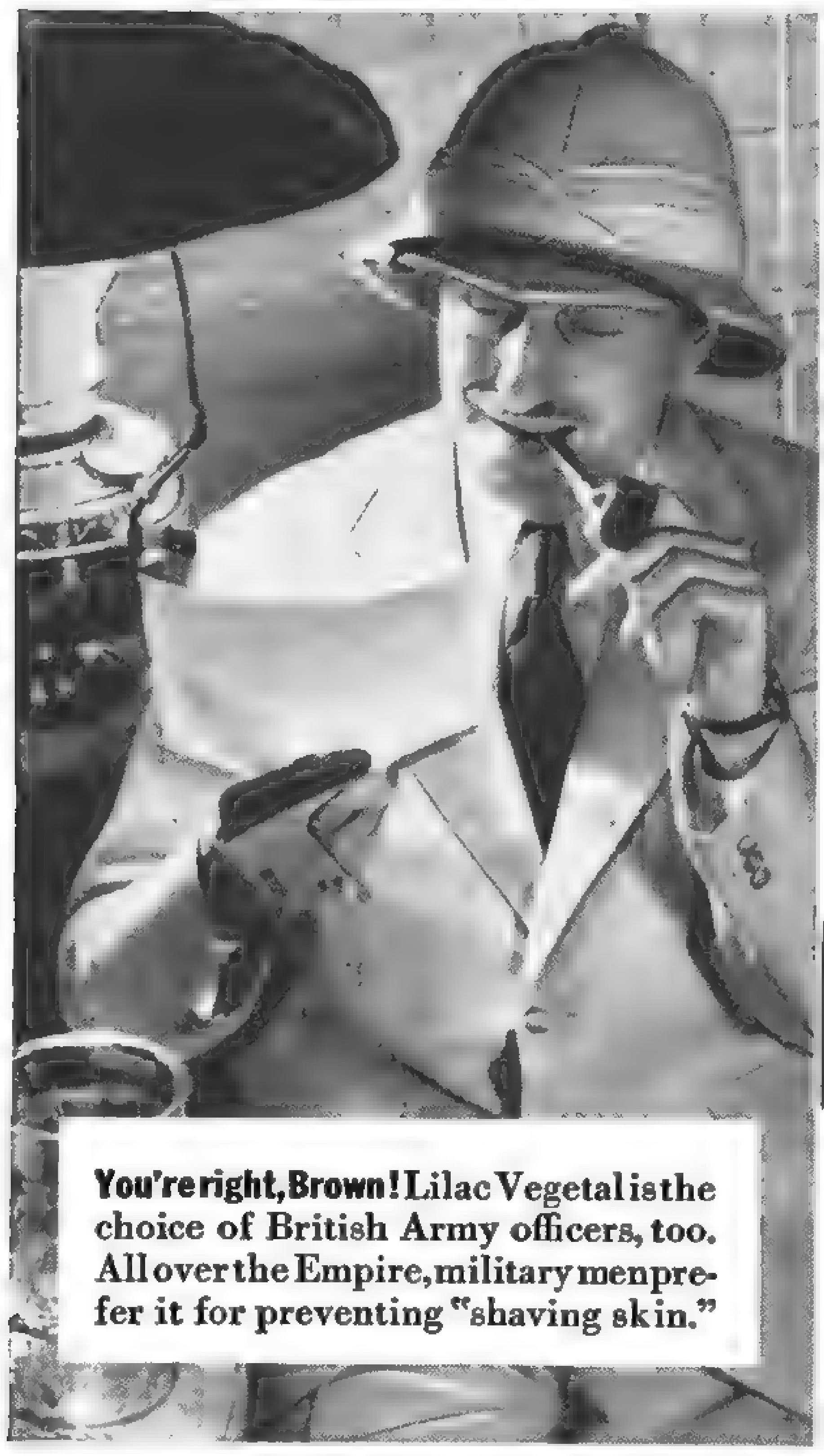
The exceptional qualities that legend attaches to farm grub—not just the kind your grandmother served, which we will admit was good, but farm grub as a national whole—may be traced to the fact that fond memory of youthful exuberance has failed to differentiate, in retrospection, between skillful cooking and the kind of appetite that could down a well-steamed boot, given plenty of salt and pepper. The old farm meals doubtless are viewed through the same mist which, from this end, makes the old snow look deeper and whiter, the old apples redder, the old times better, the maids of other days more tempting.

To age is discouraging; thus, in his private view, the individual alone stands still while the world around him changes. Brought down by weariness of the internal organs to a diet of bread and milk, with porridge when the minister calls, he blames it all on the fact that nobody can cook as his mother used to. It would be silly to conjure up visions of the Palace Lunch, where in point of actual fact he did his best Sunday eating as a youth, but in elevating his mother's pancakes to a place in the sun they never enjoyed when he was obliged to stow them away in the flesh, he is playing a canny game. He has hit upon a universally applauded excuse for his own interior backsliding: he has managed to place his failing innards on a sentimental, if not downright religious, plane.

Fortunately enough, the restaurants of America are more than a mere commercial reflection of the country's home preparation of food. In a country which has professionalized the cream of its effort in every line of endeavor, the restaurants stand as the professional purveyors of food. In no direction, under the pressure of our economic situation, does the amateur effort equal the professional. Our native restaurants

Continued at top of page 164

They found the answer to "Shaving Skin" at Brown.. and in Calcutta



You're right, Brown! Lilac Vegetal is the choice of British Army officers, too. All over the Empire, military men prefer it for preventing "shaving skin."

Brown says, "You bet we use Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal after shaving; it's the college favorite. There's nothing like a fit fresh face for starting the day off right."—Douglas S. Widnall, Brown '37.

Noblesse Oblige

Pimples, blackheads . . . caused by open pores . . . are prevented by Lilac Vegetal

In colleges, in camps . . . well-groomed civilians and military men the world over use Lilac Vegetal to prevent "shaving skin." It closes open pores so that dust cannot get in and cause pimples, blackheads and sores. Soothes tiny shaving nicks, refreshes the skin and makes your face feel fit for the day.

Genuine Pinaud Products are sold in all good drug and department stores. Do not accept substitutes.

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVING USE THESE

Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal—*Soothing, cooling and refreshing.* **Lilac Vegetal Talc**—*Flesh in color, fresh in odor—masculine.* **Lilac Vegetal Shaving Cream**—*Luxurious to the skin—quick lathering.* **Lilac Vegetal Shaving Bowl**—*smooth—mild—kind to your face.*

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THEY can't bind, they can't twist or bunch, they can't gap . . . these soft, cool, perfect fitting SKIT-Shorts by Munsingwear. They're designed to give you extra comfort and snug support. No-gap buttonless fly and elastic leg openings and waistband. Ask also to see Munsingwear's SKIT-Suits, fancy shorts and the entire line of comfortable quality knit underwear made by Munsingwear, as well as Munsingwear's smart long-wearing sox. At a quality store near you.

MUNSINGWEAR, Minneapolis

Skit-Shorts

MUNSING Wear

Keep the Home Pies Burning

Continued from pages 66-163

have learned much from their foreign food competitors, as perusal of most menus will disclose. They have discovered the trick of selling, not foodstuffs, but cooking. The fact has become clear that a bit of boiling beef treated as though it were a gentleman and subjected to thorough dousing in sauces and other clothing is superior, on the palate and in the belly, to choice cuts toosed into a pail of warm water or into a bath of second-hand grease.

There is no reason, no sound reason—forgetting once more the beer-weeping—why our restaurants should not step out and claim the world's championship, give the homemade product the Bronx cheer, and have done with all this nonsense.

For nonsense it surely is. The restaurants blandly designate as home-cooked the dinner prepared before our very eyes in the most brazen professional exhibition. Pie wagons, moving in regimented fleets, travel our streets plastered to the eaves with Home Baked signs. Chain candy stores, displaying in their windows a sparkling example of factory production on a magnificent scale, blatantly offer homemade candy—a sticky mess concocted in times of economic stress in the family kitchen, and representing a low point in cookery that the factories couldn't sink to if they tried.

It's not their fault, this obeisance to mythology. Up against a situation they doubtless regard as absurd, they have no choice but to throw in with the majority and bow low to mediocrity for the sake of the family vote.

They lead home cooking in everything but publicity, propaganda, oratory and song. Their failures obscured by no mists of legend, their food unmixed with sentimental memories or the need for gallantry they still represent this country's only bid for culinary distinction. ⧻

Faithful in My Fashion

Continued from page 53

way and I got a kick out of it. As we danced I guess I held her a bit too close, but she didn't seem to mind it. Before you knew it we were dancing pretty close—cheek to cheek. Suddenly I got scared. I felt her body next to mine. I wouldn't say she was over-dressed, and me—I still had just the tops of my pajamas on, even though I had put on pants over the bottoms. What if my wife should come in and see us dancing? It was innocent enough but it would look funny. I can't say I thought things that were innocent as we were dancing. I kept figuring how long the double-feature would take at Loew's. I wondered whether I would have time to make a pass at the red-head. What would she do? It was clear to me she wouldn't object too much.

We kept dancing with the music only by this time it was to Leo Reisman's band. We didn't even stop while they were making announcements. I was getting more and more restless and I kind of felt that she was too. But the old worry came back. What if the wife happened not to like the second feature and returned earlier? What if she had seen the second feature before? If she came in on us she would immediately think something was wrong and pack up and leave me. I wouldn't want that to happen for anything because I love my wife, and yet I sure was having a swell time dancing close to the red-head.

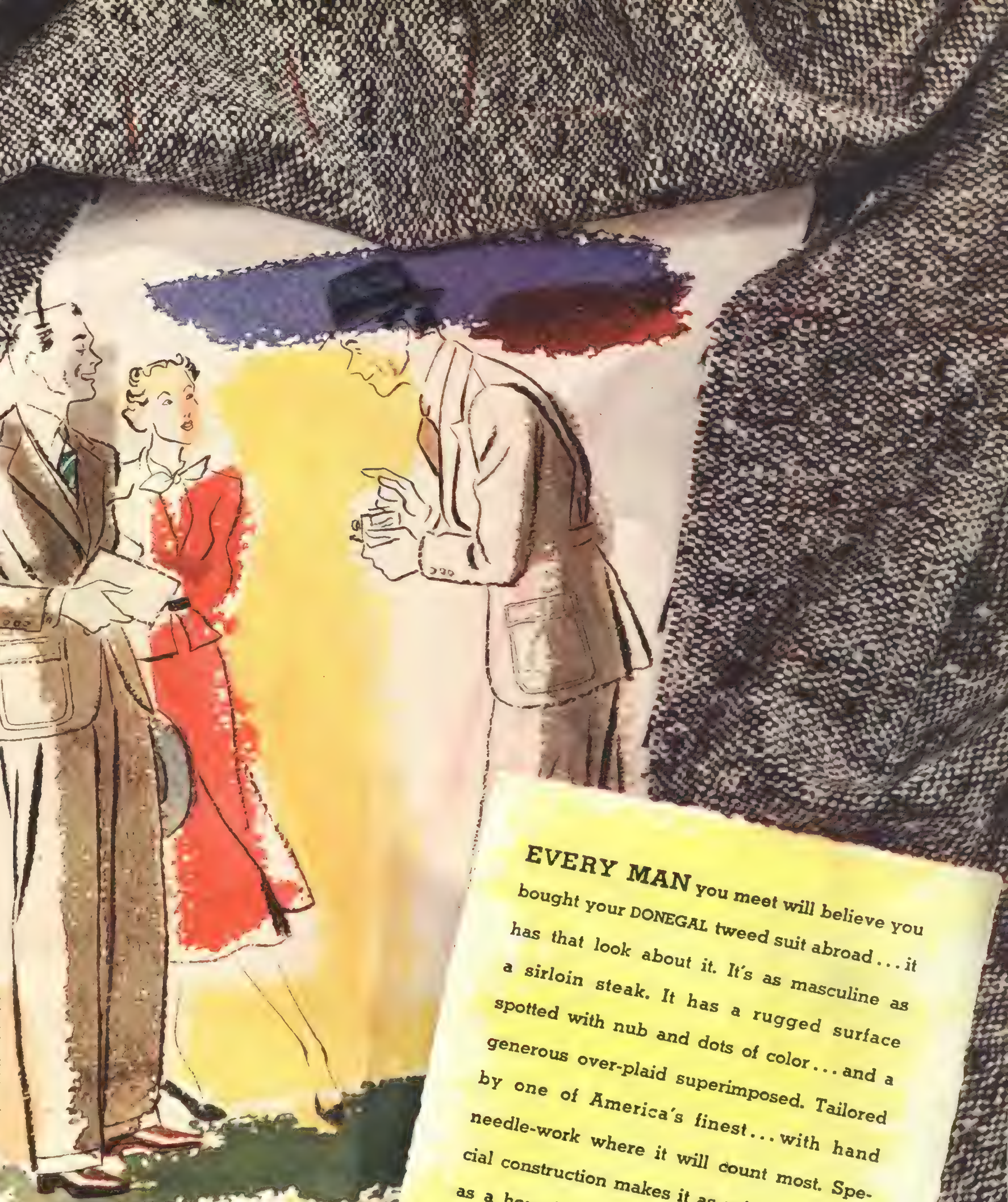
I guess the picture of the wife coming back was too much for me. I stopped dancing, and held the red-head at arm's length. I looked at her without saying anything but I hope that she could see the expression on my face. I was trying to explain just by looking at her. I screwed up my eyes with what I hoped was a look of "You understand my position, don't you? I like you but I think we better stop." I've seen such expressions on the screen. Gary Cooper gave one like it in *The General Died at Dawn* but I guess I wasn't as successful as he was because she looked at me and laughed. Then with a short snip to her voice she said, "Thanks. I've had a nice time. Give my regards to your wife." I took her to the door.

I waited up for the wife to come in and I told her in a casual voice that a neighbor came in for a moment.

No matter how I tried, I couldn't sleep that night. I kept thinking of the red-head. Should I have let her go or shouldn't I? I was just as bothered as I was before—or maybe more bothered. I finally decided that I did the right thing. I had no scruples about making love to her, but I'd be a damned fool if I made love to a woman in my own house with my wife coming in any minute. The fact that the red-head was a neighbor made it too unsafe. Both she and my wife were too close for comfort.

That experience was like putting straw in a fire. I could hardly keep my mind on my work. I was very uncomfortable even walking in the streets. Every girl I saw troubled my mind. The nights went by without sleeping. I lost weight. I kept thinking of women until I thought people could hear what was going on inside my brain. One or twice, I was tempted to ask a taxi driver where I could find a house but somehow I never got around to it. Believe me, I was one upset fellow. Other men I know don't seem to have that problem. Maybe it was the way I was brought up. But there were

Continued on page 167



Two Smart Spring Models; plain back, center vent, patch pocket models . . . or sport-swing, easy fitting, easy wearing model.

Both have Talon fastened trousers. Medium and dark grays, tans. 36 to 46, regulars, shorts, longs.

Both lined with Earl-Glo.

EVERY MAN you meet will believe you bought your DONEGAL tweed suit abroad . . . it has that look about it. It's as masculine as a sirloin steak. It has a rugged surface spotted with nub and dots of color . . . and a generous over-plaid superimposed. Tailored by one of America's finest . . . with hand needle-work where it will count most. Special construction makes it as soft and smooth as a hound's ear where it touches the skin. Jacket quality lined with luxurious Earl-Glo. The black-faced sheep made the wearing qualities of the wool . . . our tailors made the fit of the suits . . . and Donegal tweed is a "sale-on-sight" suit if we ever saw one. 36.50

DONEGAL Tweeds at any of these 16 fashion-right stores:

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→ L. S. AYRES & CO.	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
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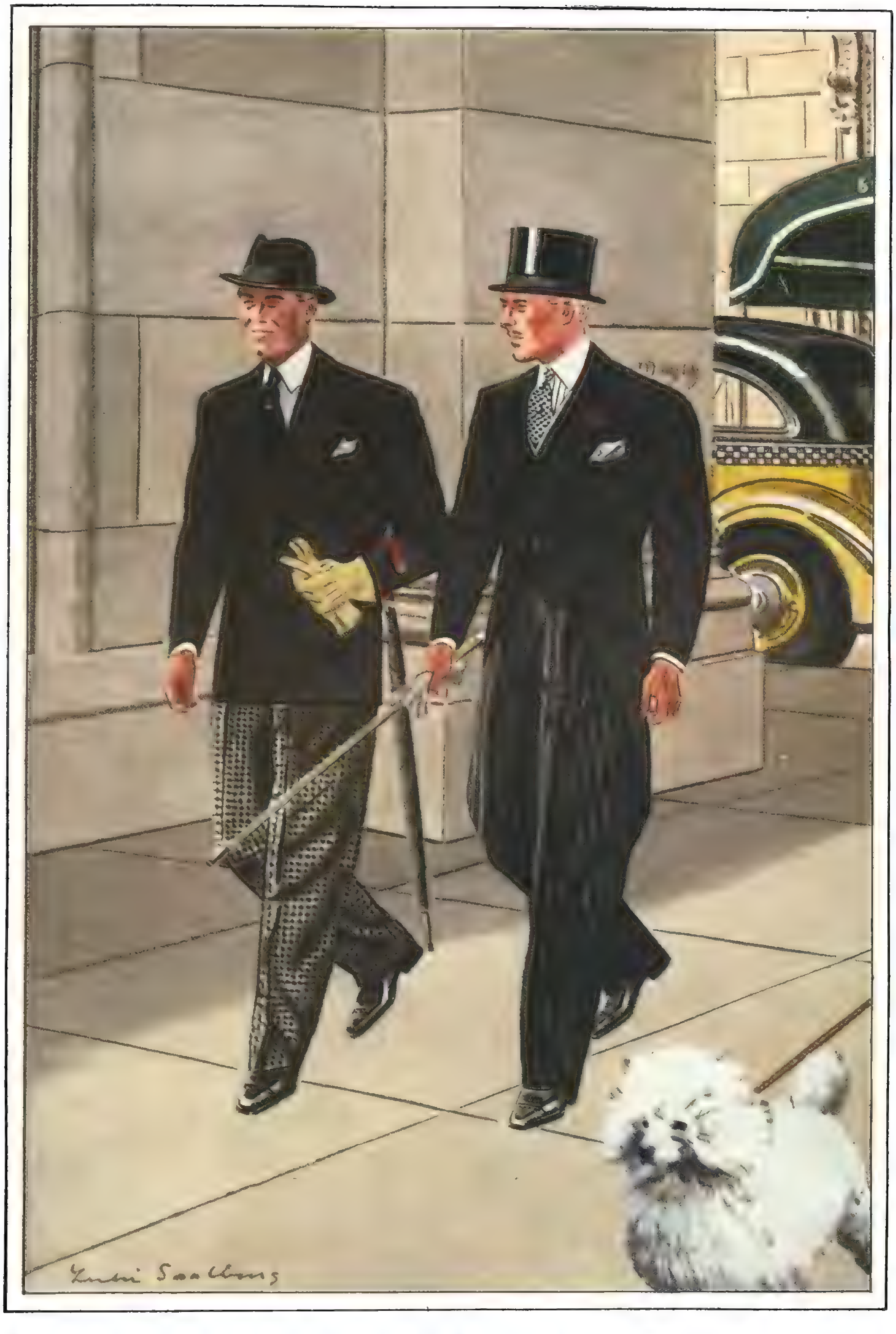
→ BOSTON STORE	MILWAUKEE, WIS.
→ THE CONTINENTAL	BOSTON, MASS.
→ THE EMPORIUM	SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
→ JOSEPH HORNE CO.	PITTSBURGH, PA.
→ THE J. L. HUDSON CO.	DETROIT, MICH.
→ HUTZLER BROTHERS CO.	BALTIMORE, MD.
→ THE F. & R. LAZARUS & CO.	COLUMBUS, OHIO
→ THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY	DAYTON, OHIO
→ THE JOHN SHILLITO CO.	CINCINNATI, OHIO
→ STIX, BAER & FULLER	ST. LOUIS, MO.
→ STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER	PHILADELPHIA, PA.
→ TAYLOR'S STORE FOR MEN	CLEVELAND, OHIO
→ R. H. WHITE CO.	BOSTON, MASS.

Donegal Tweeds by KINGSLEY . . . DAROFF Tailored



THESE BE SUNDAY-GO-TO-MEETING CLOTHES

For instance, you go to meet your friends, say at tea or cocktails in the afternoon, or you go to meet your girl in the evening, say for dinner and dancing, or you even go to meet your minister in the morning, say for Easter. Here's how. On the left a doublebreasted oxford grey jacket and spongebag trousers, so called after the small black and white shepherd check bags in which sponges are carried by British army officers. Note that the four-button jacket lapel rolls to the bottom button. Blue broadcloth shirt with white laundered cuffs and collars, Spitalsfield tie with diamond and enamel jockey stickpin, cornflower boutonnière, black Homburg hat. On the right, the most noteworthy details of the morning coat outfit are the white waistcoat edging, which is something Dad wore before the war, and the very narrow brim of the silk hat. The tiepin is pearl; the carnation boutonnière is clove red.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Faithful in My Fashion

Continued from pages 53-164

no two ways about it. I wanted a woman badly—and I loved my wife.

A couple of weeks after the night with the red-head (and isn't it funny—every time I hear Rudy Vallee on the radio, I get all perspired the way I was that night) my boss took me aside. I was frightened when he told me he wanted to see me. Was I doing so bad? Did my problem get in the way of my work? But all he told me was that he wanted me to take a run up to New Haven and help out in one of his retail stores over the next week end. Would I do it? I jumped at the chance. "You bet I would do it," I told him.

When I got to the hotel the first night I was kind of tired out. All the way up on the train I kept thinking how here was the solution of my problem. Nobody knew me in New Haven. Whatever I did there nobody would ever be the wiser. I figured that the first night I got in I would take in a night club, pick up a girl and get it over with. But I guess I must have thought too much about it because when I finally got in to my hotel room, I didn't feel like it anymore. The idea was sour. That night I went to a movie.

I worked pretty hard that week end and Saturday night the boss who had come down to supervise the sale told me to stay over another two days. I liked the idea.

I had a free day Sunday and I did something I never had done before. I bought myself a bottle of cheap Scotch. On my way up to the room I kidded with the elevator boy and told him if he wanted a drink to come up to the room. When I told him this and he saw the bottle of Scotch he asked me if I wanted him to get me a woman. Suddenly my voice got husky and low. I couldn't get a word out. I nodded but he didn't seem to catch it. He asked me again. This time I sort of yelled with determination. "Yes."

About an hour later there was a knock at the door. I opened it and a short, plump girl with blonde hair, red lips and a hell of a lot of powder entered the room. She took her coat off and introduced herself. Frances White, her name was. A sweet enough dame with real blonde hair. And I liked the way she was kind of stoutish. I kissed her and I guess she was surprised with my strength.

I introduced myself but gave her a fake name—my first one and the boss's last one. Serves him right, if she ever meets him.

We sat around a while. The first thing she did was to ask me to give her the money coming to her. I did a funny thing. I couldn't bring myself to give her the money straight off. I left it on the bureau and she picked it up. I was glad when that was over with.

We drank up most of the Scotch and petted a little. She seemed to want to get her work over with as soon as possible and hurried the drinking along. But about the time the Scotch was done, something suddenly happened to me. I don't know how to this day what it was, but I held her hand and without quite looking into her eyes I asked her whether it would be all right with her if she came back in the evening. She shook my hand off, angry at what I said. She told me in plain words that she wasn't coming back that evening, what the hell did I think she was? For some reason I can't figure out I became stubborn. I insisted that I didn't want her to stay now. I wanted her to come back in the night time. But the stubborner I got, the angrier she got. She made a proposal that I pay again for the night but I told her I was no Rockefeller. We kept arguing away to beat the band with me saying, "Come back," and she saying, "I'll be goddamned if I will."

Ordinarily I am not a stubborn man. I'd give in a hundred times to avoid an argument but this time something got in me. I wouldn't give an inch. When she said that if we didn't finish the business now she wouldn't give me my money back, I told her to go to the devil. I didn't care about the money. I wanted to get rid of her at that time, that was all. I kept telling her that this evening it would be different. But it was no go. She said she wasn't going to waste her time with a crazy man. Now or not at all, she said. I told her to get out. She put on her coat and beat it—with my money, too, but I didn't care. I was glad she went, and for a guy who has been hungering for a woman as long as I have, I felt a wonderful relief when she left. To this day I don't understand.

Since that time I kind of feel cleaner. I still have the old ache but I tell myself that it isn't as strong as it used to be. Maybe it is because I once had the chance of my lifetime and slipped up on it. Sometimes I look back at that New Haven experience and wonder what came over me. Why did I insist that the girl wait until the night, or come back? Why have I never gone straight to a house? Why haven't I fooled around with the girls down at my place of business? Why didn't I take advantage of the red-head? I give myself a lot of reasons, but maybe I never gave myself the right reason. Once I thought maybe it was because I was afraid. Just that. A coward. But I remember shaking my head. No, even that isn't the right reason. It must be because I love my wife so much. It's because I love her, that is all there is to it.

To this day I get the horrible urge—the old bachelor idea pounding through my head. Sometimes weeks go by without it, but other weeks come and I go half nuts again. But I'm faithful to the end. ⵌ

no. 2 of a series

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BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

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The NETHERLAND CAFE-BAR...for luncheon, cocktails, dinner and after-theatre supper.

THE
Sherry-Netherland
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH, NEW YORK

The Kiddy Quip Curse

Continued from page 65

Jackie pulled only yesterday afternoon. I was showing him through the Egyptian Room of the Metropolitan Museum, and after he'd inspected all the sarcophagi, do you know what this blessed chickabiddie of mine said?"

For a long suspenseful moment Upshaw paused dramatically, that his listeners might enjoy to the fullest their ecstasy of anticipation.

"He asked me," said Upshaw . . . (and here his imitative treble became the half-tone of the titlark at twilight) . . . 'Why is it there are so many Egyptian mummies and not *any* daddies?' "

Delighted shouts greeted Upshaw's shocked realization that he had involuntarily succumbed to the Great Parental Urge.

"Well, well, old Uppy is human after all," roared Watkins.

"So kiddy-quip children should be seen and not had," taunted Sibley.

"Elected by acclamation to the Kiddy Quip Club," cackled Podley, extending a congratulatory hand. "Five dollars, please."

Upshaw paid and, still flushing a turkey red, slunk ignobly from the car, a beaten man.

He well knew that within twenty-four hours the news of his capitulation to Normal Partenthood would be triumphant neighborhood gossip. Yet, strangely enough, by the time he had reached home, his choleric chagrin had gradually yielded to parental pride.

"At least," he comforted himself, "there's real humor in anything *my* kiddikin says." ++

Keep Those Punches Up

Continued from page 61

of the fighters grabbed McAvoy's arms, each claiming the decision.

The roar of the thirty thousand fans in the stands, the bleachers and the infield seats of the Polo Grounds could be heard a mile away; here and there arguments grew into fights, and a mob of photographers and others climbed into the ring. After five taps of the timekeeper's hammer, the gong rang for the end of the third round, and Schmeling's seconds carried him to his corner, where he crouched doubled over in his chair, still groaning and clutching. McAvoy drove the mob out of the ring just before the gong rang for the fourth round, and Sharkey came dancing out of his corner. McAvoy pushed him back, and pointed out in pantomime that Schmeling had won on a foul.

The roaring crowd became a riotous mob, swarming up to tear the ring apart until a thousand overworked policemen restored something like order with their nightsticks. At that moment you would not have given two cents for the future of boxing in New York. Only a few days earlier, at the same place, the welterweight championship and two other first-class bouts were all stopped by fouls in less than three rounds each, and the people who had paid their good money for nothing were still sore. Now the award of the title to the knocked-out man after five minutes of fighting was the last straw that broke the back of their patience. It looked as if boxing were doomed. Yet in all these cases the decisions were according to the old law, which allowed the referee to award victory to the victim of a foul blow—though generally he warned for the first offence and disqualified for the second.

It was clear that either the law must be changed or boxing must stop. The New York State Athletic Commission looked over half a dozen gadgets warranted to prevent a low blow from doing any harm, and picked out the best one. They called in two hard-hitting lads, put the armor on them and had them fight six rounds, each one driving in as many blows as possible below the belt.

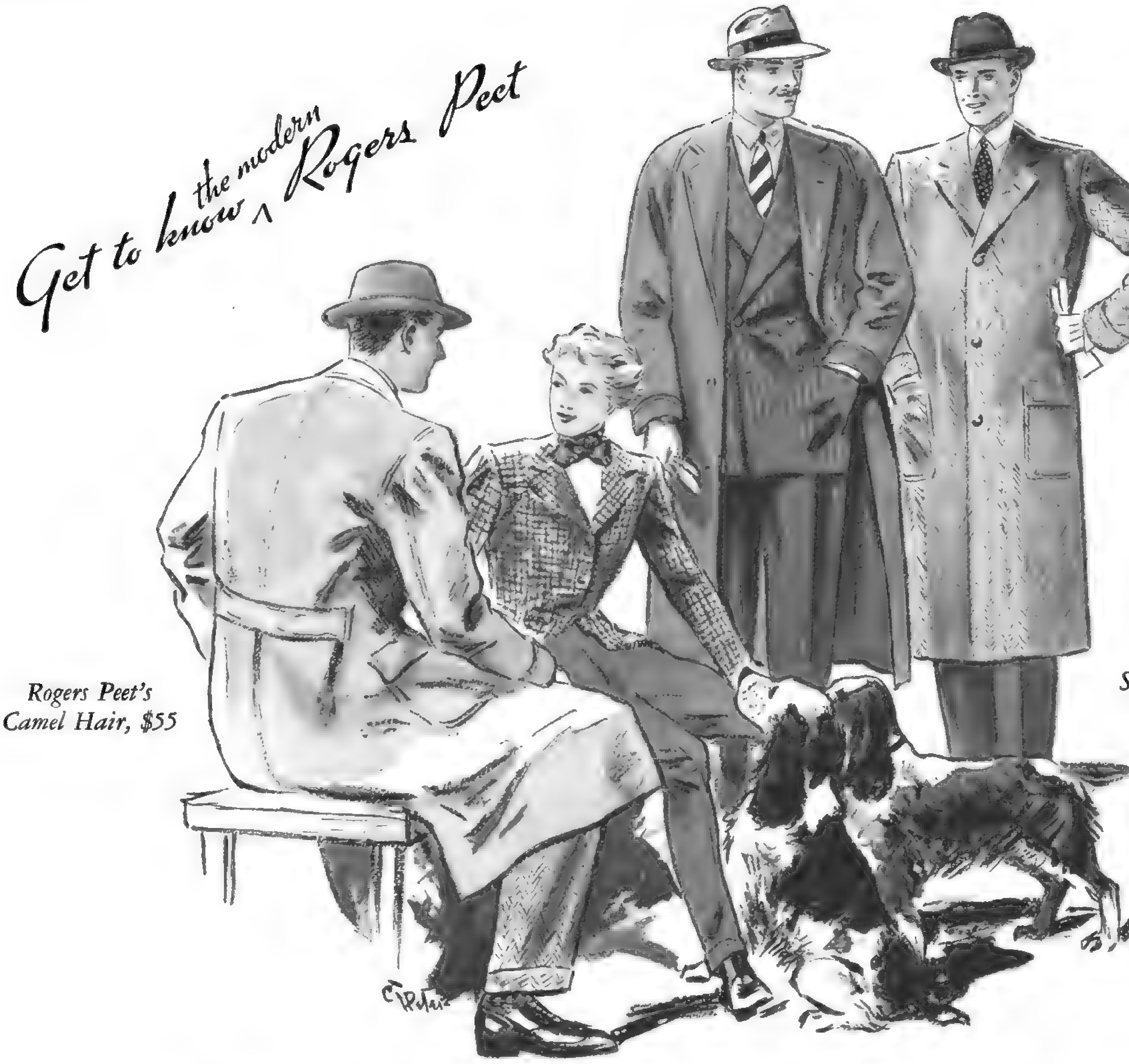
In every round they got in two or three hot ones, and at the finish both lads were going strong. They said they had not felt any pain or shock. The Commissioners and their doctors examined the fighters and found no trace of injury.

Thereupon the Commission adopted the "no foul rule," which fighters and managers agreed to, though some fans objected. The kickers called it a violation of the first principle of the game—"to be a fair, stand-up fight"—yet the new regulation made it impossible for a faker to pretend he had been fouled, or for a referee to give a questionable decision.

"That rule was the salvation of boxing," Referee Arthur Donovan told me recently, "for without it the game would have been wrecked. When it had been thoroughly tested and enacted into law, the other states that allow boxing adopted it, too. Soon after the new rule came in, I refereed a ten-round bout between Tony Canzoneri and Tommy Grogan, over at the Queensboro Arena. Tony was on his way to the lightweight championship, and Grogan was the hardest right-hand puncher in that class.

"In the fourth round Tommy drove a fierce, straight right far below Tony's belt. You could hear the crack of the fist on the metal covering of the shield like a bullet hitting an iron wall. It did not shake Canzoneri. He grinned, a sort of a sneer, and fought right on. He earned the decision and got it. The low blow did not weaken him or slow him down. Schmeling's complaint, long after the battle, that Joe Louis' low punches slowed him down and stiffened his legs, is the first I've

Continued on page 170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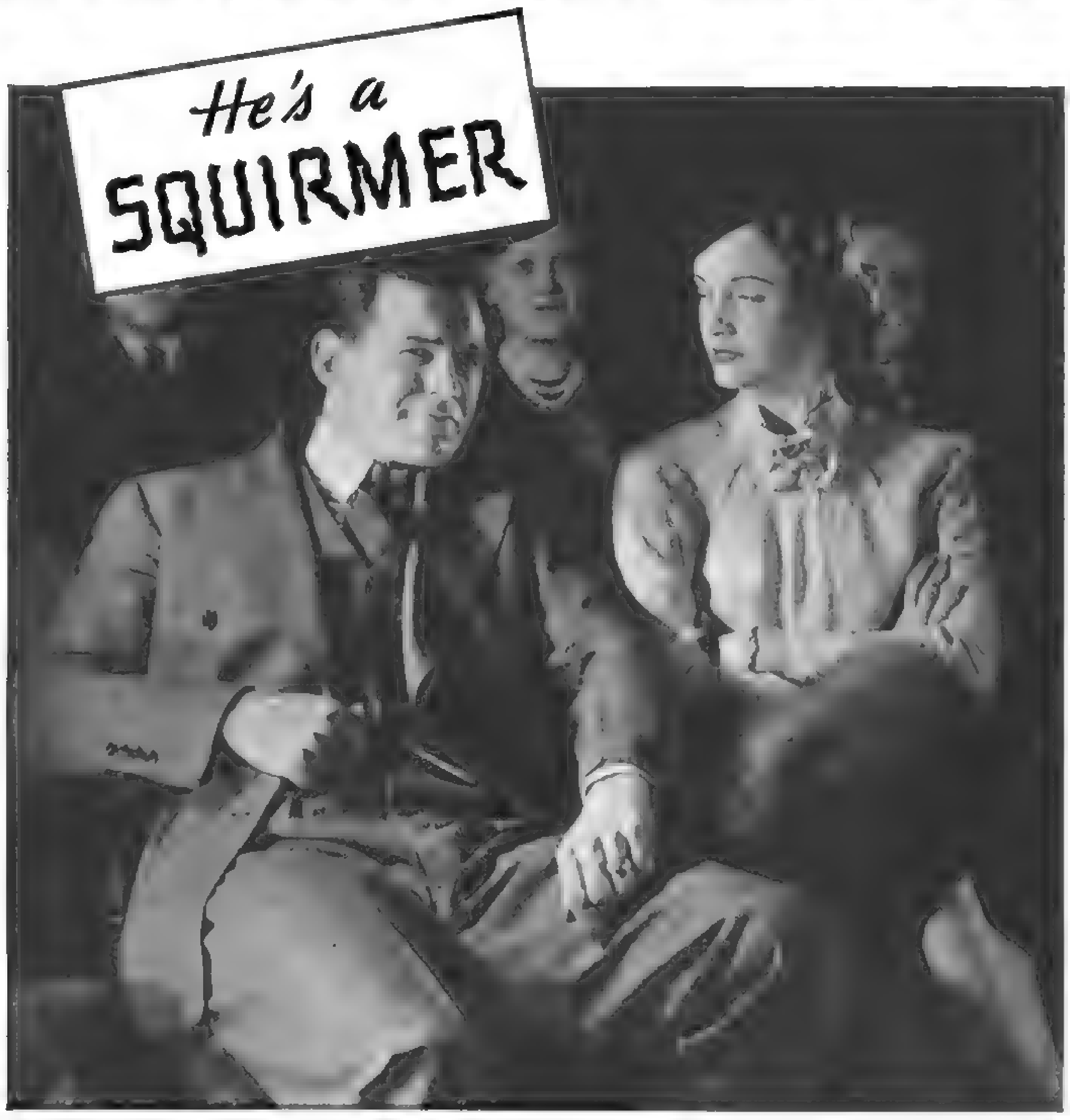
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Every Date is a

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE



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He'd be the catch of the season if he didn't *squirm* himself right out of every romance. All the girls go for him as long as he stays on his feet. But the minute he tries to sit still very long he's through.

And it's all because he buys the kind of underwear that fits his waist only, as if that mattered half as much as real fit and comfort when he's sitting down.

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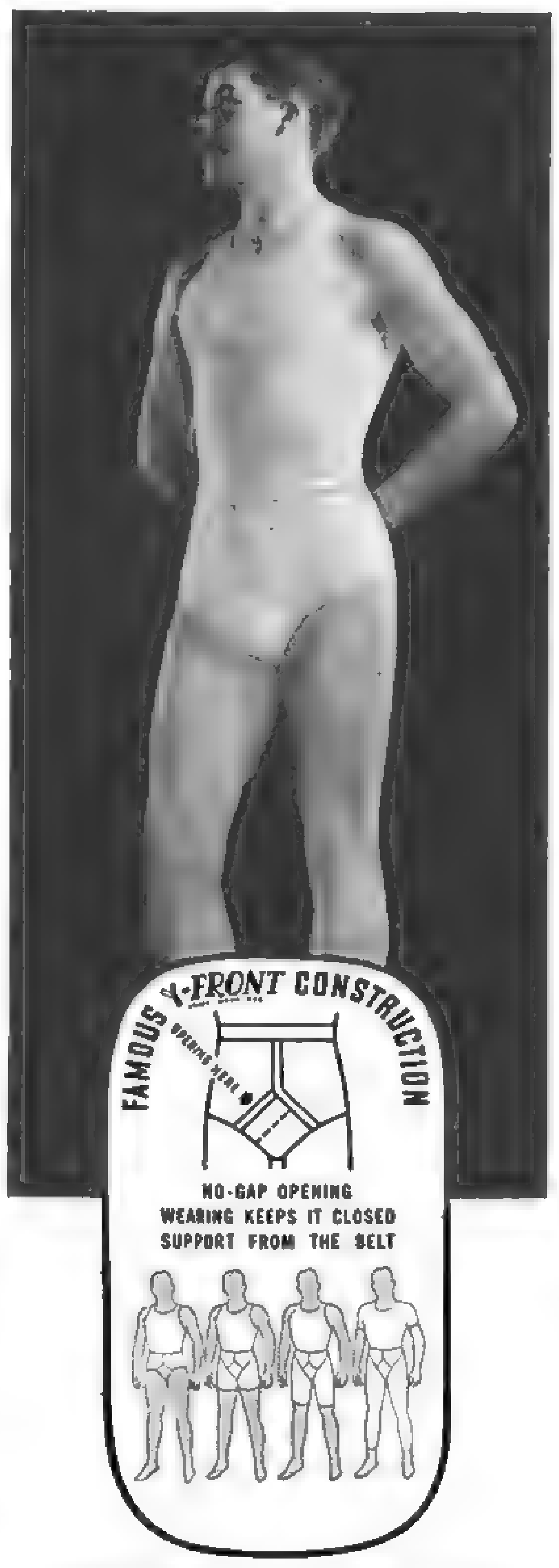
The ingenious Y-Front by Coopers gives you snug, comfortable support in any position. No bunching, no binding, no buttons. Varied lengths: Jockey, very brief; above the knee; knee; calf; and ankle. Shirts—sleeveless or wing sleeve. The garment 50 cents and up at your favorite men's store.



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Keep Those Punches Up

Continued from pages 61-168

heard among all the fights I've refereed since the rule was enacted.

"When Belloise and Crowley met in a fifteen-round bout for the featherweight championship at the Garden a short time ago, I was referee. In the seventh round Belloise hit Crowley with a right on the chin that dropped him face down, but at the count of four the bell saved him. He stalled through the eighth and got his strength back, but in the ninth Belloise caught him with a left hook on the solar plexus that doubled him over like a jackknife. As he toppled, Belloise followed with a short right uppercut to the pit of the stomach. Crowley fell face down, turned over, clutched and claimed a foul. I had seen the punch land clean above the belt; so I went on counting. Crowley did not get up until after the ten seconds, so he was out."

There can be no doubt that the danger of losing a round makes boxers more careful to keep their punches up. There is much less fouling nowadays, either intentional or accidental, than there was before the "no foul rule" was adopted. Most fighters are honest men, and fear of the law keeps the others from fouling. Yet once in a while the letter of the law punishes the innocent and helps the foul puncher.

Harry Balsamo and Al Rossi, middleweights, fought at the New Queensboro Arena early in September. In the first round Balsamo hit Rossi below the belt twice. Referee Jack Denning warned him for fouling and scored the round against him, according to law. Twice, also, Balsamo downed Rossi with rights to the chin. Al was on the floor eight seconds the first time and for six seconds the next. Just how much Balsamo's two foul punches helped him to score the knockdowns no one knows, but they made Rossi slow and weakened his defence.

This was shown in the second round, for the boys had been at it only a few seconds when Balsamo again struck Rossi below the belt. Al went to the floor, struggled, but could not get up. Referee Downing counted him out—with regret, but strictly according to law. If Rossi has a legal mind he may get some satisfaction from the knowledge that he won both rounds by the rule, although in the second he was knocked out in point of fact and in law, too. He was winner and loser both, chiefly loser.

It is quite possible that Balsamo hit low without intending to do so. But certainly if he makes a habit of hitting low the Commission will take away his license to fight.

Rossi can console himself with the knowledge that the same law which treated him so harshly has protected the great majority of boxers.

A winner seldom complains, but the winner of the most sensational fight in years has come out with a bitter protest against the "no foul rule." Max Schmeling, who knocked out the famous Joe Louis in twelve rounds last summer, declares that Louis, on the advice of his handlers, tried to wear him down and out with low punches under cover of the rule. Their scheme, he declares, was to take the penalty of having rounds scored against Louis, but to win the contest with a foul but legal knockout—as we have seen illustrated in the case of Balsamo and Rossi.

It is hard to understand why Max waited until he got back to Germany before making such a grave charge; for he said nothing about it during the days he remained here after the fight. Schmeling has always fought on the level, and he is known as an honest man; so his story commands attention.

All of us who saw that battle were sure that after Max knocked Joe flat with a crushing right to the jaw in the fourth round, the Negro was floundering helplessly to the end, except for occasional brief rallies. But Schmeling says that Louis hit him low in the eighth round, apologized after the referee called a foul on him—then repeated the offence! Also that Louis purposely hit him low in the ninth, tenth and eleventh rounds, so that he was afraid he could not last much longer.

Max wore the pneumatic shield, but he says it did not keep the low punches from paralyzing the nerves of his legs; and they were so stiffened that he could hardly bend them to sit down between rounds. Max says he is convinced that Louis is honest, but that he struck below the belt under orders from his handlers, who figured that a foul knockout would mean victory under the law.

The man who was closest to both fighters all through the battle was Arthur Donovan, the referee. He is a veteran of many battles, honest, clear-sighted and cool under fire. He has given me his version of the contest, of which I quote only what he said about low blows.

"In the third round," Donovan declares, "Louis twice sent a terrific long right hook to the kidneys, and each time Schmeling exclaimed, 'Foul!' But at long range that punch is fair, and I told him to fight on. He came back strong. . . . Louis did strike below the belt in the eighth, and I warned him he had fouled. He looked at me as if he did not know what I was saying. Schmeling claimed another foul, but the blow was just on the belt and quite fair. Louis hit a few low ones in later rounds, when he was groggy.

"Louis' mind was so befogged by Schmeling's rights on the jaw that his blows lost direction as well as force. I don't believe that he deliberately tried to hit low. He took one of the worst beat-

Continued on page 173

"I pound the pavement all day long—

but at night... I RELAX with a MILD whisky"

Get the most out of leisure. Relax with a MILD whisky—Cobbs Creek. No bite, no sharpness, not a single harsh edge in its makeup. And, like your favorite cigarette, Cobbs Creek is pleasingly mild and satisfying. Yet it has strength aplenty—a full 90 proof! So tonight add to the enjoyment of your leisure hours—relax with Cobbs Creek. Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

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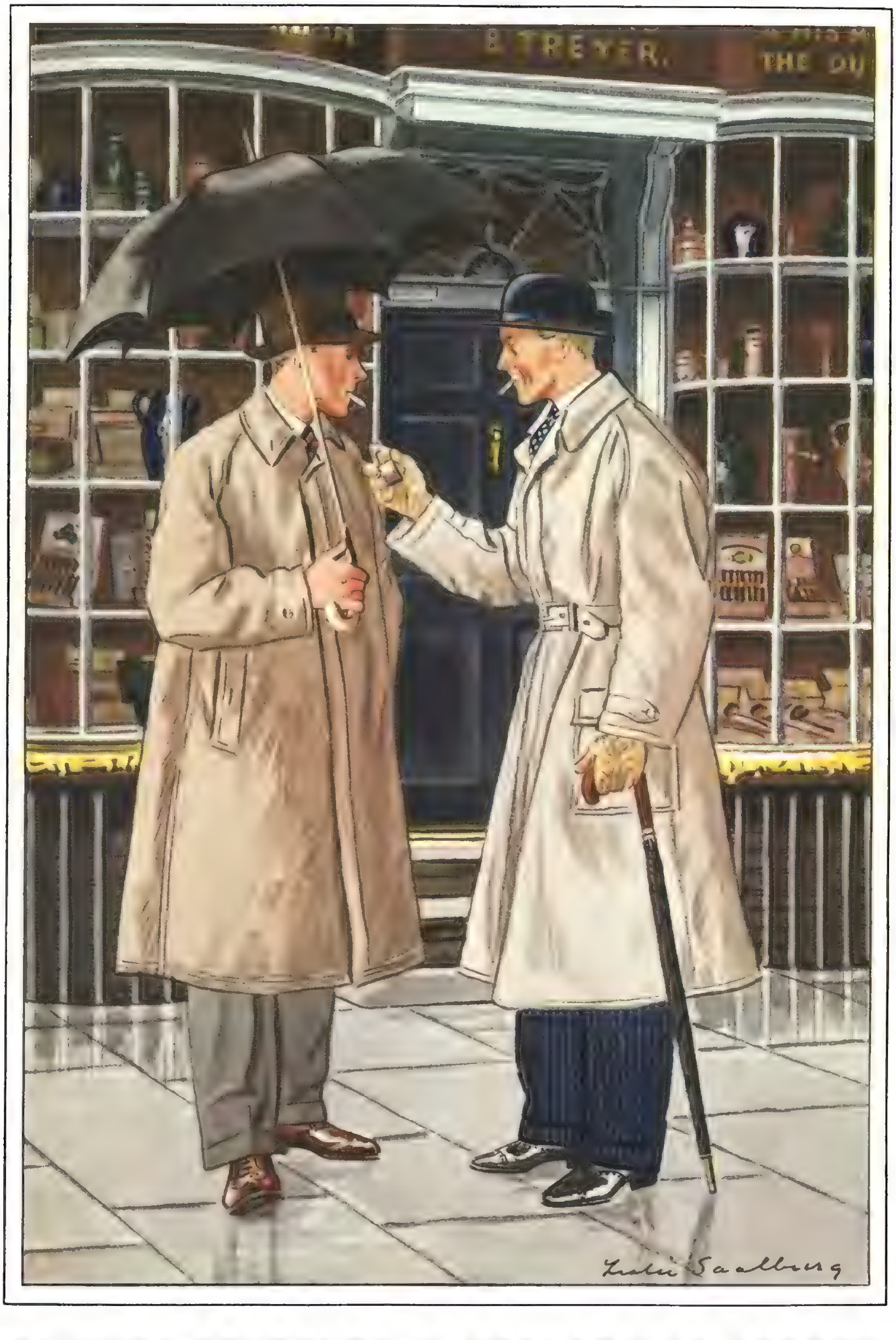

OUTSIDE FRIBOURG & TREYER'S IN LONDON

This is the shop that once sold a snuff so hard to get that they refused to sell more than half a pound to a customer. Beau Brummel, liking it and wanting an ample supply for himself, came in to sample it and pronounced it terrible with the result that all the clientele immediately stopped buying it, whereupon he purchased the entire shipment. The clothes in the foreground are as characteristically British as the shop front (dating from 1720) in the background. The cravanetted raincoat on the left is worn by most Englishmen and has a great following in this country. The one on the right, a rubberized riding coat, is preferred by English hunting people, which is to say by a quorum of the lords and gentry. At the front inside are two straps through which the legs are passed when in the saddle. The wide sweep of the skirt lets the rain run off fore and aft without wetting the shoes or trousers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Keep Those Punches Up

Continued from pages 61-168-170

ings I ever saw in the ring, but his courage never wavered. He was hit so hard and so often that he hardly knew what he was doing, yet his stout heart and befogged brain kept him trying. He deserves credit for wonderful courage.

"I do not believe Louis' handlers told him to hit low. They have always been fair. If they had wanted to do anything shady, they could have broken up the fight by making a fuss when Schmeling hit their man after the bell at the end of the fifth round.

The boys were in a hot mix-up, and the crowd was yelling so loud that neither of them heard the bell. Schmeling landed a terrific right on the jaw a moment after the gong clanged. The Negro's legs bent under him. If his handlers had claimed a foul then, they could easily have started a riot of protest in the crowd. But they took their medicine like men, and Louis fought on. He was still weak from the fourth round knockdown, but neither he nor his seconds claimed a foul, though they had at least a good excuse.

"I don't understand Schmeling's complaint that Louis intentionally fouled him. Max has always been fair, and it's hard to believe that he really said such a thing. No other fighter has ever protested against the 'no foul rule,' in any of the hundreds of fights I have refereed, many of them for world championships."

While the "no foul rule" has already reduced the number of low blows in ring contests, it would be easy to make it more effective, according to Jack Cooper, veteran fighting man. He has trained and handled such star performers as champions Corbett and Jeffries, President Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Warren Barbour, whom he developed and piloted into the national amateur heavyweight championship some years ago.

"If everybody could see just where a body punch lands, we'd soon be rid of low hitting," said Jack when I asked him if he could suggest an improvement in the code. "As it is now, the belt line does not stand out clearly enough. There is not enough contrast in color. We could get that contrast by having a belt of white enameled leather fastened on the outside of the boxer's trunks. When a fist, covered with the dark, reddish brown glove now in use, lands anywhere near that shining white belt, a watcher fifty yards away will know exactly where it hits. The referee would see it even more plainly. And the foulest fighter in the business wouldn't have the nerve to keep on hitting low when the roar of the crowd told him they saw what he was doing.

"And I would have the belt an inch and a half wide. With its lower edge resting on the hips, its top would be even with the navel. This would provide protection enough. If the punch touches the belt, call it foul. There would still be plenty of room to hit the solar plexus, the most effective body blow there is. No shock could reach the groin."

"If the referee sees that low blows have weakened a boxer," I suggested, "wouldn't it be a good idea for him to stop the bout five or ten minutes, to let him recover his strength?"

"Not on your life," said Jack Cooper. "A cunning rogue with a cut face would get up on his toes, take a low punch, and show all the signs of being fouled, so that he could rest long enough to have his face patched up. No referee or doctor or anyone else could tell whether he was faking or not. That would never do. The rule we have now is all right, a big improvement over the rules in my day; and marking the belt so that every eye in the house can see whether a punch is fair or foul would make it twice as good. Crowd psychology would make a mean fellow fight fair.

"The boxing law declares that no contest can be ended by a foul, but that if a man loses three rounds by fouling the referee shall make a special report to the Commission, who will discipline the foul hitter. Wouldn't it be a good idea to go a step further?—if a man loses three rounds by fouling, give the referee power to warn him and to disqualify him if he hits low again.

"A boxer who knows his business never hits a low blow except by some rare accident. If a man hits so many low punches that he loses three rounds, that is proof that either he is fouling intentionally, or that he is so groggy that he has lost control of his fists—and either way he is not fit to stay in the ring."

In an imperfect world no one expects perfection, even in boxing rules; but it seems to me, as one who for years has boxed and watched thousands of contests, that Jack Cooper's plan would be a great help to the game. It would not take many repetitions of Schmeling's complaint and such unfortunate victories as Balsamo's to start a popular wave against the sport. It might be abolished by law, as in other years. That would be bad for the promoters, who collect millions of dollars at the gate every year, worse for the hardy lads who gather fortunes in the ring, and worst of all for the millions of young Americans who are moved by their admiration of great boxers to study and practice the sport.

There is one more party at interest who must be satisfied—Old Man Public, who pays the freight. If he feels that he is not getting a run for his money, he will stop the show. Make the "no foul rule" most effective, and he will rally to the ringside in multitudes. ⋕

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Ask your druggist for Kreml today. Ask for a Kreml scalp treatment the next time you see your barber.

KREML now greatly reduced in price

REMOVES DANDRUFF • CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY • MAKES HAIR BEHAVE

Rockabye, Buddy

Continued from page 56

fear of habit creation is the reason.) Others give it freely on very slight provocation.

We have some splendid hypnotics now, recently developed, in the barbituric acid group—such as sodium barbital (trade name, Medinal). They act promptly, leave no hangover, and, in my experience I have seen only a few cases of habit formation and those were deliberately induced, not the result of using the drug for legitimate medical purposes. For occasional use to the nervous person who suffers from insomnia, they are really indicated. Ask your physician to select the proper one for you.

But anyway it may be comforting to know that insomnia won't do you any real harm. It's miserable and uncomfortable, but it doesn't lead to insanity, as the old superstition had it. If you can adjust yourself to rest, relaxing in bed for six to eight hours, it will do you nearly as well as sleep.

And you will find too, that if you take this attitude, you will go to sleep. When you hear someone say they haven't had a *wink* of sleep, my dear, for six weeks, just put that down as a neurosis. We all get some sleep. Often more than we deserve. It is a luxury. The luxury of the unemployed.

Other fears about sleep should be discounted. It doesn't make any difference which side you sleep on. If you sleep on your left side, it won't hurt your heart. If you sleep on your right side, it won't hurt your gallbladder. If you sleep on your back, it won't hurt anything important. Anyway, psychologists have watched by night and report that you turn from one side to the other quite automatically, regularly and unconsciously, staying in one position for about twelve minutes and then shifting. Our forefathers believed that it was best to sleep heading toward the north because they were in the line of the currents of the earth's magnetic field. But we've gotten over that idea, too. Look what happened to our ancestors. #

In the Goat Room

Continued from page 68

least until we hear that Deke is rushing him).

There may be a hundred names on the list, and if twenty were to pass over the frying pan without a minor scorching, it would make history.

It was when they came to Thad Marsden's name that Stapeley, who had been struggling through the J's, K's and L's for a smart remark, said "Who's that, the Milwaukee Mouse?"

Everybody howled, Stapeley's *mot* furnished the pitch and the chorus started to work. It seemed that Thad had committed at least one social, grammatical or mental blunder in the presence of every member of the house. I imagine that the freshmanic mistakes of half the day's guests were attributed to Thad. They told how he had dropped his coffee, called Brother Snodgrass "Snoddy," wiped his mouth on his sleeve, said he was All-Methagnum County quarterback last season and intimated that he thought the Pi Sig house had "a nice bunch of boys."

It was all very humorous. And I have to admit that although I didn't participate actively, I didn't rise to the defense of my protégé. I had been disappointed in Thad myself, and when the tide of ridicule passed beyond Thad himself and reached such remarks as "Who the hell asked that droop here anyway?" I withdrew my allegiance. In the face of such a barrage of scorn, I made the error of assuming that I was wrong.

They finally threw Thad's ashes out of the griddle and proceeded to the next victim, which should have ended the story right there. But we forgot to count on that famous Pi Sigma disease, known technically as "pledge famine."

I saw a little of Thad during the rest of the spring, but he didn't drop into my room much, imagining, I suppose, that I would think he was trying to suck around, as we so delicately put it.

But I did see him a few times, and by fall I knew I should have done something about it. But by the time I had reached that conclusion, we were in the middle of rushing, and I had to spend the bulk of my time working on potential Big Men on Campus, who habitually cried softly and joined another house.

So I had completely forgotten about Thad until Stapeley brought it all back again by asking "What about the Milwaukee Mouse?"

Stapeley was, of course, looking for a laugh. But it gave me the chance to try again, and when the guffaws died down, I made a little speech. I didn't say what I thought about Thad, but mentioned that he had money, high marks, a harmless disposition and that he was turning down a couple of other bids and wouldn't go anything if he couldn't go Pi Sig.

By that time everybody was so desperate that a man who wanted to go Pi Sig and nothing else was a minor miracle. They took a quick vote. Not many voted, but there weren't any blackballs, so Thad was in, so far as the Pi Sig house was concerned. I was delegated to go over and sink him. Nobody seemed to think much of the fact that not a single man in the house had called on him since the spring before. They apparently still thought he was too dumb to notice the roving groups from our house who had been banging in and out of other rooms in the same dorm every night for two weeks.

But I knew he had noticed, and I also knew that my convincing tale about his being exclusively interested in Pi Sig was whole cloth. I couldn't face him alone, so I took a couple of our outstanding thugs along—two muscle-bound brethren who had, by the good fortune of a small squad, won their letters in soccer. As we went out the door somebody yelled "I hope he tells you to go to hell."

I never found out whether the one who yelled was prompted by the fear that Thad would accept or the hope that he would have enough guts to give us the answer we deserved.

Thad was in, and alone. Rushing squads were tramping up and down stairs, banging in and out of rooms, but the look in Thad's eyes when we came in showed plainly enough that we were the first to knock on his door. He was glad, obviously, but even more scared.

He immediately turned into the pathetic case of locomotor ataxia he had been at that first open house. He sort of stumbled around the room as he looked for something to sit us on, and stammered when I introduced him to the other two. With careful indifference, my athletes spread themselves out across the bed, leaning their heads against the wall, and assisting me in my hour of need by studying the ceiling.

I sat on the desk chair. Since there wasn't any other place in the room to sit down, Thad had to stand. He was suffering, and if there's a worst way to suffer, it is standing up. He put his hands in his pockets and then took them out again. He tried leaning against the door jamb, but that didn't seem to work. It was awful. I finally told him to sit on the floor.

Then I started talking. I haven't much of an idea what I said. It was mostly the regular balderdash—about the boys "wanting you down there," and his being able to "fit" and how we were assembling a delegation that would be a harmonious unit for the next three years and how happy he would be as a brother.

If all fraternity men go to hell, as they should, I know the reason why. None of the politicians upon whom we used to expend our undergraduate ridicule three times a week in eight o'clock political economy class could say as little so viciously in fifteen minutes as a competent rusher can in five.

I got through that part of it all right without complete nausea, but the worst, as I suspected, was to come.

"Gee," said Thad, looking from one of us to the other. "That's swell. I thought you had forgotten me. They've been calling on a lot of guys up the hall, but nobody's been here at all."

Then, of course, I had to tell the ultimate of all lies, the *ne plus ultra* of unforgivable falsehoods—the one which is brought up out of the stinking bilge of human ingenuity for just such occasions as this.

"Well, you see Thad," I said, and may I be forgiven, "we figured that you were all set, and that we'd just have to come down and tell you about it when the time came. We've got to spend most of our time working on the guys who can't make up their minds what house they want to go. The ones who know what they want, like you, don't get much attention."

For a minute I hoped he was going to get up and say, "You God-damned liar. You're just trying to get me because you can't get somebody else." But he didn't. He started to cry.

"Gee," he said between gulps, "I guess I'm a sap, but I didn't think you'd ever want me. I—I thought you didn't like me."

That was all I could stand. I shook his hand, looking the other way, and told him to stay in his room Saturday night so he would be there when the bid was delivered at midnight. Then we left. I went out and got very drunk.

They told me afterward that as soon as we had left, Thad went down to the village, got a pint of quarters and called his family in Milwaukee from the dorm booth. Some of the juniors could hear him yell into the phone. One of them said the bongs of the quarters going into the toll box sounded like a police ambulance in heavy traffic. I remember that the one who made that up was pretty proud of it.

That's really the end of the sad part of Thad's story, at least so far as he is concerned. He was pledged, got slightly sick on the pledge night cigar, and, I imagine, wore his pledge pin on his pajamas. He went through Hell Week in a fatuous coma of joy. He was forced to engage in such highly original tasks as pushing an orange up Main Street and counting the iron spindles in the fence that circles Memorial Field. For generations, pledges afflicted with this assignment always counted the spindles in one section, counted the number of sections, did a little multiplication and then smoked cigarettes until they thought it was safe to go back to the house.

But not Thad. When he hadn't arrived back at the house in four hours, we went out to look for him. We found him out by the practice field. He said he hadn't quite finished because he had run out of matches and had had to go back to his room for more. He finally came in at one o'clock.

Thad's ecstasy, of course, reached its height at initiation. From the time hooded Brother Phalanx, or whatever they called the Lord High Messenger, brought

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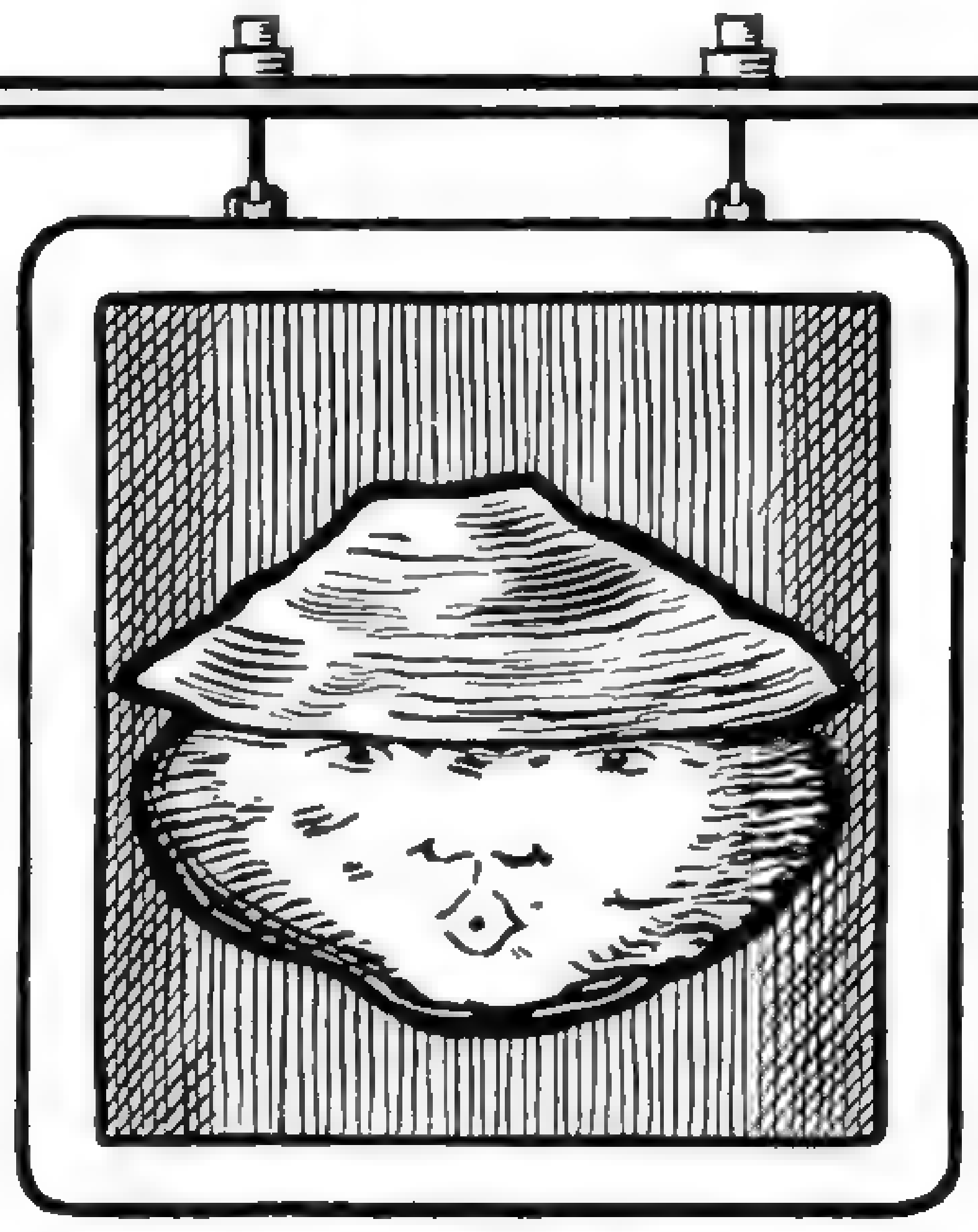
The Whistling Oyster



The sign of the Whistling Oyster—the famous old inn (no longer existing) in Drury Lane, London.

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FOR ONCE YOU'RE WRONG! YOU CAN SHAVE IN A JIFFY WITH THE GILLETTE BLADES I BOUGHT FOR YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR
BETTY SURE IS RIGHT! ...THE BLADE THAT MATCHES MY RAZOR DOES GIVE QUICKER, SMOOTHER SHAVES!
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MEN everywhere are amazed to discover how much pleasanter shaving can really be when they use a Gillette Blade in their Gillette Razor.

If you could visit the Gillette factory, you would understand the reason. Here millions of dollars' worth of exclusive equipment is used to produce this world-famous shaving combination.

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This teamwork of razor and blade is one reason why you get better shaves when you shave the "All-Gillette" way.

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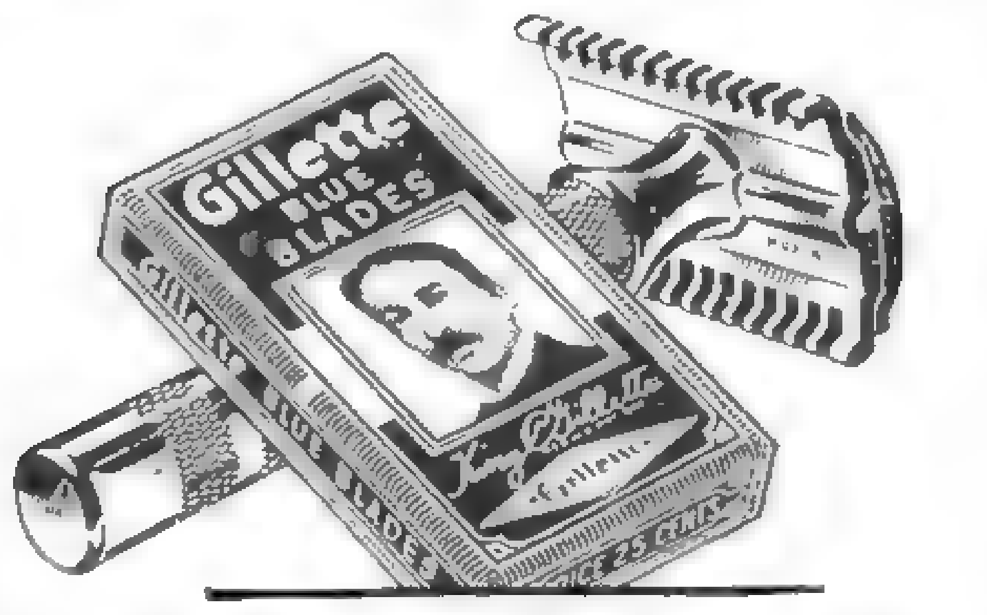

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

In the Goat Room

Continued from pages 68-175

him blindfolded down the narrow stairs to the door of the goat room in the cellar, until his pin was on, Thad was clearly in another world.

Our goat room was long, narrow and dank. A low cement seat followed the wall around three sides of the room, unbroken except for the door in one corner. At the opposite end from the door was the altar, and behind that the throne and the lesser thrones for the head of the house and his retinue. With spirit lamps at either end of the altar, a skull and crossbones in the center and the cowled brethren lining the walls, the room furnished an excellent preparatory course for the Shriners.

To Thad it must have been the opening of the pearly gates. After the preliminary knocks and reknocks, the "Art thou my brother" and the three sacred words nobody could ever remember or pronounce, the door was opened. Thad was led into the room, where he waited, still blindfolded, while the brothers were given their last chance to record, by three funereal raps of the gavel, that they thought The Candidate was worthy of entering into the bonds of fellowship.

Then the blindfold was removed. Thad stood, breathing through his mouth, as he was solemnly shown the secret signs and their answers, and the signal of distress, to which "there is no answer." He listened to the creed, its beauty spoiled by the Assistant Grand Vizier, who had never bothered to memorize it, and answered a tremulous "yes" to all the obligations which preceded the final tendering of the pin.

It was thus that Thad's dream came true. He was now a brother, sharing their holy secrets, their hopes, their troubles and their bad gin.

All of it put together did something rather tremendous to Thad. He opened up like one of those wooden Japanese flowers you put in water—and almost as quickly. The house, to its reluctant surprise, found they liked him. They would have liked him anyway, of course, because even close contact with his brothers, some of whom I can remember were of distinctly minor caliber, failed to dispossess him of the idea that all members of Pi Sigma were turned out in Heaven from a special mould. Some of us were a little apprehensive of the moment when Thad would find out that Brother Glastenbury was, when you came right down to it, a dope. But that moment never arrived. Love is certainly blind.

So Thad continued to blossom. He had gotten himself into the managerial competition, which started in the spring of his freshman year. He hadn't made much of an impression through that spring, and was not one of the four white-haired boys asked to come back for early football practice before college opened. But after he had been pledged, he turned into a small dynamo. At the end of the next year he was being mentioned, via the grapevine, for the track managership. He didn't get it, but he did get basketball, which was one of the major jobs. And that, in turn, got him Green Key, the sophomore honorary society. He bought two keys and sent one to his girl in Milwaukee. And I don't think I ever saw him without his Green Key hat, a textile abortion that looked as if it had sprung full-blown from the brow of Rube Goldberg.

Thad, in a word, became a big shot—not the biggest, but somebody known by a great many people he didn't know. His shyness, once ridiculous to his fellow undergraduates, was now something praiseworthy—no longer the sign of a yokel, but the index of a head that refused to swell.

Thad's growing importance on campus naturally brought him into the shambles of rushing. He was never silver-tongued, but the blind affection he had for anything to do with Pi Sig made him a valuable man in cases where sincerity was to be preferred to eloquence.

In the course of helping to conduct Pi Sigma through its annual period of prostration, Thad wrote the last chapter to his emancipation proclamation. He didn't know he was writing it, but a few of us remembered the time when he was the Milwaukee Mouse.

This epilogue to Thad's story happened with all an epilogue's patness. We were having one of those fever sessions just before pledging night and were, as usual, trying to find enough men to make up a delegation. Somebody brought up a name which had been cut from the list in the optimistic days of the previous spring—a man who was now planning to go some house "the other side of campus"—a phrase always spoken in quotation marks, as if it had something to do with the railroad tracks.

I haven't any idea who it was, but he was voted through and Thad was sent to bring him in. Thad, I know, didn't recognize himself even then. He seemed sorry for the boy, but the sympathy was plainly objective. He even told me later, with more emphasis on its humor than its tragedy, the story of how he had "taken out the old shovel."

I guess what we don't know really doesn't hurt us. I have seen Thad once since college. He was sitting behind a desk in a little office just off his father's. Hanging on the wall opposite him was a Pi Sig shield in bronze. He knows every Pi Sig in the state of Wisconsin and is slated to be the next Grand Archon, I believe it is, of the district. He gave me the grip when I arrived and seemed a little shocked when I fumbled it. It must be nice to be like that. ⵌ

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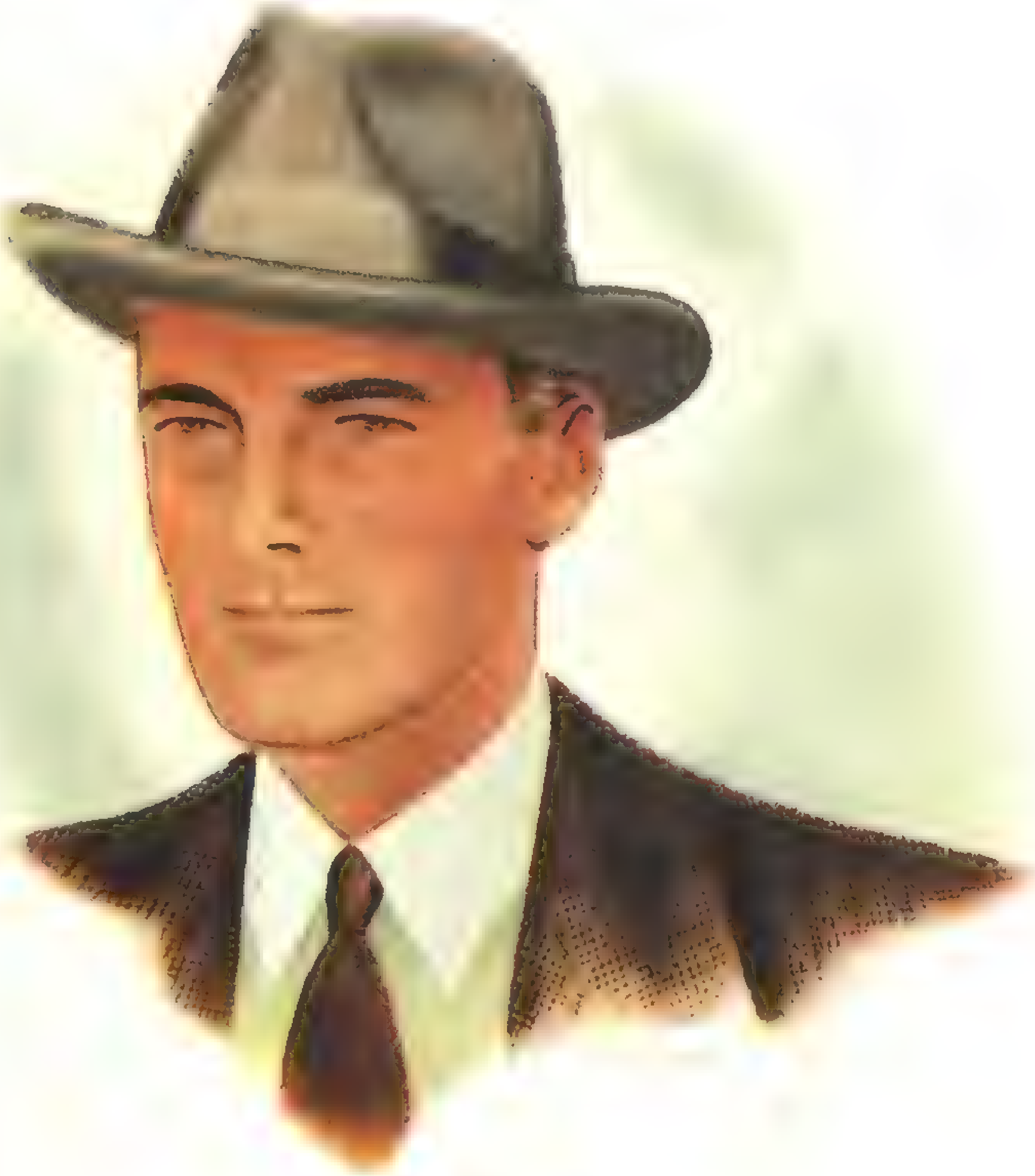

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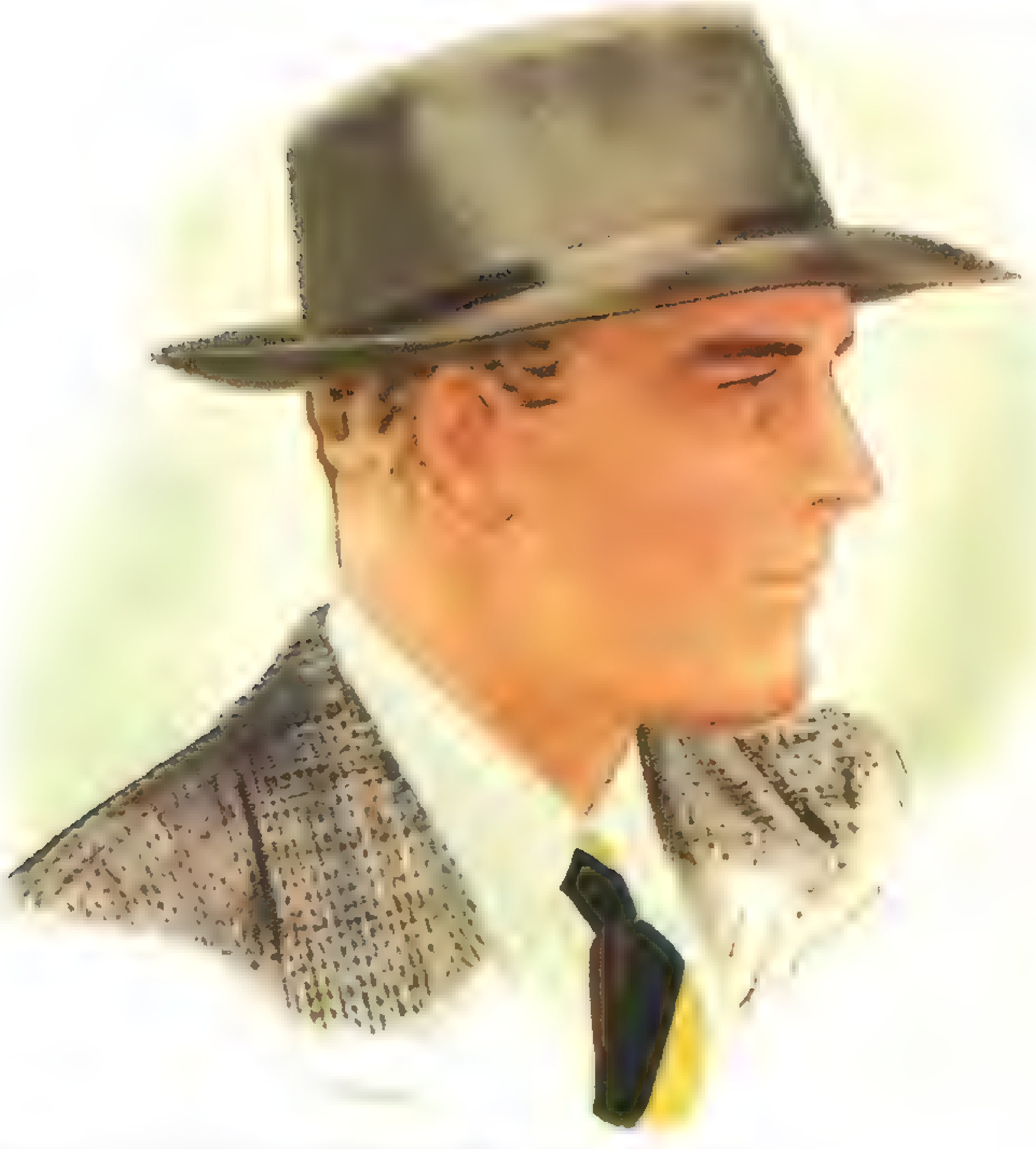

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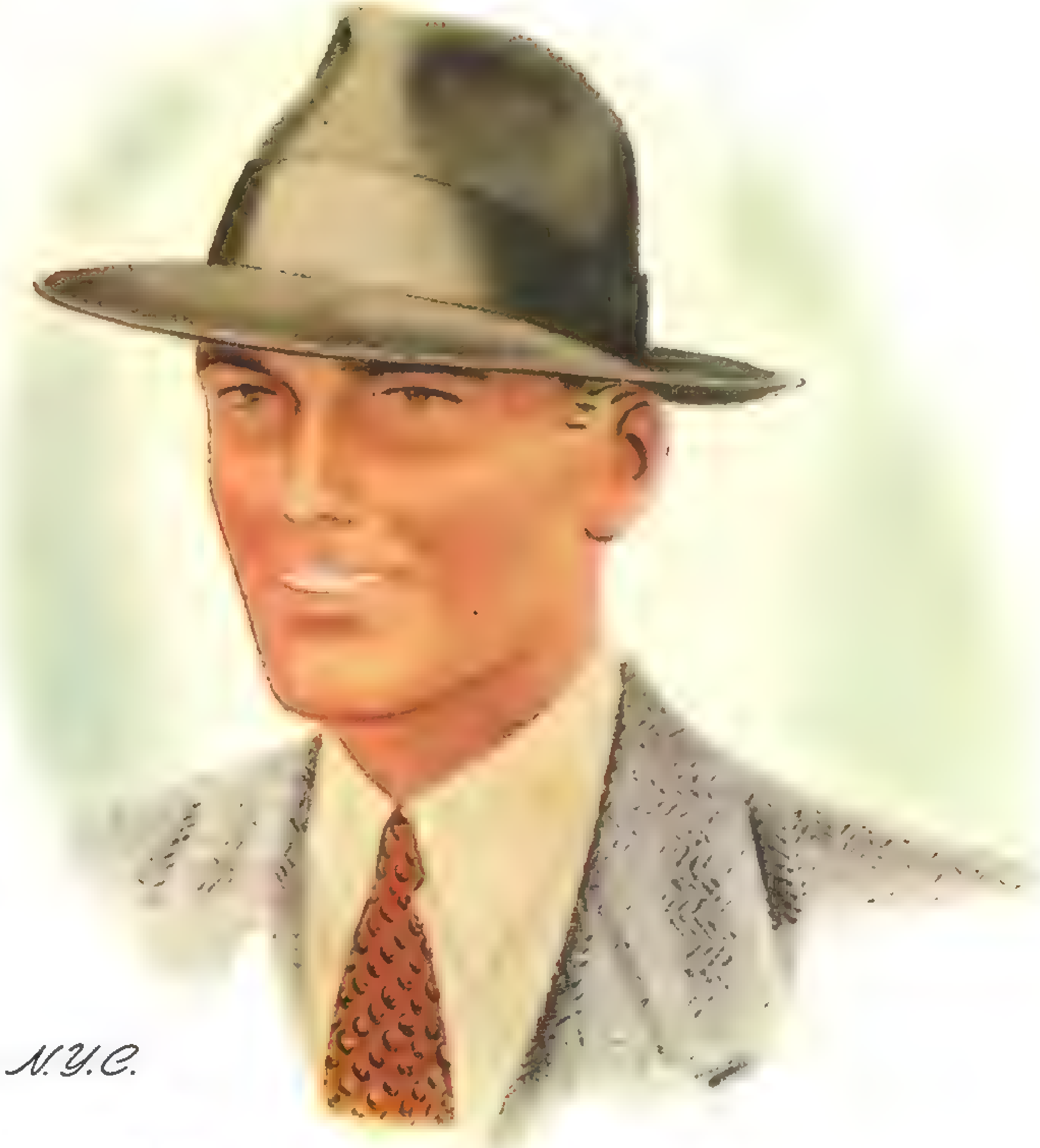

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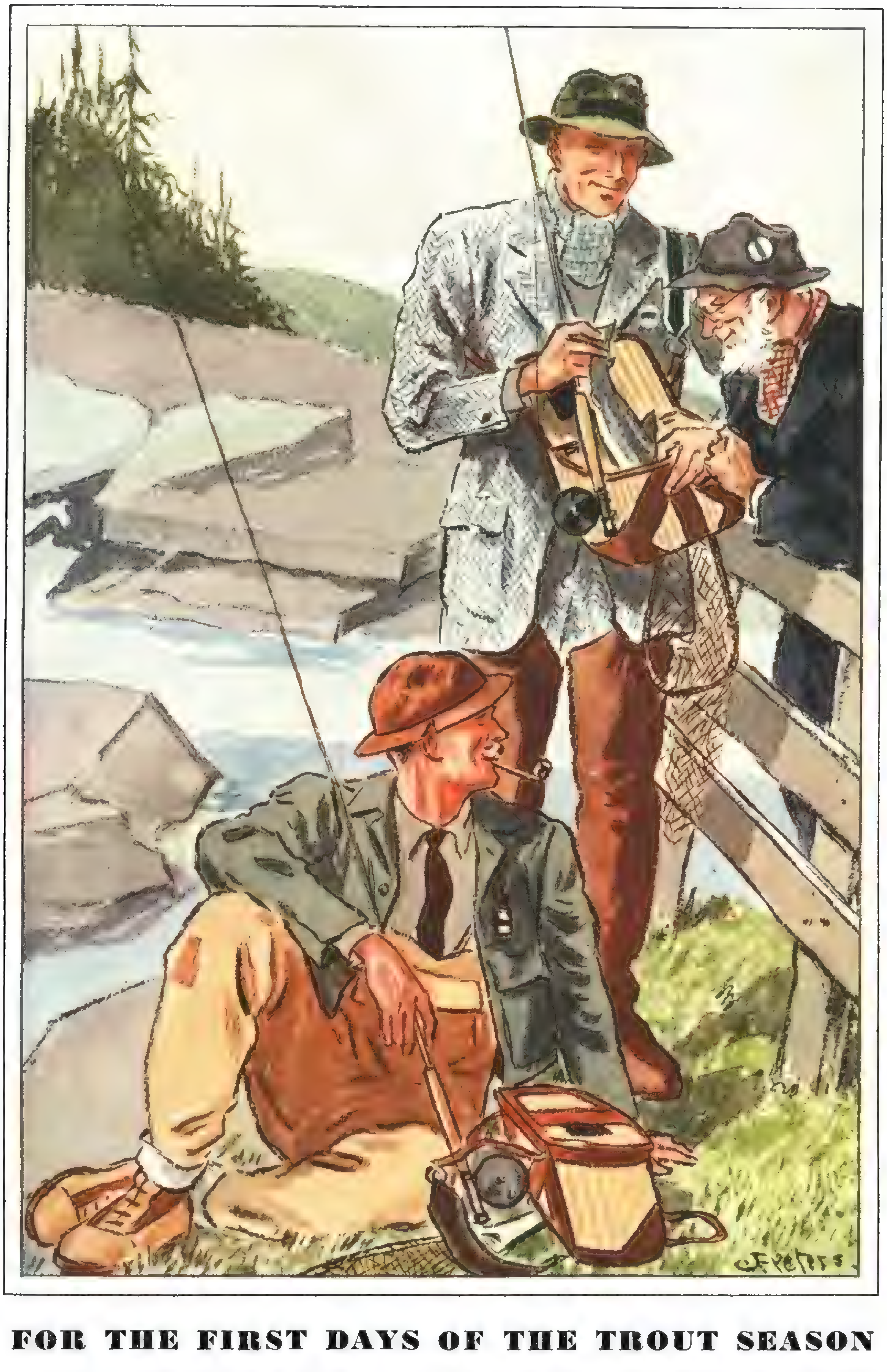

FOR THE FIRST DAYS OF THE TROUT SEASON

There's nothing very new in all this. Trout continue to be as rare in your stream as they are common in the stream the other fellow tells you about. Flies are still stuck in old felt hats. Artists still perform the annual miracle of creating rods that have a reel and a line but no guides through which the latter may pass (this is the third time we've had to speak about this). Notice that the hip boots in the background are brown, a color latterly preferred to black on the plausible theory that it is harder for the fish to see. The man in the foreground wears rubberized English waders, rib high, that are held up by braces. Over them a pair of heavy wool rag socks and canvas and leather wading boots to prevent slipping. His very short waterproof and windproof fishing jacket is provided with large pockets for the carrying of books of flies, knife, and other essential requisites of the sport.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Old School Tie

Continued from page 39

not, thank God, as other men.

To less favored nations (e.g. the United States) that must worry along without its benefits, the spiritual aspect of the Cult of the Cravat is practically unbelievable. But Stanley Baldwin, ironmaster, and Prime Minister of England, himself a graduate of Harrow and hence an "Old Harrovian" can be cited as vivid witness that the unbelievable in all its maudlin majesty is vitally true. Wrote Mr. Baldwin, "When the call came to me to form a Government one of my first thoughts was that it should be a Government of which Harrow should not be ashamed. I remembered how in previous Governments there had been four or perhaps five Harrovians and I determined to have six . . . I will, with God's help do nothing in the course of an arduous and difficult career, which shall cause any Harrovian to say of me that I failed to do my best to live up to the highest ideals of the school."

Than that quotation nothing could better exemplify the charming simplicity of the system: nothing could demonstrate more nicely its practical manifestations. Just picture for a moment the proportions of the riot that would break out in the United States if a President cheerfully announced, that, other considerations to the contrary notwithstanding, he was determined to appoint to his cabinet at least six old school-chums from, say, Groton, Andover, or for that matter, the Dayton, Ohio, Public High School Number Seven. Habitually Americans have condoned some fairly sharp practices among their politicians, but even Mr. Tweed in his veriest heyday would have hesitated to permit himself the Baldwin frankness.

However, it is actually the other side of the equation that holds the greatest interest for foreign observers. If Mr. Baldwin wishes to indulge a starry-eyed attachment to the institution which fifty-one years ago was paid to educate him, that aberration can be attributed to a purely personal peculiarity. What lends social significance to the emotion is the fact that six of his old schoolmates were slated for cabinet posts admittedly and avowedly because they *were* his old schoolmates.

True it can be argued that in practice Mr. Baldwin departed lamentably from the course his conscience dictated: he appointed only five Harrovians while including six men from the great rival prep-school Eton. But the principle is unimpaired. Here are two preparatory schools, out of some one hundred and fifty, between them supplying eleven members of the Baldwin Cabinet of twenty-one.

Nor is the present instance an isolated phenomenon. One-third of all Cabinet Ministers in the last hundred years have come from either Eton or Harrow. Those two schools have supplied twelve of the nineteen Prime Ministers during the same period. Today His Majesty's Ministers, numbering in all fifty-eight, can boast twenty-five Eton and Harrow men; of the fifty-five ranking officials of the foreign service, from Chargé d'affaires to Ambassador, Eton alone claims twenty-eight as well as ten of the thirty-four Governors and Governors-General. Parliaments change, of course, but Eton and Harrow usually manage to fill about a third of the benches. The House of Lords simply shimmers with the better Old School Ties, as do the exclusive clubs, bank directorates, boards of charitable foundations and other institutions which can boast either pomp or circumstance. In every field of endeavor or privilege, provided only that the stakes are high enough, the Old School Tie makes the running. If it be the right tie, its wearer is gratuitously presented with an inside track; if wrong or absent, the chances are infinitely weighed against the contender's ever getting to the post.

The conclusions are therefore obvious. Either the type of education provided by the "great" schools is so overwhelmingly superior that its beneficiaries are uniquely equipped to handle the vaster problems of the nation, or —if not—and I believe very few would care to support that thesis —then the virtual monopoly of the positions of power by the sometime-students of the "great" schools, has, at least to the untutored eye of an American inquirer, a number of the earmarks of a highly successful racket.

This ungenerous impression is further enhanced by any inquiry into the historical background of the educational system. Of course, at the outset, it must be remembered that the schools are a purely British product and hence their development is characterized by a purely British logic which tends to confuse the unwary. The French, for instance, hampered by their inelastic methods of reasoning, seem incapable of grasping the fact that the "Great Public Schools" of England aren't public at all, but private, strictly private. Knowing that the older institutions were founded "to educate the poor and indigent scholars of the neighborhood," it seems paradoxical to the methodical Gallic intellect that these schools should now draw their clientele exclusively from the wealthiest elements in the four corners of the Empire.

But to the British (accustomed from youth to quoting prices in fractional parts of a non-existent coin) the minor nonsequiturs of the public school system are neither clearly apparent nor vastly important. They speak of the "Great Public Schools," in juxtaposition to "the others" without any definite agreement as to

Continued on page 180

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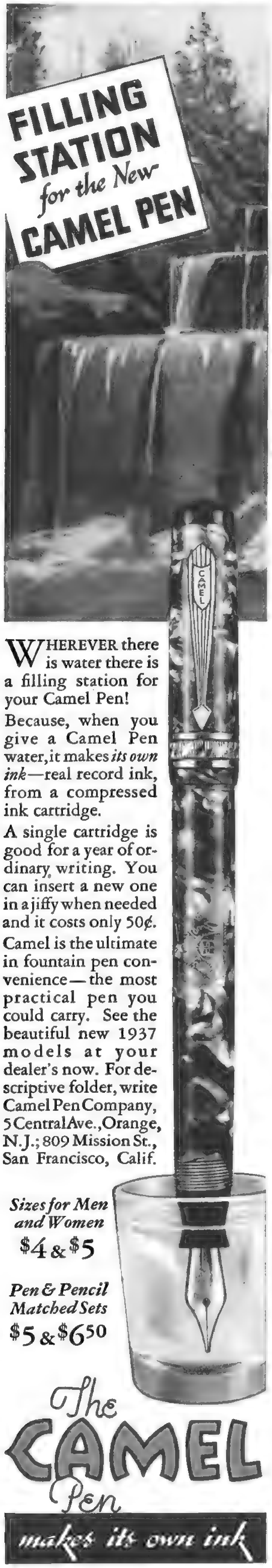

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The Old School Tie

Continued from pages 39-179

which "the great" ones are. Almost always, however, Eton, Harrow, Rugby and Winchester are included. Usually the term is applied to ten or twelve schools which together enroll about six thousand or 11% of the prep-school boys of the country. But the prep-school boys amount to only 2% of the male youth of the nation. Hence the boys from the "Great Public Schools" account for but two tenths of one per cent of the population. Yet this one fifth of one per cent, habitually and as though by divine right, rules the country. Over the last century they, these "Old Boys" of the "Great Public Schools," have occupied exactly half the seats in the House of so-called Commons.

From which it would seem that the proper Old School Tie is not only a necessary but an almost infallible Open-Sesame, and it would be natural to assume that the number of applications for admission to this Royal Road is enormous.

But it isn't. Harrow and Eton have waiting lists, as every other successful school has, but their waiting lists are worked out on an even more modest basis than most, namely, that one in three of all accepted candidates will fail to put in an appearance. Since a number of boys are entered at birth or on speculation before, the calculation fails to bear out the theory that every ambitious parent in the British Isles is panting to have a little Etonian in the home.

Pant he may, but never, if he has a modicum of common sense, will he allow his eagerness to betray him into applying unless he be pretty well assured that the application will be accepted. For to be turned down is fatal, and in its complete fatality lies the key to the smooth functioning of the system. The "outsider," who recognizes himself as such, doesn't even apply, for fear of having that appellation hung around his neck for life. In London today one of the wealthiest, most charming and successful of the young Socialite business men was "turned down by Harrow"; that was twenty years ago; it is still the first thing that you are told about him—in whispers.

The proper procedure for a doubtful parent is to approach one of the all-powerful house masters, and do a bit of "talking around the subject." In discussing the Derby or morganatic marriages, the house master may toss in the interesting fact that the school lists, oddly enough, are chuck-a-block full for the next fifty-two years. The sad but wiser parent will then approach a house master of a second-flight institution, then a third and fourth, until if the cards be stacked against his scion, the boy lands up in some school no one ever heard of and the Ruling Class is thereby relieved of the necessity of "looking out for him." Since, as has been clearly demonstrated by agony column standards, one "Old Boy" is always worth any dozen "young men."

And remember that this winnowing process takes place when a boy is ten years old or less. The "Great Public Schools" are prep-schools, not universities. If a man graduates first in his class from Harvard or Oxford, Cambridge or Yale, there is a fair basis for assuming that he is a capable fellow: perhaps it is in the public interest to put him in a position to govern. But who, bar a psychologist skilled in clairvoyance, could select the nation's best brains from a group of boys applying for admission to school, boys whose ages range from ten on down through zero, into an embryonic stage.

Obviously it can't be done on merit. Equally obviously no such attempt is made. The future Old Etonians or Old Harrovians are chosen first of all from a limited financial class: not every family in that rough island can afford a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars per annum to educate even its whitest hope. And secondly, from a limited social class, since, of course, the sons of Old School Boys are given preference, provided their fathers have earned or retained the ante. Out of which family-school traditions develop and we find eight generations of Bridgewaters wearing Harrow's funny looking straw hats. The Hamiltons, the Churchills and Gordons also historically go to Harrow. Eton has an even more imposing list of great names for the very good reason that being near Windsor it tends to be Tory and Royalist as against Harrow's Whig or Liberal background. Bearing in mind that Eton is twice the size of Harrow, a British Cabinet can almost always be classified as to party by the proportion of Eton to Harrow men. And so can a family. Those which keep changing schools every four or five generations eventually get the reputation of being politically flighty.

But usually they don't. And family tradition, coupled to the other three determinants, cost, the method of house master selection and the impeditive fear of being "turned down," these four combined produce the Old School Tie, and the Old School Tie is responsible for England and the English as she and they are known.

So completely true is this relationship of cause and effect that it is usually assumed without being given the dignity of a premise. In South America, when they swear "on the word of an Englishman," they mean the word of a Public School Boy; they must if they've ever put any credence in the oath of a cockney fish monger. And when the world praises the adenoidal modulations of the "English accent" it is referring to hab-

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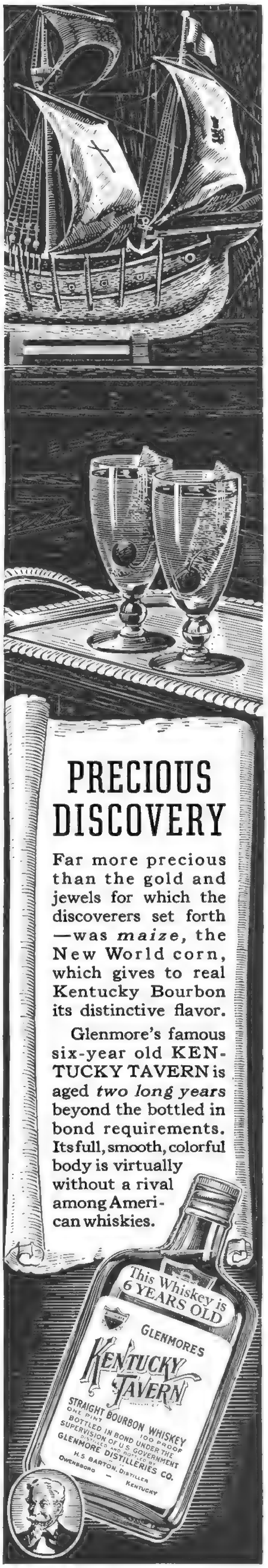

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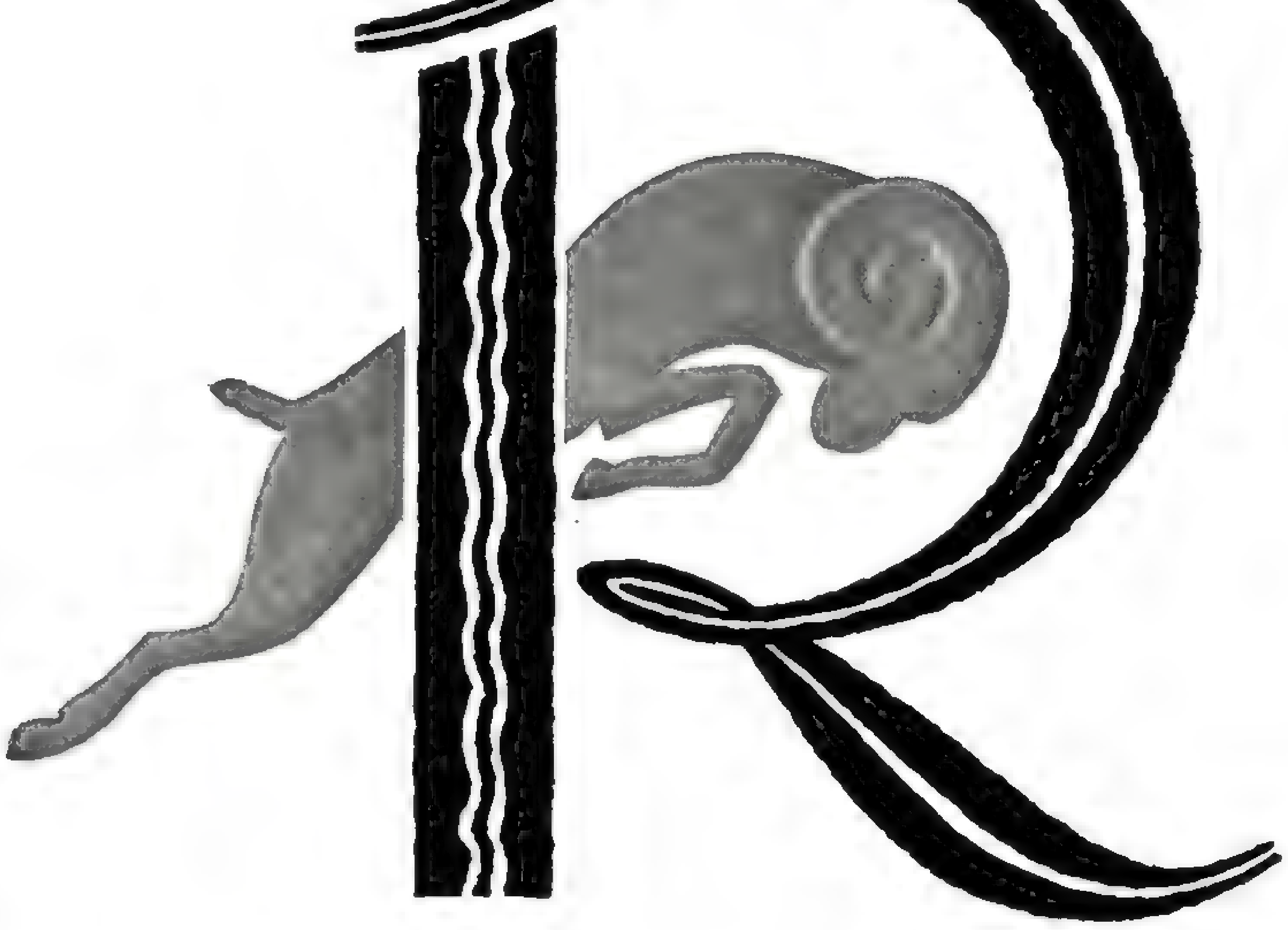

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It was not only for the gossamer-soft brown fur of queens they waited. It was for a small, hide-bound flask of perfume that was always found hidden away in the heart of each bale of sable skins.

The annual gift of a Tibetan tribe to the house of Revillon, this flask contained a rare and enchanted perfume that went to the heads of men like wine; a scent so subtle, so alluring, that women of royal blood coaxed for even a few drops of the precious fragrance.

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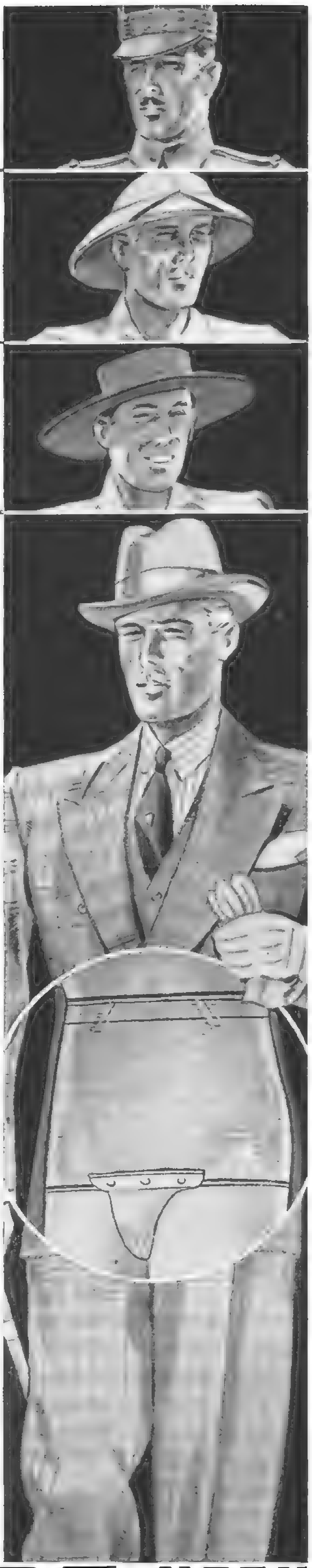

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Waist measurement is..................

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The Old School Tie

Continued from pages 39-179-180

its of speech in the Great Public Schools: the world does not include the equally British noises emitted by an agitated North Country coal-miner; or, if it does, it has never listened to a North Country coal-miner expressing agitation.

Hence the peculiar paradox—that when an "alien" speaks of "the British" he automatically excludes ninety-nine and four-fifths per cent of the male population, along with most of the women. And does so perfectly unconsciously. So effective is the Old School System.

And it follows as the night the day, that the chief by-product of the system should be snobbery, snobbery of such a colossal, unmitigated variety that it must be seen to be believed. Take the gentleman who wrote to the London *Daily Telegraph*, suggesting "that it would be a good thing if the Old Boys of our Great Public Schools made it a rule invariably to accost anyone of whatever age whom he sees wearing his School Tie: this might prevent those who have no right to wear these ties from attempting to assume a virtue which they lack."

Notice, if you please, the meticulously unsplit infinitive, "invariably to accost" and the subtlety of the last line. The writer doesn't suggest that his plan would prevent those "bounders" from *assuming* the virtue—they couldn't, of course—but from *attempting* to assume. And if the noun "virtue" seems a somewhat unfortunate choice, refer to the London *Daily Express* which will demonstrate editorially that in fact the word conveys a gross understatement. For "the Public School Code," according to the *Express*, "embraces the Ten Commandments, it also embraces the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, and Kipling's *If*." From which even the most caviling will readily see that living up to that ethic, (even without the *If*) isn't a mere virtue, it's a veritable miracle.

Yet virtue or miracle, an ideal or a matter of practical politics, hereditary theory or racket, there stands the Old School Tie, placidly running the Church Bazaar and the Empire, foreign trade and the village cricket match. Recent vagaries in English foreign policy, such as the Hoare-Laval sell-out and the Mediterranean fleet fiasco, begin to assume a certain demented logic if interpreted in terms of Public School Tradition. The Foreign Office, which is furthest removed from the vulgar influence of public opinion, is most inexorably bound up with the Old School Tie. And older and hence more influential men entered the service before 1919: before 1919 an applicant had to have two qualifications, first a private income, second to "be known to the Secretary of State or recommended to him by men of standing and position." Naturally one-third of the personnel came from Eton: naturally thirty-seven per cent held hereditary titles; naturally "no member of the Foreign Office had ever been traced who attended any school in this country other than a Public School"; and naturally and rightfully, John Bright characterized the whole pageant as "a gigantic form of outdoor relief for the aristocracy."

For what, pray, could an airy abstraction like a League of Nations mean to the toddlers who drew their social science from the Playing Fields of Eton. The voices of the ten million Englishmen and women who voted "yes" in the Peace Ballot sounded only faintly in the Foreign Office, with just sufficient strength to cause a momentary deviation from the realistic policy of the politics of power. But Vansittart, the Old School Tie and Common Sense muddled through in the nick of time and the wrong was righted. England was successfully lined up for the quick march which will land her honorably at the threshold of the next war.

But the Old School Tie, like the Tank Corps cravat, will be all the brighter for a bit more blood. The Old Etonians will make the recruiting speeches, and well. The Old Harrovians will command in the field, and the Old Wychamists (William of Wycham founded Winchester) will direct from London and be knighted for it. Those are the traditions of the particular Schools within the general framework of the Old School Tradition as a whole. And when the pictures of the Old Boys, who have gained distinction either through death or a peerage, are published in the *Illustrated London News* you will discover that it isn't at all tactless to accuse a man openly of being an "Old Haberdasher." Actually the accusee, if he be a peer and not a casualty, will be delighted that his true worth as a graduate of the Haberdashers' Aske's School at Hampstead has been appreciated. By the same token Old Albanians, Manchurians and Perseans aren't ancient foreigners at all, but sometime students of St. Albans, Manchester and the Perse School, respectively. The jargon becomes esoteric with the Old Carthusians who aren't monks, but beneficiaries of the type of education dealt out at Charterhouse, which was founded by the Carthusian Order. The name Old Salopian has no Freudian content; it is derived from the Roman attempt to pronounce Shrewsbury. The boys from Westminster call themselves Old Elizabethians after the Great Queen, and the Old Stoics aren't Greeks, but hail from Stowe School. Graduates of St. Bee's are, unhappily, called "Old Beghians".

And there are, of course, schools, whose products aren't Old Anythings. The board schools corresponding to our public schools either don't have Old School Ties

Continued at top of page 184

VAT 69

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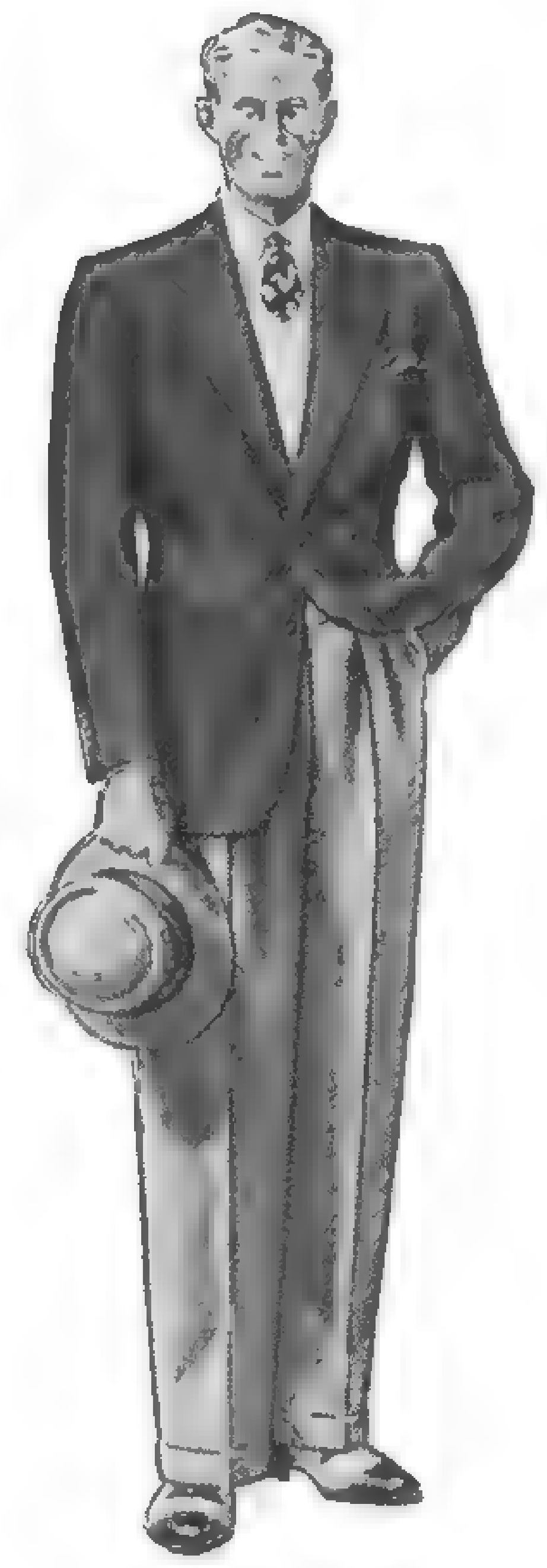

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The Old School Tie

Continued from pages 39-179-180-182

or more usually have Ties that don't count. Too, at the other end of the scale are private ventures of which the clientele doesn't boast, such as the one advertised in the *London Times* as "Home School for Retarded Sons of the Very Upper Classes": adding reassuringly, "Three vacancies."

But the board schools are outside the charmed circle. A man must be a Disraeli or a Labour Leader to "make good" with such a handicap. Old Grammarians (from the Chelsea Grammar School) Old Stoics, Etonians, Harrovians and Wychamists, together with the four or five thousand other "Public School Boys," all these start from scratch. Provided only that they're not "too bright," that they don't do what "isn't done," or think it, that they ride straight, don't try to get divorced ladies presented at Court, and stay away from Sir Stafford Cripps' Socialist League, provided in a word that they play the game and live up to the Code, they will be "taken care of."

Because, when all is said and done, the tradition as a whole is greater than any of its parts, no matter how great that part may be. The Old School Tie is a "virtue," which, like the Calvinist Grace, descends with no rhyme and less reason. But it blankets its chosen with a shining anonymity through which no personality can permanently penetrate. An Old Carthusian may become a saint, or a columnist, a foreign secretary, a whiskey baron, or even, theoretically, a poet—yet, those modifications are merely transient; fundamentally, historically and obituarily, his significance, if any, is derived from the fact of his Old Carthusianship.

And Mr. Baldwin, who "in a long and arduous career" has proven so many things, can be called upon to prove this final conclusion. The Prime Minister was coming up to London in the train. A fellow-passenger opposite lowered his copy of the *Times*. "I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but you're an Old Harrovian, are you not?"

Mr. Baldwin, gratified, said he was.

"Quite. Quite. I was very nearly sure. Yes—you were—let me see now—you left in '86, or was it '87?"

"Five," Mr. Baldwin corrected.

"To be sure. Certainly. You were in Small Houses, if I'm not mistaken. Then you went up to the Head's. Am I right? Ah, I thought so. And you roomed with —with, I mean to say, that lanky chap, Thingame Minor."

Mr. Baldwin smiled and nodded. The fellow-passenger was charmed with himself. "Absolutely—Oh, quite. I remember perfectly. And I'll call your name in just a moment. Don't tell me. It was—what I mean is, your name—something like Bailey or Bancroft—no, no, hold on—it has a 'win' in it."

"Baldwin," the Prime Minister supplied, "Stanley Baldwin."

"Of course, of course. Baldwin. It was right on the tip of my tongue. Well, well—and tell me, Baldwin, since you left school, what have you been doing with yourself?" ⧺

Here, Kitty, Kitty

Continued from page 59

lights is the rock of Monaco. Don't lean too far. Careful, Sabine!"

Instinctively, he caught her by the waist. With surprising rapidity, she turned and planted a kiss on his lips.

"There, Antoine! I wanted to, too much. It's quite difficult to keep one's distance from a body once familiar. Ah, I see I'm shocking you. You've remained a perfect Quesnay. I'm certain you've been faithful to your wife?"

"Prodigiously faithful. Immaculate!"

"Poor Antoine! And you've been happy?"

"Very happy."

"Then everything is for the best, my poor Antoine . . . It's curious, though, that you don't have a happy air about you."

"How?"

"I don't know. Something impatient about you, something irritable, worn-down . . . All the same, Antoine, you were a Quesnay, an active man, a chief . . . And you live here, in the Midi, far from your work, from your family . . . I know well enough that you've given over everything to the tastes of your wife. But is it possible that you don't regret it?"

"Perhaps at first I was a little disturbed at leaving things. But I've found other ways of keeping occupied.

"I've always been very fond of history . . . I work . . . I've even published some books that have had a bit of success."

"A bit of success! But they've been very successful, Antoine. They're remarkable. Especially your *Louis XI*."

"You've read them?"

"Have I read them! Ten times over! First, because I too am fond of history. And then, because it's your work. I've always remained so interested in you, Antoine . . . And I consider you an excellent writer. No, I'm not exaggerating. In fact I'll admit to you that I was startled, during dinner, by Françoise's silence about this side of your life. Once or twice my husband tried to speak about your books, but each time, Françoise cut in. I should think she would be proud."

"Oh, there's nothing to be proud about there. Only, it is true that Françoise has no interest in that

Continued on page 186

"BANG! A BLOW-OUT! A CRASH!...WHILE DRIVING HER DAUGHTER TO SCHOOL"

GRAHAM McNAMEE
Famous radio announcer

Read GRAHAM McNAMEE'S Story of The Contest Between Grim Fate and A Mother With Her Eight-Year-Old Child

BANG! A single ear splitting blast! Like the crack of a pistol. And it changed this peaceful school-day journey into a terrifying experience. It must have been a pitiful thing to watch as Mrs. Gerstner sat vainly clutching the steering wheel frantically trying to stop the car. But the car was definitely out of control.

Like a maddened bull it lurched from side to side, then charged across the road, and finally came to a screeching, scorching stop. By the merest chance, there was no on-coming traffic at that exact moment, or there might have been another bitter tragedy in the making.

A Close Shave

This is the actual account of a crazy prank which fate played upon Mrs. Camille Gerstner of Queens Village, Long Island. Always a cautious driver, Mrs. Gerstner felt perfectly safe while taking little Camille to school. But she had overlooked one very important detail . . . her tires. Well, as I have just told you, one of them blew out and left her no time to remedy the situation. It might have left her a lifetime of regret. I am happy to report, however, that little Camille, while badly shaken up, was able to return to school in a few days.

Warning To Every Motorist

To me it seems as if an experience like this should act as a warning to every motorist in the land. Try to think of those four tires on your car and the speed with which they are spinning around. Then think of the terrific heat that is being generated *inside* the tire by this speed. What happens? The merciless beating these tires take may cause a little blister to form between the rubber and the fabric. As you travel further, this blister gets bigger and BIGGER until finally, BANG! You know the rest.

As you know, year after year, the manufacturers of motor cars are doing everything in their power to increase the safety of driving. But when it comes to building a tire that really saves motorists' lives by providing them with protection against high speed blow-outs, my hand goes to Goodrich engineers.

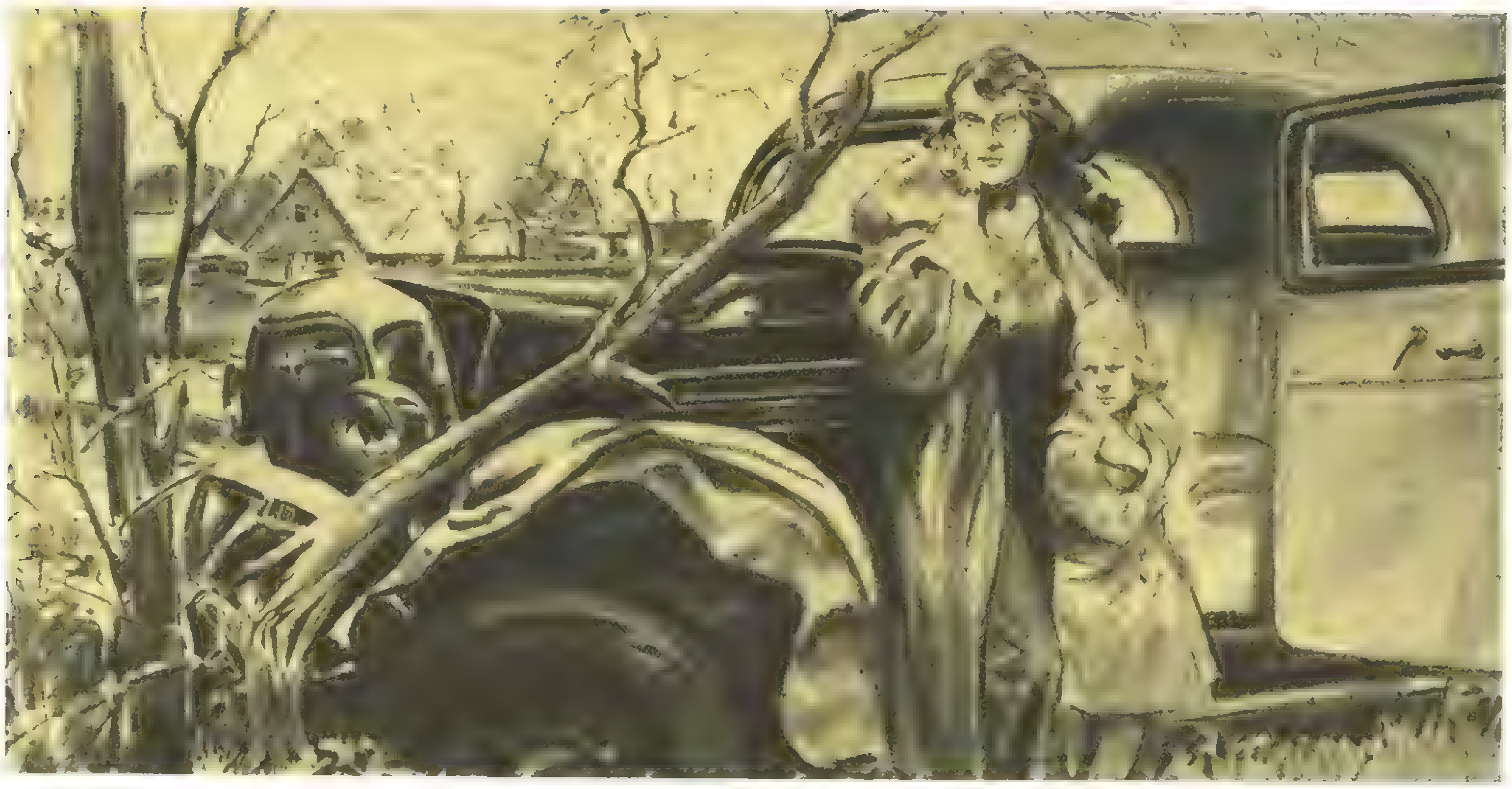
How Goodrich Protects You

They invented the Golden Ply and put it into every Goodrich Silvertown Tire. This Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating . . . keeps those fatal blisters from getting a start. And so protects you from high-speed blow-outs. And even though Goodrich spent thousands of dollars developing this life-saving long-wearing tire, Silvertowns actually cost less than other super-quality tires.

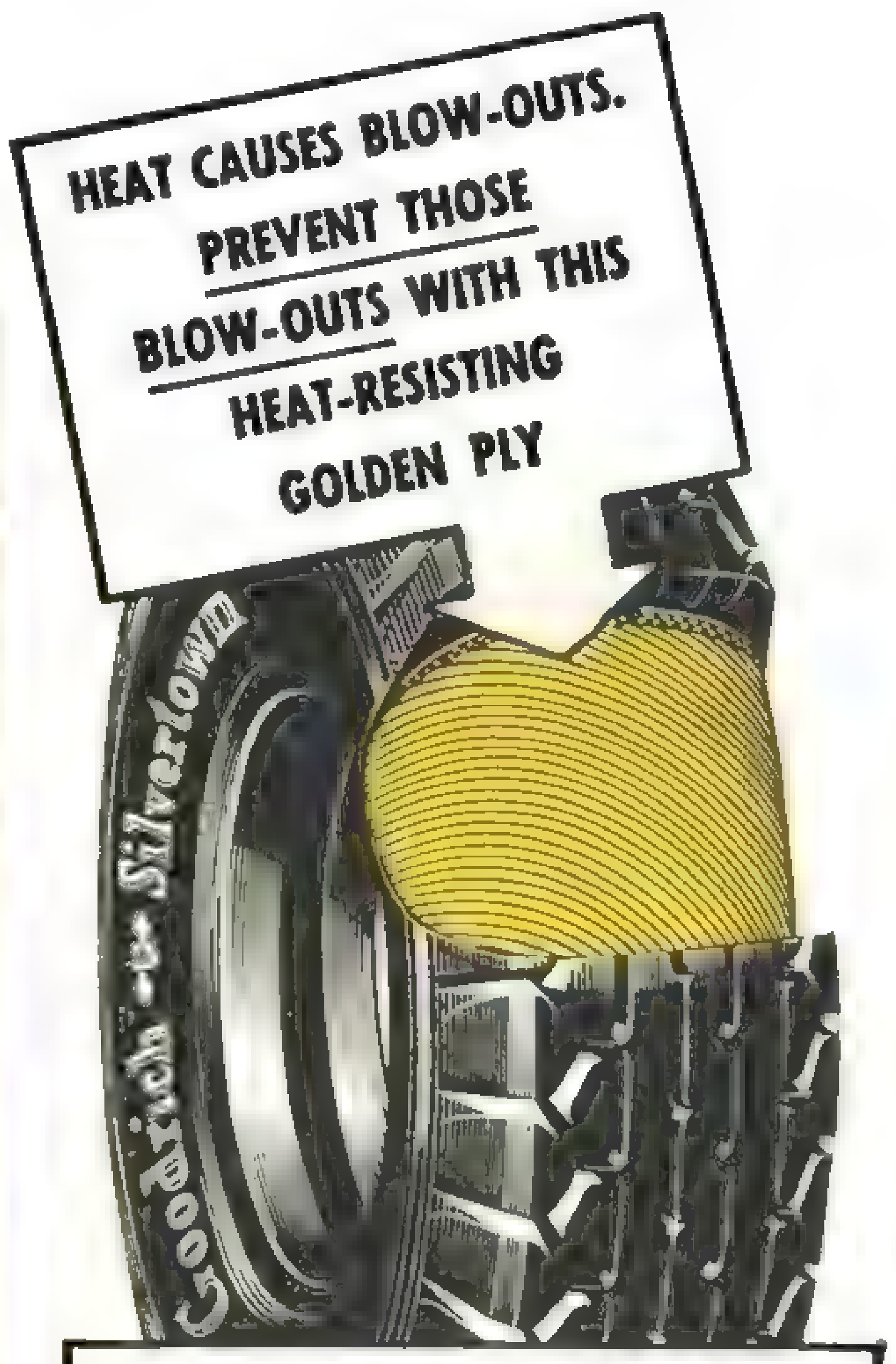
It Pays To Play Safe

Mrs. Gerstner learned her lesson by experience. How much easier for the rest of us to profit by this experience without having to hear that nerve shattering BANG! Let's all be careful about tires as well as driving! Remember, you can buy these life-saving Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

Graham McNamee



"Like a maddened bull, it charged across the road, and finally came to a screeching, scorching stop."


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

FREE! Millions of motorists have joined the Silvertown Safety League—pledged themselves to drive safely. See your Goodrich dealer. He'll get you FREE a handsome emblem with red reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

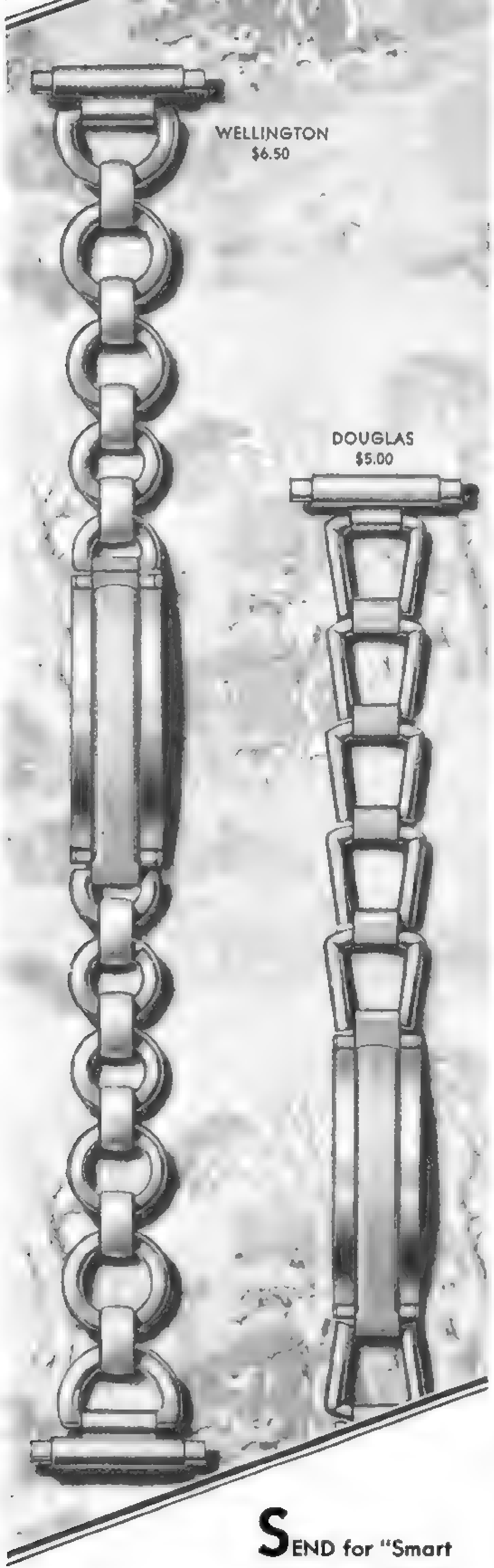
Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

HADLEY

FOR 25 YEARS

The Symbol of Style in WRIST WATCH BANDS



SEND for "Smart Wrists"—a folder presenting many new HADLEY Watch Bracelets, Bands and Straps for Men and Women—and inspect other HADLEY creations at your Jeweler's.

For the Wrist Watch you are wearing . . . or the one you plan to purchase . . . there is a pleasing variety of HADLEY styles, and a wide range of prices.

You will appreciate the on-and-off Convenience, the Comfort and Security, of the patented HADLEY Folding Center Clasp.

HADLEY · CO INC
289 DEXTER ST · PROVIDENCE · R · I
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES
TORONTO CANADA LONDON ENGLAND

Here, Kitty, Kitty

Continued from pages 59-184

sort of work. She reads novels, mostly. The main thing is that she's an artist in her own way—about her clothes, and in the arrangement of her garden. Just think, she herself has determined the placement of every last tuft of flowers here. Since the depression hit Pont-de-l'Eure, our income is not what it was. Françoise does everything herself."

"I suppose. But what I find hard to pardon in her is having a husband like you and—"

"And what?"

"No, nothing. What is that white tuft shining in the moonlight?"

"Convulvus."

"It's ravishing. Aren't they the lilies of the field mentioned in the Bible?"

"No, I don't think so. Would you like to join the others?"

"You're a bit in a hurry, Antoine. I'd willingly spend all night in this garden, with you."

"I'm afraid I'm a little chilly."

"Give me your hand. But it's quite icy! Do you want part of my cape? . . . To think that we almost lived like this, pressed close, one against the other. You've never regretted it, Antoine?"

"What do you want me to say, Sabine? And you? Are you happy?"

"Very happy. Like you, my poor Antoine. Which is to say, with despair at heart . . . I take the path that goes up, here, don't I? . . . I can be frank with you. For a long time I longed for death. Now, things are a little better . . . I'm growing calm. You also."

"How penetrating you are, Sabine! You are the first woman during the last twenty years who has been able to divine what my household is like."

"Don't forget that I was once in love with you, Antoine. That sheds a great deal of light on the subject . . . Help me, will you, this slope is steep . . . Tell me, Antoine, just when did you discover what Françoise is really like? When did you see her as she is? For at the time of your marriage, you were crazy about her."

"I'm afraid that we might misunderstand each other, just now, Sabine. I wouldn't want you to think . . . Even today, I have a great affection for Françoise . . . even to say affection is feeble and ridiculous: I love Françoise. But as you say, the first two years of our marriage were years of actual adoration. And, at least during that time, it was a love which I had every reason to believe mutual."

"Oh—!"

"Why, oh? . . . Ah no, Sabine, you must not go too far. You can't take away my memories. At that time, Françoise gave me such proofs of her love that even the blindest of men couldn't have failed to see. We lived, one for the other. We weren't happy except in our solitude. You don't believe me? But in the last analysis, Sabine, I know what I'm talking about. I was there. You were not."

"I was there before you, my poor dear. I knew Françoise since childhood. She and her sister Hélène were raised with me. I can still see Françoise, in the courts at Saint-Jean, a racket in her hand, telling Hélène and me: 'I simply have to marry the eldest Quesnay, and I'll marry him.'"

"That's not possible, Sabine. My family and Françoise's family were always quarreling; Françoise didn't even know me. We met by chance, in 1917, during my convalescent leave."

"By chance? Yes, that's what you must have believed. But I can still hear Hélène explaining the circumstances to me. The truth is that when the war broke out, their father, M. Pascal-Bouchet, was ruined. He was a woman-chaser and an art-collector, the two most expensive of hobbies. His daughters called him The Pasha, and he was worthy of the name in more ways than one. The restoration of the Château de Fleuré had just completed his ruin. 'My dear little daughters,' he said to Hélène and Françoise, 'there are only two alliances in this country that could save us: with the Thianges or with the Quesnays.' The girls made a double success of his advice."

"Who told you this story?"

"But as I said, the two sisters themselves."

"And you never warned me?"

"I couldn't denounce a friend. And besides, I couldn't spoil her only chance. You see, Françoise, no one at Louviers, or at Pont-de-l'Eure would have married her. All those families were afraid of bankruptcy."

"But M. Pascal-Bouchet never did go bankrupt."

"That's true. And why? During the war, the government helped him out, thanks to his relative, Maurice de Thianges, who was a deputy. After that, you know well enough that it was none other than your grandfather who ended up helping him. That was exactly what he had hoped for . . . Ah, here's that divine fragrance again. We must be nearing the terrace? Stop for a moment, Antoine, I'm out of breath."

"That's because you were talking while climbing the embankment."

"Feel my heart, Antoine. It's beating hard enough to burst . . . Wait. Just brush my handkerchief over your lips; women are awful, they can detect the slightest trace of rouge instantly. If you weren't so perfect a husband, you would know that. And now, dust off your left shoulder, perhaps I've left you a trace of powder there . . . Good . . . Now we can show ourselves in the light."

A few moments later, the visitors left, and the two women bade each other the most tender farewells. #

Fiatelle

FUTURITY

DESIGNS IN

Robes and Pajamas

"Grandstand" Robe "Round-up" Pajamas
"Chuck-a-Luck" Pajamas

Warm weather comfort

A Spring-weight robe for Spring. A cool pajama for warmer days—these are Fiatelle's new fabric sensations. Add to this remarkable fabric a host of new Futurity patterns and color and you have Spring's Smartest Lounge and Sleep Ensemble. Match your Robe and Pajamas or go for contrast in equal comfort.

Leading stores throughout the country are carrying Fiatelle's Futurity designs made in Robes and Pajamas by well known manufacturers.

Fiatelle (REG.U.S.) FUTURITY

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

ON SALE AT BETTER MEN'S SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES . . . OR WRITE

THE FIATELLE COMPANY

THREE-TWENTY BROADWAY · NEW YORK CITY

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

SOTTO VOCE

It's not that I want to swell the chorus of pro and conners for your *Sound and Fury*. Personally I think your subscribers are screwy anyway. It's just that I want to congratulate you on achieving what must, obviously, be your objective in publishing Esquire in the first place: As long as no one remains indifferent to it, that's all that matters. Because you figure, quite cannily too, that as long as the reaction is definite, good or bad (and it's all the same to you which) people will buy your magazine. From what I hear you're doing all right, so what the hell?

New York City Judith Haskell

FICTION FORMULA OR VICE VERSA

At last I too feel a desire to contribute to the *Sound and Fury* in that your stories and articles are becoming increasingly morbid and sordid.

Now do not get the idea that I am a disciple of sweetness and light, and wish anything of the uplift in your pages. It is just that I am not interested in the loves of scrubwomen for garbage collectors, nor am I interested in the woes of the so called "lost generation" and I do not believe that your readers in general are interested in such things . . . all of which we can find in other magazines ad nauseum.

The people who buy your magazine, and in particular the sort of people who patronize your advertisers are I think of a class more interested in finding amusement, a sly chuckle or two, and an escape from annoyance in reading a magazine, than they are in the heart throbs of the peasantry, and accounts of the lives of those living in privies and conducting their amours under park benches.

Why not drop this sort of junk, and treat us to a little more of the comedy of manners stuff . . . let your adulteries be of the polite variety, use a little wit in your dialogues, write of attractive people doing attractive things.

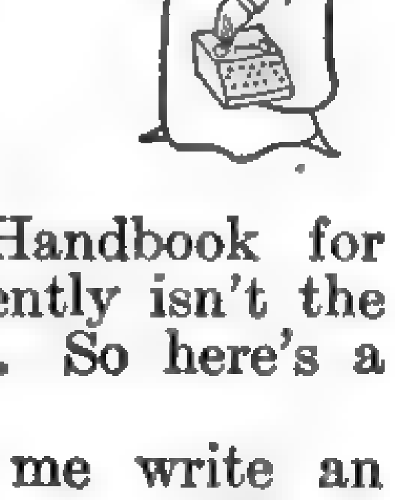
You may get a few heartrending squeals from the radical fringe of your readers, but after all, the possession of 50 cents to buy a copy of Esquire will keep most of your clientele pretty conservative.

You know the old recipe for interesting journalism, which is well put in the story containing the sample "God damn you," said the Duchess, "take your hand off my leg!" Take that as your pattern, and deserve my thanks.

Cleveland, Ohio J. D. U.

SOUNDS GOOD

This boy (or is it a girl?) Anonymous certainly brings in the fan mail! He (I won't keep repeating my doubt as to gender, but remember, it exists!) has irritated the Cubans, the stamp collectors, and God only knows how many others since he's been on your payroll. Now he's stepped on my toes. The article referred to is *Handbook for Bums* in the February issue.



Now, I could have written you a real Handbook for Bums, but that apparently isn't the way you like to work. So here's a proposition:

How about letting me write an article for you on the Llamas of Tibet? I consider myself superbly qualified because—

1. I've never been to Tibet.
2. I've never known anyone who has.
3. I'm positive that even fewer Tibetian llamas read Esquire than do transient Americans, thereby lessening the odds on such ridiculous letters as this.

Yours for innacuracy,

New York, N. Y. Cliff Taylor

AT HOME WITH ESQ

For some time, now, I've felt a growing pain in the steatopygous portion of my anatomy—caused by reading letters in the *S. & F.* dep't. anent the obscenity, vulgarity, immorality, and what else do you want?—of Esquire. The "cancel my subscription" kind of letter brings on a severe attack, resembling D.T.'s.

I'm the young (32) (?)—mother of a 14-year old High School son. Said son has been permitted to read whatever he wished in every copy of Esquire we've bought, and that is practically all of them for four years. You know and I know, Esky, that no youngster reads stuff that doesn't interest him—and if it does—let him make the best of it and struggle through—Mush on!—Doubtless many of the cartoons are over his head, but he'll grow up to appreciate their humor, so I'm making a scrap book of the best ones. The ones by Abner Dean, Van Buren and the screamingly funny Hill Billy ones by Webb never fail to draw a chuckle from him. And the Petty gals! They're tacked up all over his room! (Nor does his Pop blame him!) Where's the harm? I'd rather he noticed good looking girls and remarked about them than to cherish a secret passion and never be able to discuss it without being ridiculed. I know all about *that*, too!

We hold with the late Lincoln Steffens that a child should be permitted to read anything he chooses—and we have no "banned" books or magazines in our house. We've everything from Dickens to Thorne Smith—Jim Tully to Flaubert—Balzac to Havelock Ellis—and none under lock and key.

To get back to the magazine and my son—

By reading the excellent advertisements and articles, and studying the pictures accompanying same, he's learning what is being worn by well dressed men, and is more critical of his appearance (to say nothing of pointing out to Dad that "See, here in Esquire, Homburgs are very popular"—so pater goes out and buys a Homburg!) We don't mind his being particular. It costs a little more, but golly, the average High School Sophomore is usually such a nondescript individual—all legs—shirt tails drooping—hair sticking up crazily—self conscious about pimples—, —we're really quite grateful for your silent influence along those lines.

Papa comes home with a quart of something or other and son says "Oh that was advertised last month in Esquire, with a recipe for egg nog. Why'n't cha try it." So your advertisers can be sure of one reader, at least!

He likes the sports articles and John Groth's drawings and Hurrell's swell photographs (wonder if he could *do* something for me as he did for Connie Bennett?) and Alexis de Sakhnoffsky's stream lined effects in cars, furniture and now, clothes, and well—you'll probably get a letter or two from other mothers with adolescent sons—decrying my attitude (if you print this). But I don't care. I'll bet, as a family, we have more fun—more laughs, than any ten of the sniffing brethren who've written such nasty letters to you. We like you, and until you turn into a Ladies' Fireside Companion Monthly, we'll keep on spending four bits a month.

We might even buy it if such a thing should happen—quien sabe?—Maybe we'll all be Boy Scouts by that time.

Faithfully,

Mrs. Randall Stone

Huntington Beach, Calif.

Continued on page 188

12 Years Old
8 Years Old
"Ne Plus Ultra"
Blended Scotch Whisky
Twelve Years Old
Specially Selected and Blended by
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth Scotland
4/5 Quart
Schenley Import Corporation
"White Label"
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies
Product of Scotland
Eight Years Old
Blended by
John Dewar & Sons
Distillers
Perth

Copyright 1937, Schenley Import Corp., New York

Age Brings Mellowness

As you enjoy the clean, extra-dry taste of Dewar's Scotch Whisky, it is cheering to know that as the years come and go, the age-mellowed tastiness of Dewar's will remain unchanged. Its quality is protected by huge stocks of fine old Scotch. You can always depend on Dewar's. A Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 proof. Schenley Import Corp., New York City.

A Schenley Import

DEWAR'S

(pronounced Doo-ers)

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-187

ODE TO A MIRROR OF A WICKED WORLD

In reading a recent number of your magazine I could not help wondering at some of the language I found used there and asking myself what your object is in using such speech.

Thus, I found such words as "damn," "hell," "Gawdamighty," "goddamits," "goddamn you," "sonofabitches," "just for the pure and unadulterated hell of it," "a hell of a lot more," scattered all through the pages of the magazine, and then this sentence: "how a little girl can flip up a skirt and slide down a pantie with the ease of a dog lifting his leg."

Now I can see no good purpose, no useful results from the use of such language in such a magazine, no justification for putting such a magazine in the reading room of our school. Can you? If so, I would be glad to have it.

Then as to the advertisements. I found in this issue ten full pages of whiskey advertisements and ten half-pages, in addition to the ads for other liquors and accessories, gotten up in the most attractive form of the professional ad. writer. Now of course, you have the right to say what and what kind of ads you shall admit to your columns, but with the growing consumption of such liquors and the growing resulting death toll from drunk driving I wonder just how you can justify to yourselves and to society such a means of increasing your revenue.

I would be glad to have your answer to these questions.

Truly yours,
John R. Wilkie
Department of Psychology,
The Miramonte School
Atascadero, Calif.

ESQ. GETS A LIFT

Some of the letters published in your department, *Sound and Fury*, amuse me fully as much as those sections of your magazine definitely designed as humor. After reading the first five, four of them had just about convinced me that I should write the column and do a little slamming of my own. The sixth letter, however, written by Mr. Richard Murray, had somewhat the same general content as I had intended to put in this letter. But he left a few things unsaid, and perhaps this will be a fitting sequel to what he did say.

There will be with us always, I am afraid, those people who have the chronic disease of registering complaints. Esquire is a "smart" magazine. Whether these chronics think it smart to damn the smart, or whether they resent seeing something truly good in the world, I don't know. If the latter, they seem to take an inhuman delight in racking their brains in attempt to find a glaring weakness which they can harp upon. Nothing is perfect. Utopia will never be found. But what is not perfect can be improved upon. Look at the airplane and the automobile. They were both scoffed at. The scoffers have now joined the ranks of the hypocrites. But rather than to make constructive criticisms, these diseased people prefer to write a lot of words, every other one a damn, a God damn, a hell, or a Christ, and send it in. They know it will be published. Esquire is not afraid to publish such letters. They are the minority, and have no visible effect. Why not call the department, "Bouquets and Babble," or "Esquire's Comic Strip"?

One fair maid wrote in complaining of Esquire's advertisements. She gave as an example, page 15, of the December issue. Perhaps she was right. That wasn't an exceptionally good advertisement for Esquire. But it is but one in a thousand. Let me give another example. Fair maid, glance at the Coronet advertisement in the February issue of Esquire. Nothing cheap or gaudy about that one, is there? It is a striking, dignified advertisement, such as *True Story* would never have. Its readers wouldn't understand it. And then, too, young lady, you gave but one example to stress your point. A geometric axiom or postulate says that *two* points determine a straight line. For greater accuracy, try three. I'm afraid you were unable to find another "cheap" advertisement as an example. I can give you many besides the aforementioned Coronet. Look at the automobile advertisements. Look at the liquor advertisements. But perhaps you don't like liquor, and therefore Esquire should leave out their advertisements. No, I'm afraid you have not enough to back your point.

As for those that complain about the type of story found in Esquire, I cite merely the magazine's immense popularity. Nobody is forced to read the stories they don't like. If you can write a better one, do it. I'll wager 20 to 1 Esquire won't accept it.

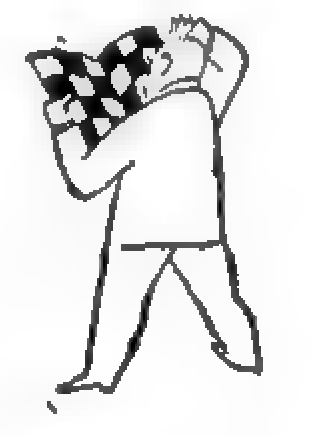
Good luck Esquire, and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
G. Robert Williams, Jr.
Marion, Mass.

PLEA FOR PURGATORY

Startling! Epic! Stupendous! Incredible! I mean, the quality of contrast you can get between pages 1 to 100. Well, it may be Art but is it Life? So much contrast. Black. White. White. Black. Checkerboard pattern.

Now Mr. Fury, is life all of pretty pictures of the Peacock Room and ugly stories of the slums? Or didn't your Sunday school teacher ever suggest that there were a few benighted humans who believed there existed a purgatory as well as a heaven and hell?



We Purgatorians aren't saying that they aren't well written, or that we don't appreciate them. We've watched our edges turn brown from touching—and liking—the pornographic side, and we've picked out S. S. Van Dine when we had a chance at Roget's *Thesaurus,* We've walked below the tracks and fished for dimes for weary Willies, and we've patted dear innocent babes on the head although we had to hold our noses with the other hand while we did it.

But that isn't to say that we haven't liked watching the sun slant through the yellow curtains of a kitchenette, or preferred to take a bath at least once a day and maybe twice, and not gotten tired of those things a jillioneth as often as we have of the mud and the blood and scarlet sisterhood.

Why must all of your stories be so arty that they're completely pointless, be so utterly utterly futile and hopeless and weary and grimy that you'd risk going to hell just as a pleasant relief from life. Life as Esquire's authors see it, ennaho.

Collier's and *Liberty* are certainly no criteria, but at least their Short Shorts have a point, and their other short features have suspense.

If your circulation figures are really built up by the men who can afford to take your advertisements seriously, then you can afford to go on as you are. I take it from the monotonous uniformity of your type of articles that they prefer a glance at the Other Extreme, at a safe distance.

But if, as I crudely suspect, the greatest bulk of your fifty centses are collected from us—God save the Latin —*Vox Populi*—then why not pander to our mediocre tastes enough to keep us kidded along. Three good contributions a month would do it, without taking away that Different Flavor, my deah!

Sacramento, Cal. Sin. St. Clair

SENSE ON THE SENSIBILITIES

"I hereby cancel all of these renewals."

"I do not want to receive one more single number of your publication; please scratch out my name from your subscription list."

"It is impossible for me to renew my subscription."

It is no wonder to me that many of your *Sound and Fury* authors use the phrase "and so what" in their letters to you.

Does Edw. Stern write to the Arrow Shorts Manufacturing Co. and tell them he does not want any more of their products because they give him a binding pain in "that certain region?" I think not. Anyway, he can be eliminated to my mind as he got his plug for good old Economist Stamp Co. in free without paying for the adv. The old boy has a head for business, even if it was at the cost of losing Esquire.

Does L. Angulo in his very best English write to his favorite tobacco company and tell them he does not want "one more single" puff from their product because the tobacco does not smell at all like tobacco? I think not.

Does Victor R. Aramburo circularize an entire class of companies and explain to them that "it is impossible" for him to use their goods any longer because of an unforeseen accident? I think not.

Why, then, must these subscription cancellers inform to all who will read that they will no longer be a reader of Esquire? After all, if readers do not like the magazine, it is their fault, not the fault of Esquire. Esquire is for sale as is. If a reader does not like the magazine, he can leave it alone. Somebody else will buy it. Who cares if a reader will not be a future reader because of some gripe? These subscription cancellers would cancel their own wives, if law would make it as easy as writing a letter.

The more I read these "cancel my subscription" letters, the more I think of Will Rogers' remark to the various persons who wrote to him stating they did not like his radio program. He stifled them by replying . . . "I have no sympathy with anyone too lazy to turn a dial!"

I only wish that Stern, Angulo, and Aramburo could see this letter, but they have quit Esquire and will never peek between its covers again, not even to see if *Sound and Fury* printed their letters as they dared Esquire to do. Will curiosity get them? I think so.

Sincerely yours,
Hollywood, Calif. Broox Hoyt

A CORRECTION

My mother, brother and myself have just finished reading your Mr. Morgan's rather amazing story of *Reno's Unsung Columbus*, and filled as we are with mixed emotions, I feel it imperative to write and point out glaring discrepancies, that are both unkind and unjust to my father's memory.

First let me assure you that we appreciate the evident friendship that you held for my father and also your kind effort to give him due credit for the rise and prosperity of Reno's chief "industry," tho I am sure that it was an honor that he held lightly.

As to the errors in your story, I would like it understood that Wm. H. Schnitzer remained my father's name long after his crucifying experience with the Nevada bar and that he did not change his name until the time America entered the World War and that there was no attempt to change his identity. Also, while one dislikes to spoil the dramatic touch of a story, I am happy to say that far from "an aged and tortured spirit" was my father's unfailing optimism and fortitude.

Dad returned to Reno in 1914 and took his fair share of the business that he created and I most emphatically resent your statement that as a disbarred attorney there were few clients. He numbered among his clients Lady Furness, Alexander Pantages, Anita Stewart, the Converse brothers, Thelma Todd and other notables; hardly a list that would employ a shyster lawyer. His name was changed in a legal manner as many other names were changed at that period and he continued practicing in Reno under his new name of Wm. H. Sheldon until 1921, when he showed his courage and belief in himself by moving us all to Los Angeles. A far more pleasant atmosphere for two growing boys. From that time on, Dad followed his chosen profession in Los Angeles, increased his host of friends, provided all of the necessities, and a great many of the luxuries of life for his family and at the time of his death was becoming one of the best known attorneys in Hollywood.

No material tribute is needed or wanted from those who treated him so unjustly. My beloved father's kind deeds and generous response to all who came to him in trouble or in want, is a lasting monument of his great unselfishness and love for mankind and an inspiration to my brother and myself, who are proud to be his sons, so you see the "harp" will always be a song in the hearts of those who loved him.

Sincerely yours,
Melvil A. Sheldon
Beverly Hills, Calif.

SUCCESS VIA S. & F.

Has anyone sent you a list of correspondence received after the publication of an explosion to your department?

Perhaps yes. None the less permit me to list the outstanding samples of my mail since my brief moment of "Fame" in your most esteemed pages.

1. Solicitations from four subscription agencies.
2. Solicitations from four "book groups."
3. Solicitations from the Oklahoma State Secretary Communist Party, U. S. A.
4. Seven letters from long forgotten acquaintances congratulating me on Americanizing my name. (This you did for me by virtue of being unable to read my signature.)
5. One bill.
6. Three letters suggesting that I spend money on the writer in lieu of purchasing more books.
7. Travel folders from fourteen sources.
8. Literature from three societies publishing "old" literature. (I gather it is odd as well as old).

Who knows, perhaps even more mail may come. And if this letter reaches the "great public" through *Sound and Fury* it may once and for all assure my correspondents that their efforts are not in vain.

J. von Macklin (not John Macklin)
Nowata, Okla.

TO AN UNAMUSED WENCH

Your argument's ridiculous,
You're not the least meticulous,
The trouble with you, lady, is you're bored,
You're lecherous but satiated;
Those men you have ingratiated,
You fain would have us think that you've abhorred.

Now, lady, so ubiquitous,
Be sensible, admit to us
Your attitude toward loving is unholy.
The reason that you find it tame,
You play it like a hockey game,
And you've become a too efficient goalie.

It's not my job to preach to you,
For who am I to teach to you,
A dame who counts her conquests by the score?
"Approach" is just one part of it,
And if you seek the art of it,
My friend, you must *co-operate* much more!

New York, N. Y. Jules B. Singer

Continued on page 190

watch for signs of age in these 3 places

CLEANSING CREAM
Dorothy Gray

YOUR NOSE

Here Age Sign No. 1 starts on a tour of your face. What large pores need is cleansing with Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream. Airy-light, it liquefies...thoroughly searches out the neglected dirt that's causing your skin its grief. *Cleansing Cream (liquefying, for normal and oily skins) $1. Cream 683 for dry skin, $1.*

Dorothy Gray

YOUR EYES

Age Sign No. 2 has a head start. Lines on forehead, lines around eyes...may deepen into furrows. Apply, Dorothy Gray Special Dry-Skin Mixture nightly, with smart patting. Its precious Vitamin D is absorbed, benefits the delicate skin. Lines seem to smooth out with most flattering effect. *Special Dry-Skin Mixture, $2.25.*

THROAT CREAM
Dorothy Gray

YOUR THROAT

Meet Age Sign No. 3 with Dorothy Gray Throat Cream. Patting briskly, determinedly with this cream opposes efficiently the tendency to wrinkles. Dry skin welcomes its rich lubrication—absorbs its helpful Vitamin D. *Dorothy Gray Throat Cream, large size $4. With double chin strap for contour, $5.*

Copyright 1937 by Dorothy Gray Co., Ltd.

JEWELS BY MARCUS...*Platinum Bracelet* (left), new bangle design. *Three Bracelets* (right), emphasizing rubies and diamonds, with massive diamond plaque in ruby bead strand. *Ruby Ring. Ear-Clips* and *Clip-Brooches* of rubies and diamonds.

MAKE-UP BY DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...*Natural Face Powder* does homage to pearly skin tints. *Bright Rose Lipstick* is an added fillip for lips already bright. *Violet Eye Shadow,* suddenly exotic. *Brown Lashique* in demure sweeping contrast.

FINEST EMOLLIENTS NOW ENRICHED WITH VITAMIN D

Now the Dorothy Gray Salons crown years of achievement with an exciting new development. Their emollient creams, so faithful in combating age, have been further enriched. They now contain Vitamin D in abundance! This is the vitamin that skin actually *absorbs.* As scientific evidence indicates, it is truly beneficial to the skin. Coloring clears, brightens. Skin texture feels softer. Lines seem to smooth out noticeably. Now, more than ever, the Dorothy Gray Salon emollients are lamps lighting the way to loveliness!

Dorothy Gray

DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...a corporation, successor to Dorothy Gray...683 Fifth Avenue, New York...Los Angeles Denver...Washington...Boston...Milwaukee...Paris...Brussels Amsterdam...The Hague...And the Grace Line "Santa" ships.

Styl-EEZ
FOR MEN

Styl-EEZ is the most talked about shoe in America today. Modern minded young executives choose it for its superlative styling. Frequently it is referred to as the smartest looking shoe money can buy. And in addition it has exclusive corrective features, invisibly built in for day-long comfort. See Styl-EEZ in a wide selection of models and leathers at your favorite shoe store or write us for nearest dealer's name.

WALL STREETER SHOE CO.
NORTH ADAMS, MASS

(Styl-EEZ shoes for WOMEN are made by SELBY SHOE CO.)

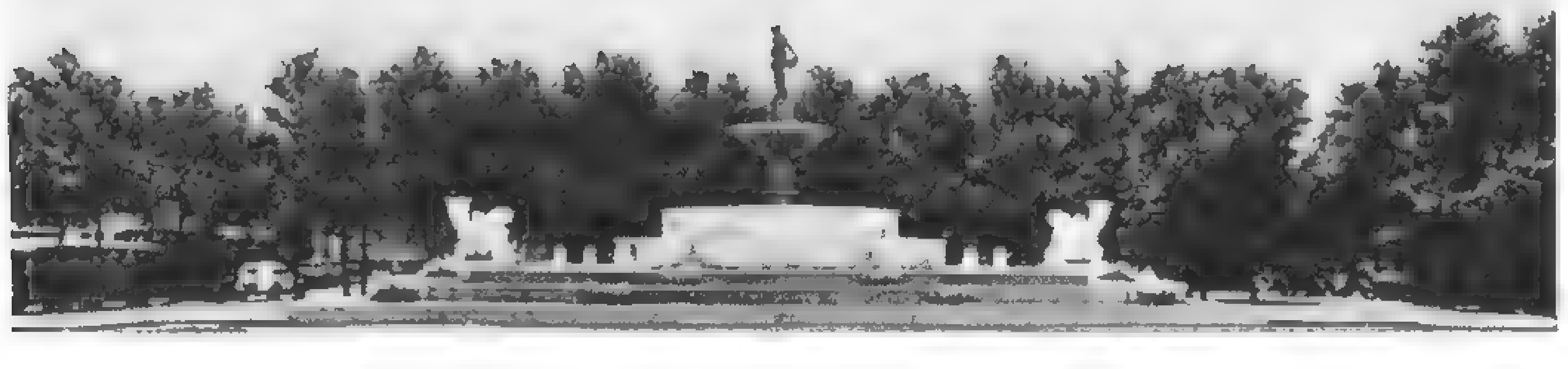
1
2
3
❶ FLARE-LIFT INNERSOLE
❷ STEEL SHANK
❸ SPONGE RUBBER METATARSAL CUSHION
$6.75 UP

Even in the most remote corners of the globe, the name Plaza is a symbol of hotel excellence.

Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director

The PLAZA New York

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET • FACING CENTRAL PARK



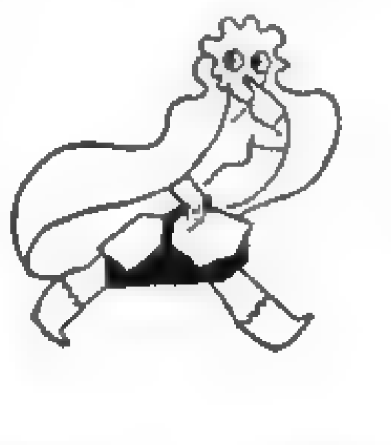
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-187-188

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF PRINCETON '40

What the hell, Princeton! Flunking exams or is the present day living just a little too fast for you? I know I don't have proven reasons for debasing your mouse-eared, god-damned tripe about Esquire, but God knows I'll have plenty of approvals for it.

I agree with you in that *She's No Longer Faithful If*—is a lot of worthless material, more suitable for the farmers' use of Sears & Roebuck's Catalogs. But what the hell is this about John Dos Passos, the "ultra-sophistication," and "dirt." I'd like to have you state your proof as to the "99%" who regard his works as "garbage." It sounds to me like a damn foolish idea on your part. You certainly have that "ultra-sophistication" to a high degree—thinking, or pretending to think, that 99% of the people's minds run along at the same depth as yours. If you're right—I've found a perfect example of "all fools think alike."



So Esquire is sophisticated? Now *maybe* they could put in the story of *Little Red Hiding Hood*, just for you. Now there's a truly great story. The simplicity, interesting continuity, happy ending, *and* no sex, might in some way appease you. God-damn Princeton! Wake up to facts; come to life. What the hell do you damn guys talk about at frat besides women, wine, and dirt. Hell knows you don't sit around telling little "goody-goody" stories with happy endings. I must say you showed beautifully how unstained and virtuous you model B—— are. Hell! Either your humor is terribly warped, or you're too damn young to know what the hell its all about. Who said dirt *was* art? This isn't an art magazine. Esquire is a magazine for *men*, dear child, one which *men* alone can appreciate.

O. K. Editor, I'm through, but these guys who are always harping about your magazine just don't quite click with me. What if there are a few mistakes in it? Hell, aren't there in all good publications? Besides, I think you guys have enough common sense to recognize your own mistakes without these numb-skulls interrupting at every odd moment. Thanks, and to hell with Princeton!

John H. Fulling '40
University of Tulsa
Tulsa, Okla.

Editor's Note: *We did run the story of* Little Red Riding Hood, *back somewhere in '34.*

GIRL ON DANGERS OF GIRLISHNESS

Sooner or later we all succumb to the temptation of giving vent to our pent-up emotions in *Sound and Fury*—and here I am, after all these years, ready to add my five-cents worth. But I want this clearly understood before I go any further—I have no objections to, nor faults to find with Esquire, and I'm not threatening to cancel my subscription. I get very bored with people who write to tell you that they are going to cancel their subscriptions at once. Why don't they do it? And if all those that wrote to tell you to "cancel forthwith," actually meant it, and you did so, where would you get 400,000 readers—or is it 600,000?

I might say right here that I would not be here at all except that it is raining like hell and cold as blazes (here in Sunny California) and I have nothing else to do but to sound off and be furious at those narrow-minded ones who insist that everything in the magazine must suit them to a "T" and exactly fit their mood.

I am certainly not dependent solely upon Esquire for my reading material. What I like in Esquire I read, and what I don't like, I simply "skip it." What you fail to supply I can find elsewhere. This surely is not true with the majority of those who write to *Sound and Fury*. I have a sneaking suspicion that they are all seriously limited and handicapped as to their reading material, as they must have nothing else to read but Esquire. They stir up such a fuss because *one* article or *one* cartoon is not to their liking. What they fail to realize is that one man's meat is another man's poison, and vice versa! It proves that because they want Esquire to be perfect (which is of course impossible) they must have nothing else to read that month.

Now as to the wailing and gnashing of teeth over the fact that femininity is creeping between the once masculine covers of Esquire. That *is* a tragedy of which I am deeply sympathetic. We girls are very disappointed in this fact. Femininity *is* rearing its lovely head into these sacred masculine precincts, and that is sad indeed. The more strictly masculine you can keep Esquire, the better the women will like it.

After all we have an abundance of magazines to compensate us for any lack of femininity in Esquire, and when we tire of the masculine angle we can easily get a strictly feminine one from any one of dozens of periodicals. But is this true with the mistreated stronger sex? No—decidedly no!! The poor darlings—are they not to have a magazine they can call their own, even if not their souls? So please see what you can do about adhering to the pledge of your sub-title. Have more helpful pages for the advertisers who are willing to divulge the secrets of preventing chafing, how to avoid the discomforts of binding, painless garters, stretchless suspenders, abdomen reducing girdles (masculine, of course), hair restorers, bloodless razors, and dreamless pajamas.

Women have had all of their secrets revealed to the shameless gaze of the mere male—from uplift brassieres to hygienic aids—why not men?

Yours for candidness,
Sidonia Engleman
Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor's Note: *We note with astonishment that it is now 618,000 readers.*

REVERSE ITALIAN

The Wench, undoubtedly, will not be amused at this suggestion. But in order to take a little of the cockiness out of her I would remind her that there are women seducers as well as men seducers and that the women's technique is even more stereotyped than the male's. It varies not at all from the maternal, or sisterly approach, the outright purchase, or the neglected wife.

She may argue that the woman seducer is out of her element. Very well, let's take up her original contention that the male species has only seven approaches. I challenge this and present as the eighth what might be called the reverse approach.

This is one which a native Italian worked quite successfully on a young lady not unlike Miss Anonymous herself. She too was bored and she went to Naples to forget.

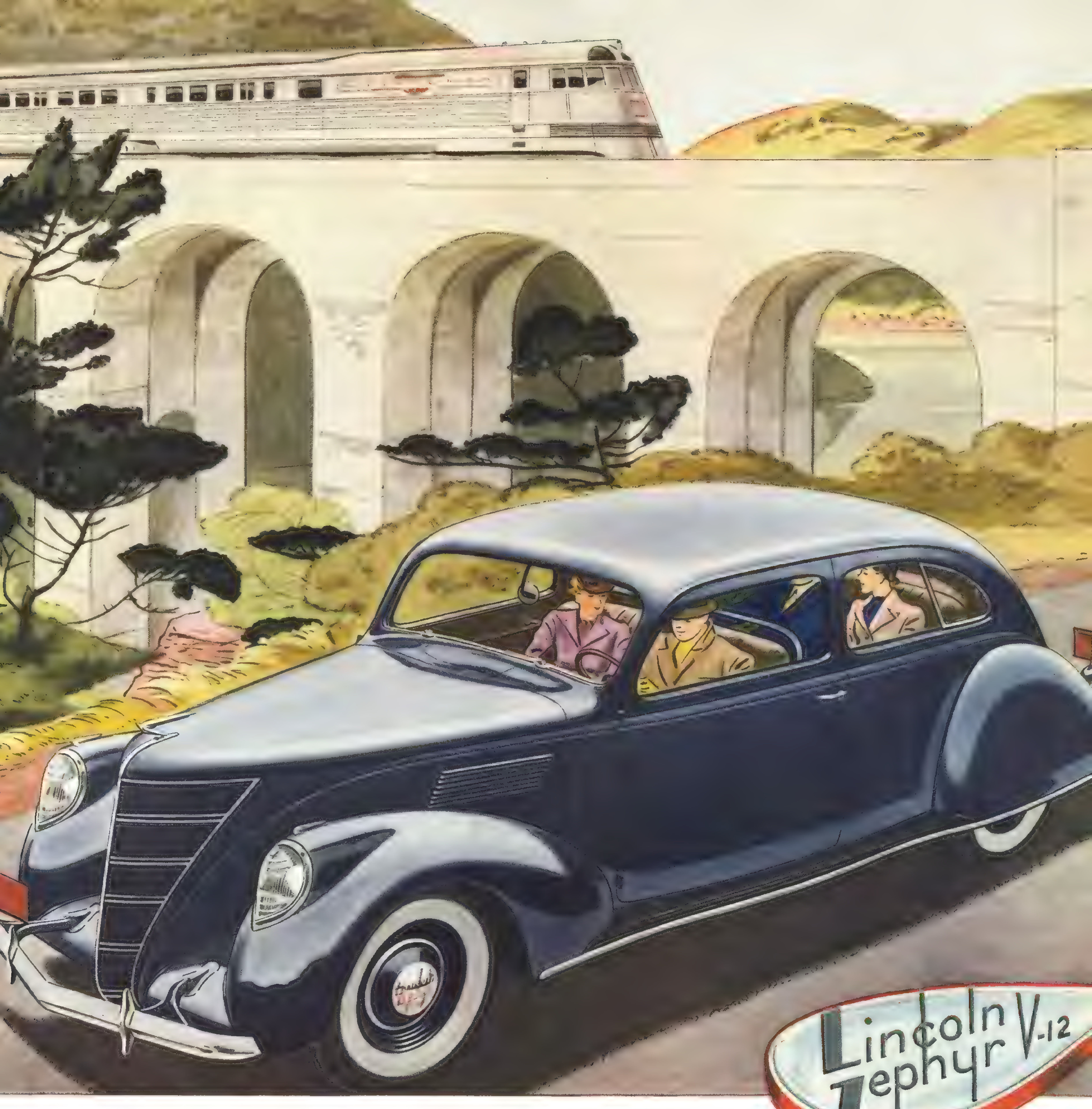
She met the Italian and he asked her what kind of flowers she liked. When she said roses, he brought her violets. He asked her if she would like to go to a movie and when she replied in the affirmative took her for a long walk through the streets of Naples.

When as a result of continued reverses of this nature she said "I hate you," he knew she loved him which he promptly proved in no uncertain manner.

There is also a ninth approach—my own—but a chappie has to keep some secrets from the wenches who rush into print.

The Hermit of Carmel
Del Monte, Calif.

Continued on page 192



The newest things on wheels!

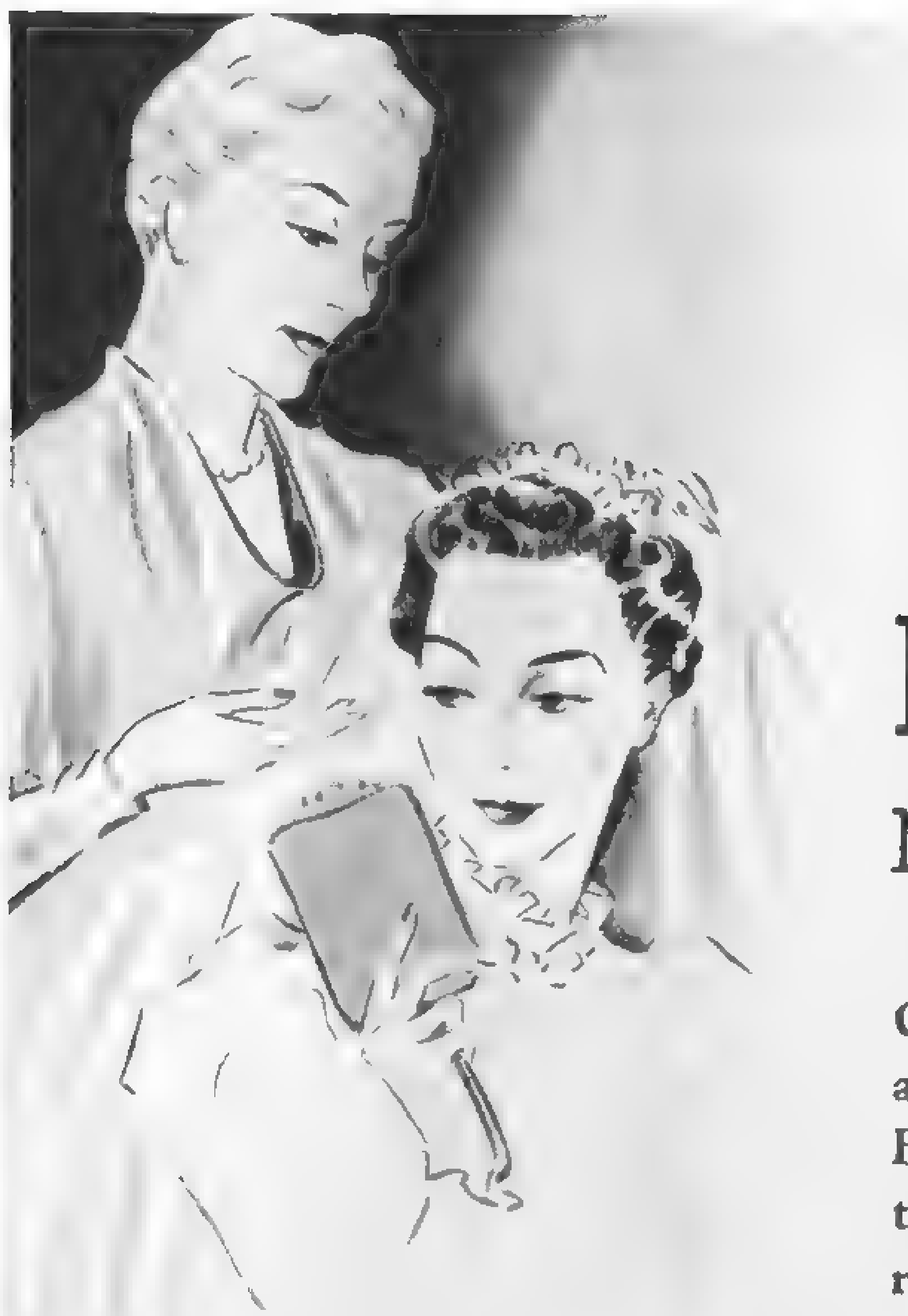
ONE is a streamlined train rolling up new records on the rails. One is a motor car, the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, rolling up new records on the roads. Common to both is a break with the past—a new idea of design and performance—a new conception of safety and economy—a new point-of-view toward travel!

The first feature that sets a dividing line between the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR and all other cars in the field is the V-12 engine. It is a silent, alert powerhouse of 12 cylinders in V-style. It develops 110 horsepower; is fast as a marksman's shot on the pick-up. *It gives 14 to 18 miles per gallon!*

This is a big car. The wheelbase is 122 inches. And it is a safe car. Steel is around you and above you. Steel girders form a "unit body and frame" unique in the automotive world. *No other is like it.* No other gives the same protection, the same comfort. And what other car, at this price or near it, is so complete . . . so thoroughly on its good behavior *always?*

Compare feature against feature, delivered price against delivered price, and discover why those who drive the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR *once* drive happily ever after! *Lincoln Motor Company, builders of the Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr.*

THE CAR THAT IS PRICED BELOW ITS SPECIFICATIONS



Bride and Grandmother Both use

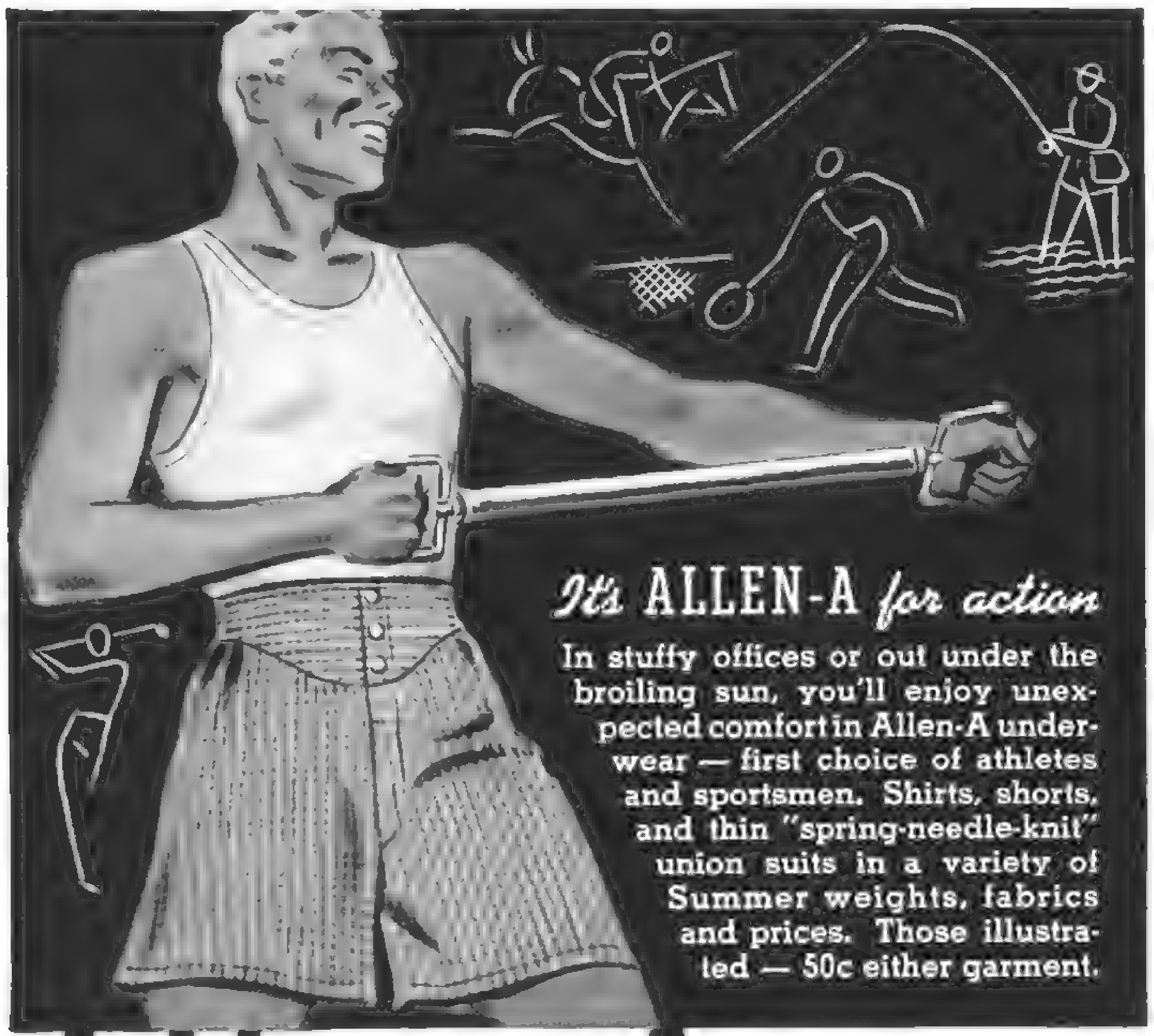
REVLON NAIL POLISH

One of our stylists attended a fashionable wedding in Boston last week. She asked the bride, "What brand of nail polish do you prefer?" The bride answered, "I use Revlon"; whereupon her grandmother, a leader of Boston society, volunteered that she, too, used Revlon.

Ask *your* fashionable friends about their nail polish preferences. The majority will tell you that they use Revlon. For Revlon wears and wears, retains its lustre longer and offers shades for every complexion, costume and occasion. Try Savoy—Ascot and Sudan. All new. Fashion-right.

Revlon

125 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

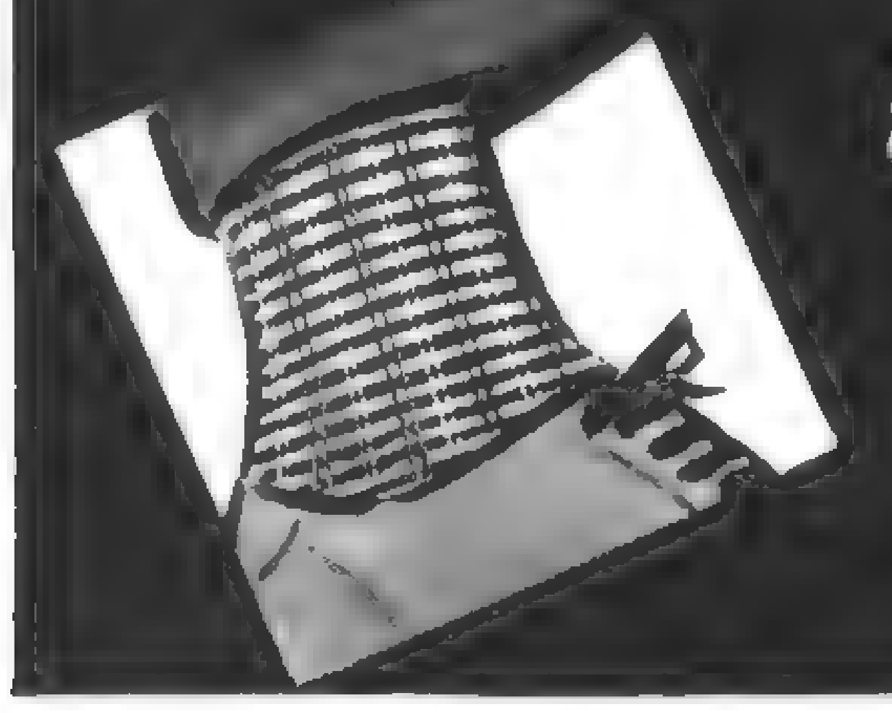


It's ALLEN-A *for action*

In stuffy offices or out under the broiling sun, you'll enjoy unexpected comfort in Allen-A underwear — first choice of athletes and sportsmen. Shirts, shorts, and thin "spring-needle-knit" union suits in a variety of Summer weights, fabrics and prices. Those illustrated — 50c either garment.

Allen-A

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN
BENNINGTON, VT.



paddock bars.. At the Kentucky Derby, Saratoga, or Santa Anita—wherever thoroughbreds run and sportsmen congregate — you'll see this new Allen-A sock. It looks well with light spring clothing and is offered in a number of colors. 50c the pair.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-187-188-190

A FAN FOR THE WENCH

I—to be different—do not presume to know any such mythical person named Esquire or Esqy; so shall simply address this highly complimentary letter to the editor of *Sound & Fury*.

This unprecedented breaking into print is in the hope of being one of the first to extend my thanks to the anonymous writer of *The Wench Is Not Amused*—also to the editor for printing it (first article too). Have not as yet read the rest of the February number, but this article so moved me that I must needs get my two cents in ahead of the hundreds of pin-brained gentlemen—yes, ladies too—who will presently fill your mail-box with wholesome drivel on the pros and cons of the character and morals of the writer. "Cons" mostly, I'm thinking. In some cases, I will admit, these same estimable people do have cause to issue some highly constructive bitching but when they make unmitigated asses out of themselves, I wonder at their own highly touted virtue and simply exclaim; bilgewater!

Thanks young lady; or perhaps, young man. You have given me an entirely new light on my past and future *nuits d'amour*—plus some much needed information. I hereby issue a warning to all young ladies who come in future contact with me. And let me add that the article was intended only for such as I; so to the stay-at-homes, fastidious women, clergy, saints, the happily married, and others of the same leanings, I say, pull in your ears and let the typewriter rest.

Lafayette, Ind. J. P. S.

TO AMUSE THE WENCH

Lament of several guys who have approached in the seven different ways but have never had to complete the routine because the women couldn't wait. We're tired too.

We agree that most girls become acquainted with the gentle art of seduction early in life. And we will also agree, if anyone cares to make the statement, that the girls show great aptitude for speeding the development of that acquaintance into ripe old friendship.

At the risk of sounding equally as foolish, we will say that we know that when we look at young ladies in the street we know what they are so fondly believing. None of us has ever posed for commercial photographers but a couple of us are perfectly ripping at ping pong. And we always buy our own dinners.

You don't have to take our word for this, we'll lay twenty to one that we can make nine out of ten females without even reaching for our wallets. We know that sounds conceited but who are we to argue with statistics?

When a gal is first turned loose on the world of man, the game of seduction may be pretty exciting to her, but it bores us stiff. During our last four years of school, our year abroad, and our first three or four years in a boarding house, we must admit we were exceedingly weary of the whole tiresome process; particularly so because we knew that we had only to toss the sop of a so-called "approach" to the feminine vanity to gain our end.

We find ourselves in complete agreement with our wench who is not amused on the point that there is no glamor in a story repeated a dozen or a hundred times. In fact, we have often woefully wished that there *was* a good card game going on and that we were taking part in it. We fear that our good wench has failed to realize a truth which is common knowledge with us: that if she won't, there are plenty of others who will.

Now that we have given a rough idea of our wide experience in this line, we would like to offer a few ideas of our own in the way of Feminine Come-Ons.

No. 1
THE CRUDEST

Simple and very raw. The idea is to give the poor male the impression that she has had too much to drink and therefore does not know what she is doing. If he accepts, after the usual formula of two negatives making one affirmative, she can, when she is sober again, accuse him, with the tears, etc. that always accompany such scenes, of having seduced her.

No. 2
THE CHEAPEST

One buck.

No. 3
THE MATERNAL INSTINCT ACT

The long beard on our wench's approach No. 3 was transplanted from this one. She tells you that she feels very motherly toward you and sits on your lap and holds your hand against herself in a highly unmotherly fashion. One determined pass in the right direction kills this one and you are on your way home in fifteen minutes.

No. 4
THE WEAK WILLED ONE

She tells you that she knows it's wrong but she can't control herself when she is with you. But if you take her at her word and withhold your attentions you're in for a bad mauling. Take our advice and satisfy her right away, it will save you no end of embarrassment.

* * *

We'd like to be able to go on and make our total number of Come-Ons seven but unfortunately feminine ingenuity has failed to supply the necessary material. And since this Blind Man's Buff, Tag, You're It or whatever you want to call it is so wearisome in its naivete, we're leaning more and more toward a good poker game as the best means of a pleasant evening's entertainment.

We could take a renewed interest in the game if our women would forget their Come-Ons, eliminate our approaches, and use the more direct one-over-one system. It can't be beat for satisfactory results and it saves a whale of a lot of time. But you can't expect a river to flow toward its source, so the hell with it. There's no escape.

THE BOARDING HOUSE BOYS
Newark, N. J.

ON THE JOB, THAT'S ESQ.

I am taking advantage of your business reply envelope to tell you what a dumb bunch of "Asterbays" I think you are and why I am cancelling my subscription to your very excellent magazine.

Your dumbness is only eclipsed by your gluttonous desire for a bigger and better subscription list. Your December issue displayed a very marked resemblance to a Sears and Roebuck catalog being almost completely taken up with advertisements. That was one of the things I objected to in your conduct of your magazine but it remained for the circulation department to produce the pay-off. Last year I sent you three subscriptions, one to my own home and two to lady friends scattered around these northwest states. You are so god-damned anxious to get subscriptions that you inundate the place with your literature and in one letter *that goes to my home* you inquire if I do not want to renew my subscriptions for, and here you mentioned the ladies by name. Sure my wife opened the letter and if I'd have had you by the throat I would cheerfully have killed you (meaning the circulation manager) instead of just dropping my subscriptions. I spend ten bucks with you to be rewarded with that kind of a headache.

Disgustedly yours,
Seattle, Wash. DOG-HOUSED

Continued on page 192B

only Heinz
can pack this finer tomato juice

That's the reward of 50 years spent in developing the world's most delicious tomato—the Heinz tomato

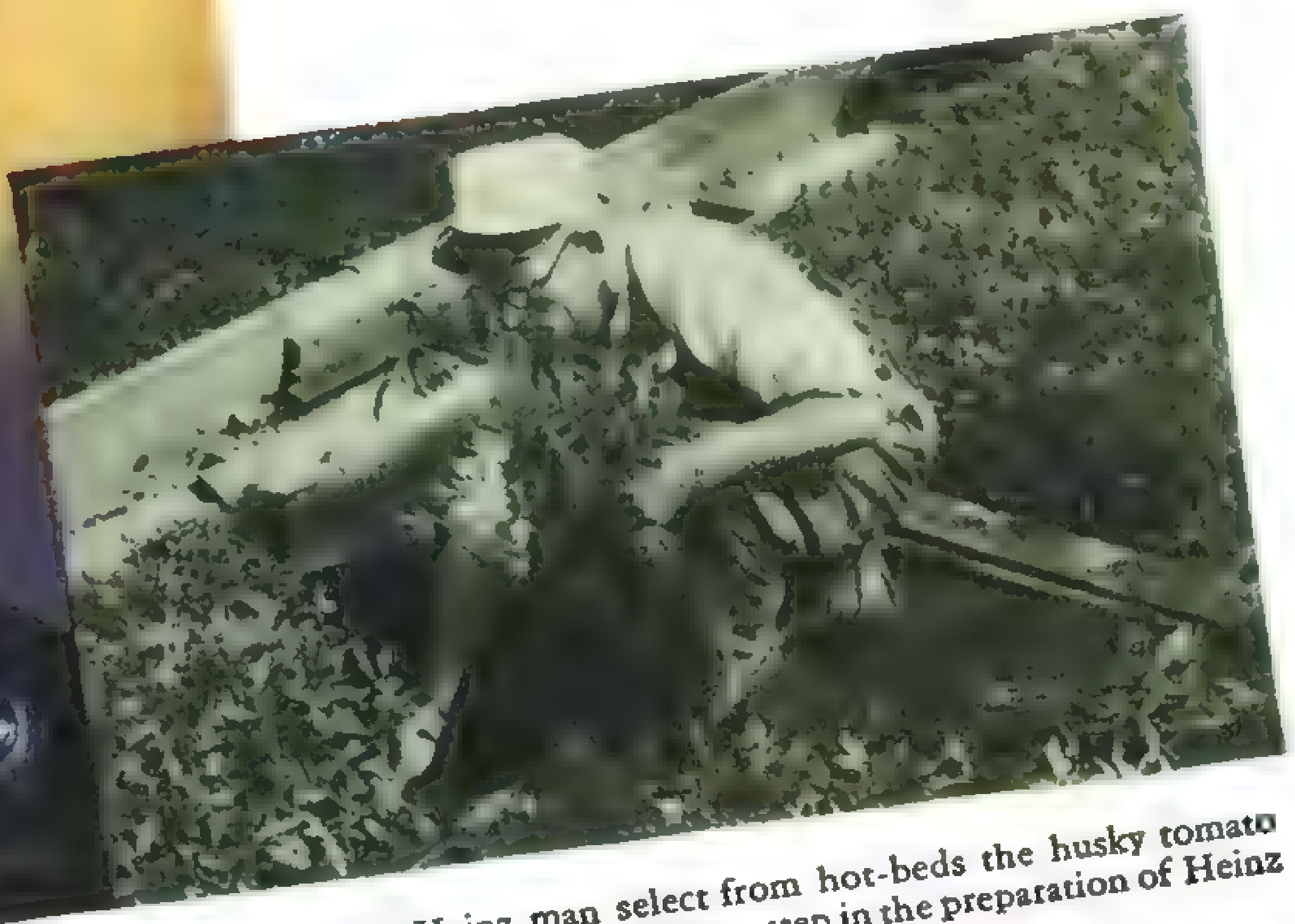
YOU'D naturally expect Heinz to pack the finest tomato juice, for Heinz tomatoes are the pick of the world's best crop! No other tomato juice has the same, rich, fresh-off-the-vine flavor, because Heinz *exclusively* uses the "aristocrat" tomato—developed through years of crossbreeding. From seed to vine-ripened fruit, cultivation of the "aristocrat" tomato is under Heinz supervision. The seedlings, before being transplanted in the fields, are actually *raised in Heinz greenhouses!*

As each firm-cheeked, ruddy beauty reaches its flavor peak, it's plucked and rushed to near-by Heinz kitchens. Scarcely has the dew dried on its sides before it's pressed and the juice sealed in stout tins with only a pinch of salt added.

Keep a generous supply of Heinz *finer* tomato juice on hand at all times. Serve it—chilled—at breakfast, lunch and dinner.

• • •

Tune in *Heinz Magazine of the Air.* Full half hour—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, 11 E.S.T.; 10 C.S.T.; 9 M. T.; 12 Noon Pacific Time—Columbia Network



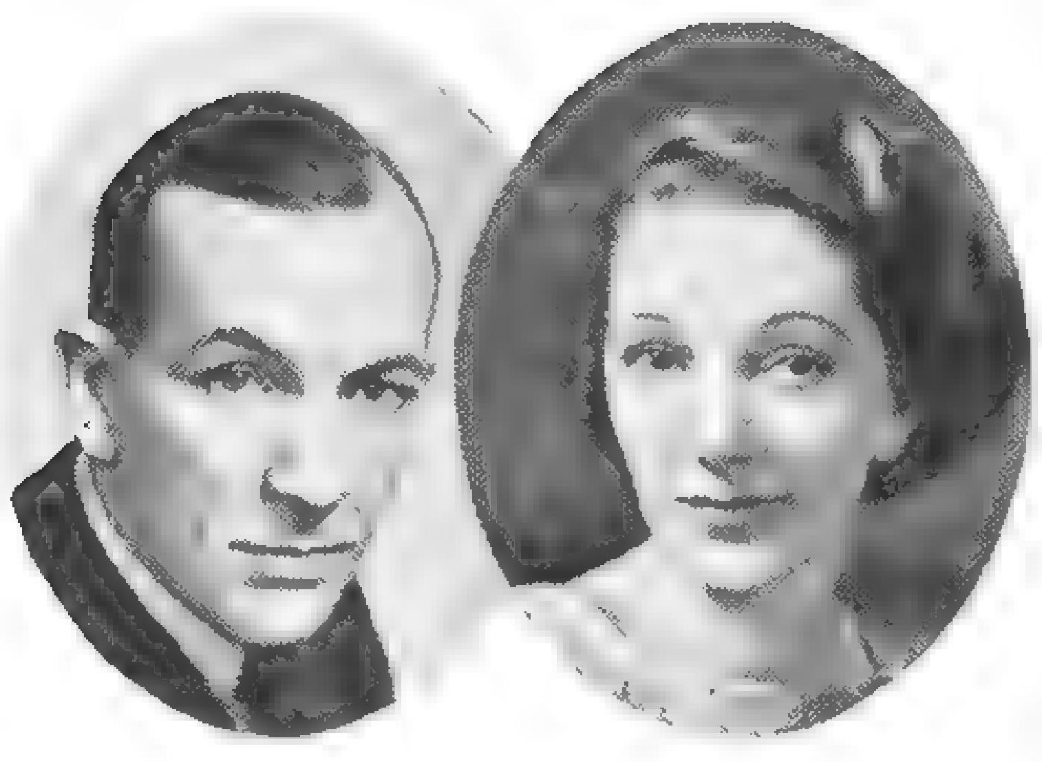
Deft hands of a Heinz man select from hot-beds the husky tomato plants ready to be transplanted. Every step in the preparation of Heinz Tomato Juice is as carefully supervised!

57

Heinz TOMATO JUICE

SERVE COLD
SHAKE BEFORE USING
HEINZ
TOMATO JUICE
H.J. HEINZ CO.

Copr. 1937 H. J. Heinz Co.



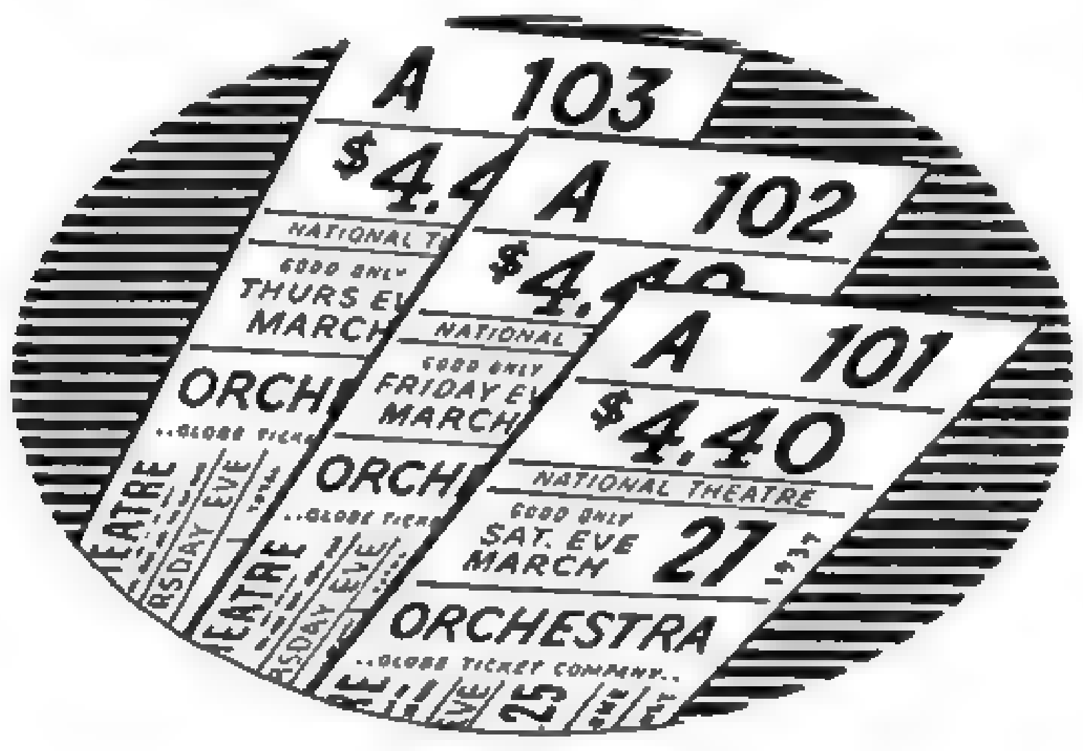
Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence

won't go on the road... but they'll sing the hits from

"TONIGHT AT 8:30"

for you in your home

Most Esquire readers need no telling that Noel Coward produced another box office sensation with his nine one-act plays, "Tonight at 8:30". Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence will not go on the road. You can see them only in New York. But you can hear them in your own home... hear the musical hits from *all* nine of their plays for less than half the price you'd pay for one theatre ticket to the three evenings of "Tonight at 8:30". Victor Higher Fidelity recording is so realistic it actually seems to bring the theatre into your home.



RECORDS FROM "TONIGHT AT 8:30"

by Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence

36191—Scenes from "Shadow Play" **$1.25**
36192—Scenes from "Family Album" **$1.25**
36193—Scenes from "Red Peppers" **$1.25**

Dance Tunes from "Tonight at 8:30"

25438—Play, Orchestra, Play —*Fox Trot*
At the Cafe Continental —*Fox Trot*
Roy Fox and His Orchestra **$ .75**
25439—We Were Dancing
Parisian Pierrot **$ .75**

Victor Records also offer you the music from *"Red, Hot and Blue"*, *"The Show is On"*, and other current New York stage hits.

RCA presents the Metropolitan Opera every Saturday afternoon. "The Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. S. T. on NBC Blue Network.

HIGHER FIDELITY
VICTOR RECORDS
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-187-188-190-192

SEVEN AGAINST ONE

The Wench Is Not Amused, but she is amusing. Sez she: "No campaigner . . . ever overcame my last line of defense unless I deliberately chose that he should—and that can hardly be counted a total defeat."

The wench has not recognized the subtlety of those merry campaigners who have brought her to—well, recumbence—by the ancient process of reducing the resistance to a point where she "chose that they should." However, even total defeats have their moments. At least she admits there are seven kinds of men. Any enterprising and non-juvenile bachelor can tell her there is only one kind of girls. Pushovers.

Altoona, Penna. C. J. Conrad

ANSWERING THE OLDEST CHARGE

May I compliment you on the possession of two such marvels among your readers as those tank-town satirists named C. W. and John B. Gains, both featured in your *Sound and the Fury* department in the February issue of Esquire? The proud old town of Chillicothe, O., as well as your magazine, may well rejoice in them. I, and many another poor mortal I know, can't remember what I did yesterday; but these two intelligent gents (they probably live next door to each other and collaborated on the idea) can unerringly remember a story they read eight years ago (either in *Collier's* or the *Saturday Evening Post*, or maybe the Chillicothe *Daily Star*) and just as unerringly pin a charge of plagiarism on Michael Fessier. Incidentally, John doesn't agree with C. W. Good old C. W. has the memory of an elephant. He thinks it might have been ten or eleven years ago. The first version of this story might even have been inscribed on some Summerian tablets.

I hold no brief for Fessier, except that he's a damned good writer; but I do hold a brief for all the poor devils of writers, who, if they happen to seize upon a familiar formula and twist it to their own ends, immediately discover a pack of wolves on their trail yipping, "Plagiarism, plagiarism!" In any other profession, if you call a man a thief you've got to prove it. You think twice before you do it, and make sure of your facts. But it's perfectly all right to call a writer a thief, whether you know what you're talking about or not.

It's pretty obvious to any reasonable person that Fessier didn't commit anything even approaching plagiarism. He has his own particular style (which even a couple of Ohio geniuses ought to be able to recognize), and I imagine it would be pretty hard for him to copy anybody else if he wanted to. Secondly, that badgered-witness business is slightly older than God, and has been used by many a journeyman Corona-wrecker. Fessier simply put his own individual slant on it. Thirdly, Fessier is an established writer. The only plagiarism he'll ever be in danger of committing is on himself, as so many of our eminent authors are doing daily. He doesn't need to copy anybody else, because he has a better market for his own stuff. Fourthly, although it has probably never occurred to C. W. and J. G., there is no new idea under the sun. About all a writer can hope to do is get a different interpretation in his own material. Such themes as "It's a Helluva Note" was compounded of are common literary property. If they weren't, then the most of us would have to stick to straight Marxian dialectic, like our high-minded brethern around Union Square. Fifthly, those twin prides of Chillicothe, O., ought to know that the only fun in writing (and there's very little fun in it) is knowing that what you do, however lousy, is really your *own*. It happens to be what makes writers. Only rank amateurs and gents desperate for money plagiarize.

(Personal to J. W. and John B. Gains: Fessier is a producer in the movies. He doesn't need the money.)

In closing, may I nominate these two eminent literary detectives for first prize in the Ignorance Division of The Worst Possible Taste In 1937? They deserve it. When better whistle-stop memory experts are made, Chillicothe O., will supply them.

Respectfully,
Los Angeles, Calif. Robert Carson

NARCISSUS OF THE MIDWEST

Marriage . . . Bah!!! I have lived thirty-two years of my life so far. Some good, some bad; I've been up and down all walks of life a good many times; and I have yet to see one solid point to change my views on that subject.

I am now in business in a midwestern town (the people living here insist on calling it a city) and I can be classed as a very eligible bachelor. I have, somewhere among the hundreds of papers at the bottom of my trunk, a college degree. I've traveled around the world twice; dined with women of the highest social standing; and spent evenings walking through the park with poor working girls in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and a half dozen other cities in this country of ours. So what???

All, or should I be broad minded enough to say ninety-nine per cent of the fairer sex, carry that selfishness that is so predominant in their makeup. They think not of the circumstances or the eventual outcome of their desires to marry. Why should they have that "any-port-in-a-storm" attitude. Never, have I seen one who did not have marriage foremost in her mind. And their methods of bringing about the subject are shrewd and clever. They never seem to be able to think of waiting a year or even two years. It is almost too much to expect them to wait a few months. I know, some of them have waited years. But, only because they were afraid that the "goose would stop laying those golden eggs."

I'm enjoying myself now. I'm being invited to some of the best homes in town. Dinners, parties, week-ends. But, invariably, they all lead to an introduction to a daughter, niece or a dear friend of the family. I've played the game a few times. It's always the same.

I can sit back and laugh now, at some of my friends who have married "the best little girl in the world." One can't marry one of the best little girls in the world. He'd have to spend all day washing her diapers and knitting little woolen socks for her, if he could.

So, keep your marriage ideas, my lassies, I'm enjoying life quite well now.

Very sincerely submitted,
Indianapolis, Ind. Jay Bee

P.S. I would submit my name but, the ire and wrath of my numerous female acquaintances would set my head awhirling.

FAREWELL TO WENCHING

Lads, if you've got to have your evil, stick to liquor. You'll get your money's worth, and a headache's easier to get rid of than a woman.

So hail and farewell, gents, and may Lucifer prevail, and as for the wenches . . . *Ite, maledicti, in igneum eternis.*

Yours,
Rachmaninoff O'Toole
Inwood on the Hudson,
New York, N. Y.

Continued on page 194

Beau Bacchus

SAYS:

I do a lot of night clubbing with plenty of late hours, and I find if I stick to **Moët** Imperial Crown (there are a number of its fine vintages on wine cards at better places) I'm up in the morning and ready to go.

MOËT & CHANDON
ESTABLISHED 1743
Champagne
IMPERIAL CROWN WHITE SEAL
LABOURDETTE IMPORTING CORP.
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RAW IRRITATED THROAT

—and nose membranes are soothed and healed quickly by gentle, effective GLYCO-THYMOLINE... recommended by doctors for over 40 years. A pleasant, alkaline mouth wash as well as a reliable safeguard against colds and sore throats.

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But your judgment means more to us than all the medals in the world!

Year after year, critical judges of fine beer have awarded highest honors to BUDWEISER at one world exposition after another. People like you—millions of them—have proved that the judges were right.

You made the BUDWEISER test . . . and constant expansion of the world's largest brewery has been necessary to care for the ever increasing calls for BUDWEISER, King of Bottled Beer. Yet, regardless of size, all the skill that created the quality that the name of BUDWEISER promises is found in every bottle and can.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

MAKE THIS TEST!
Drink
Budweiser
FOR FIVE DAYS
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On the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer. You will want the Budweiser flavor thereafter.

Budweiser

As you like it *in bottles • in cans*

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COMPACT
CROSS SECTION
The Rolls blade—heavy Sheffield steel, hollow-ground to a scalpel-sharp shaving edge.

The superb, heavy Rolls Blade is honed and stropped within the compact case. A few easy strokes of the stropping handle are all that's needed to keep this *permanent blade* always sharp. The Rolls is the simplest razor you have ever used. Just slip the blade, with its ingenious safety guard, into the patented shaving handle, and it is ready . . . ready to give you the smoothest, coolest, *friendliest* shave in the world.

Read this unsolicited, unpaid for testimonial:

"GENTLEMEN:

"Every once in a while a product comes on the market that possesses every feature claimed for it in the advertisements.

"Every day I go about the business of shaving with a feeling of real pleasure because I now own a razor that is always keen and ready for use, and in my position, a clean appearance is important.

"Many thanks for making available to the American men this always ready, superior, shaving instrument."

Harry Vettel,
New York City

Get a Rolls demonstration at your favorite department, drug, cutlery or jewelry store, and by all means send at once for free illustrated folder No. 6.

ROLLS RAZOR, INC.
305 East 45th Street New York
Sole U. S. Distributors of Rolls Razors and Rolls Shaving Soap

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-187-188-190-192-192B

SWEET USES OF WHIMSY

It is with turbulent emotions that we read your article in the Feb. issue entitled, *The Wench Is Not Amused*, and as spokesman for our entry I have taken it upon myself to write you this letter. To begin with, let me say that we have rarely found an article more instructive to the young or more edifying for the more experienced, but we are deeply grieved at certain omissions, omissions rendered more painful by the author's dogmatic assertion that the article is complete.

Firstly we have an eighth method to suggest which is a variation of none of your seven—this we will stoutly maintain should your champion attempt to refute it with sophistic arguments. This method, in the right hands, has infinite possibilities, but let it be understood that making girls, unlike making cars, is an art, not an industry and a system rigidly adhered to, or a preconceived approach, is a barbarism of the first water. As most of us, however, are Philistines in this naughty world we proceed.

You start almost immediately, by shocking the girl into a more attentive mood by announcing that not only are you going to try to seduce her, but that you are, what is more, also going to meet with success. This assertion should be made with an artless manner and in such a way that the girl will be amused at its novelty and confident that she is more than a match for anything that is to come, for the impression which you have made is that you plan a *Veni, vidi, vici*, campaign—no such thing. The next step is to explain in some such words as these: that young and inefficient as you are, were she anyone else—the average girl—you would approach her with all the art and technique at your disposal, but she is so very lovely and so obviously very shrewd that any attempt at pulling the wool over her eyes would be fruitless, and that her charm would soon lead your enthusiasm to outweigh your wisdom. To try to pretend that the most important reason for your interest is anything very important or very deep would be useless. The fact is, a thing of beauty is a joy forever, "and behold I find my life in the appreciation of the most exquisite of every kind," during which speech an effort should be made not to give the impression of being a lotus-eater or a male *hors d'oeuvres*, and serious manner or words should be carefully avoided. "Here I am," you say as though smiling at yourself, "speaking in the most undiplomatic way imaginable, a way which I should deplore in any one else, and which, to be frank I deplore in myself." The stage is now set, and if brought to this point without abrupt interruption, the rest of the experiment has never yet failed—that is, never in respectable hands.

From now on utmost patience should be the rule. Every liberty should be heralded by a playful warning of its approach, and each should be indulged in with moderation, almost with indifference at first, only to become significant when it is nearly eclipsed by a fresh permission to procede to more distant shores. Nothing, not even holding hands, that idiot's delight, should be made a stepping stone to further glory until it is taken for granted. The idea of seduction, in the form of a resolution to avoid it, has now taken possession of the young lady, and it is this idea, that she will not be seduced, that she cannot be seduced by a man who announces his every move—is the idea which will eventually cost her all, and behind the artless manner of the lover must be the careful study of his subject, the anticipation of her reactions (a thing easily accomplished but supposedly hard because few people think to do it).

You now appeal to her sporting instinct, (which no woman has but every woman wants) remembering never to be dramatic, never more than pleasantly serious, never serious for long stretches at a time. Tell her that the odds are so high against you that it would be only fair in her secure position to compromise. She is suspicious, but the compromise is only that what she really wants you to do, she will not refuse you because of a predetermination not to allow it. (This should be done before she really has any serious idea of wanting you.) This easy compromise, whose meaning a little, simple, lie could take from it, is readily made. When the time comes, it is convenient because it affords the girl a splendid opportunity to give in and the little lie remains untold.

Never progress so rapidly as to receive efficient resistance, never so slowly that things drag, and always remember that the best substitute for sweeping a girl off her feet, is to throw her off balance by a whimsical and spontaneous attitude. Your whimsy will make serious objection look foolish, and if you can master a sort of continental gallantry to go along with it, this is your wedge. Your mood, as most unusual moods, will be contagious, and your departures from convention will be greater and greater, until one day you will find yourself, quite harmlessly, in her bedroom. This, you will point out, is the first important breech of conventional morality.

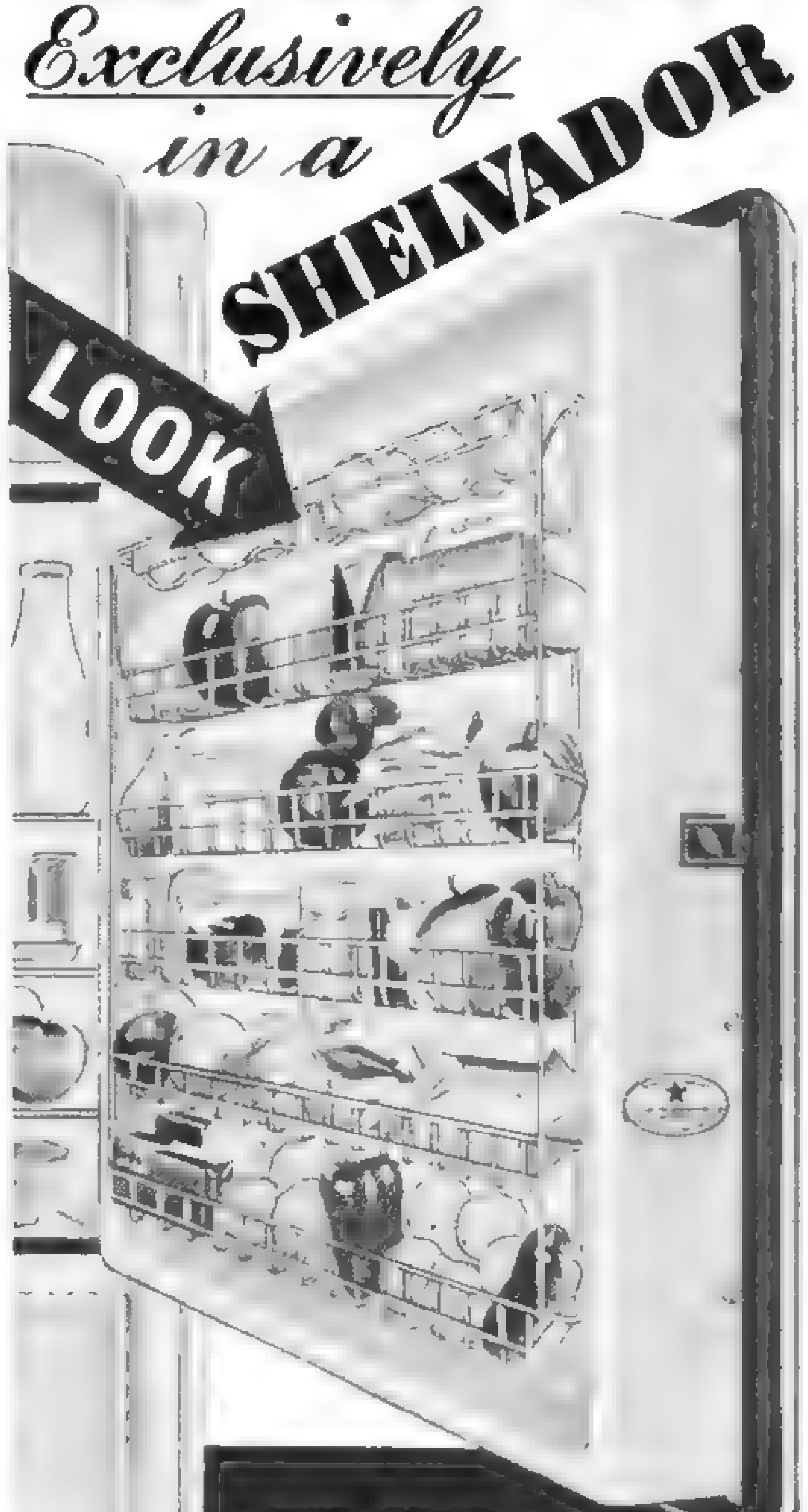
You are now at your most dangerous point, for opportunity must be seized quickly. Find some way of persuading her to an unethical act, such as getting her to don her négligée which you are confident is magnificent on her. Make no secret of your inner thoughts, but pair them up with less dangerous ones. You really want to see her négligée and what harm can come from adding fuel to a fire which burns about asbestos? If you are subtle, you can work this or something similar, provided your manner is not suspiciously altered. The game is now as good as won, because the girl, conscious of her charm, having abandoned convention in her bedroom with a presentable youth, used to the idea of having him as a lover, if only to remind herself that she will not allow it—this girl I say, is perfectly helpless, provided the man has not got a Neanderthal intellect, and is blessed with one single spark of tact or inspiration. It is time to demand that the conditions of the compromise be fulfilled, and the lady will not tell a lie. This method superficial as it seems, is the most deadly in existence.

Secondly, we wish to suggest what can hardly be called a method, but which constitues a useful maxim, one which most men forget and which your article seems to assume that no man knows. Seduction is essentially the art of flattery, not of self gratification, and a man's charm is never as powerful a weapon against a woman, as her own charm used *á la jiujitsu*. If you minister subtly to her personal vanity, both as regards her charm and her character, she will be torn between a desire to lose neither attraction, and yet make the most of both. She is at a loss to solve this problem herself and leaves it to you who have discovered her double qualities in the same glance, and praised them in the same breath. This is almost always fatal. The last suggestion we offer is that no girl, however bored with men, is bored with her mood of the moment (even if it is a bored mood, it is the environment, not the mood which tires her) and in consequence, an astute observer, with self control and intelligence, can so regulate his conduct and manner that it will progress *pari-passu* with the girl's mood, and nothing is more conducive to an intimate understanding.

Thus we conclude. If the young lady who wrote the article (if indeed it be a young lady) wishes to try any one of us "on our home ground, winner take all," she is more than welcome.

Sincerely,
Boston, Mass. E. S.

This Much More Exclusively in a SHELVADOR



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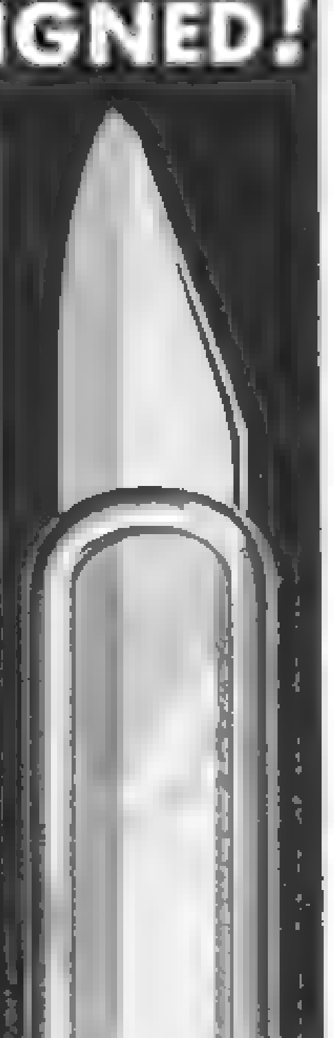

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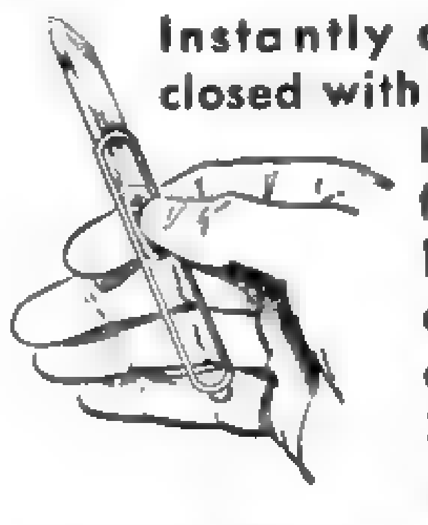
● Once you've used it, the Christy Sport Knife will have as warm a place in your heart as your favorite fishing rod . . . Neat, handy, useful, and durable . . . Brass frame, heavily chromium plated. Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart . . . practical

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain . . . sturdy enough to stand up under the use to which you put a knife.

Three blades in one



Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths... really three blades in one.

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Enclosed is $1.00, for which please send me a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied with the knife, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.)

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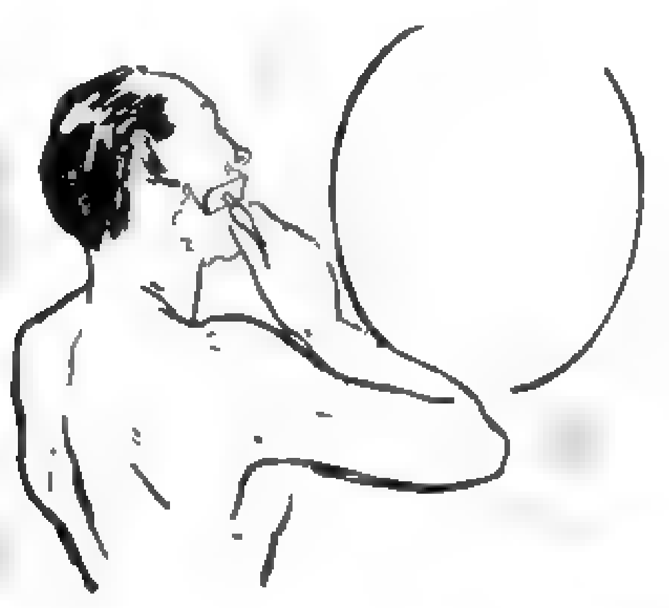
Awake and Get Up . . . Rise and Shine . . . Sing in the Shower or Tenorize in the Tub . . . The Rooster's Crowed . . . the Sun's Up . . . The Alarm Clock's Rung . . . and on Five or Six Days Each Week You'll Have to Dress, Eat, and Get Back to the Mines!

This is the Saga of a Service for Men. A Service thousands of men already recognize and appreciate. A Realsilk service that sleeps a man, shaves a man, and sends him off to work fit as a fiddle as far as haberdashery goes.

Our hypothetical hero is sleeping blissfully when the alarm clock rings the daily reveille.

Sleeping in his Realsilk silk or broadcloth pajamas, that bind not—neither do they bunch. For they're full-cut in the right places, trimly tailored everywhere else—and they come in colors that soothe the senses to sweeter slumber.

You may shave first and shower afterwards. Or vice versa.



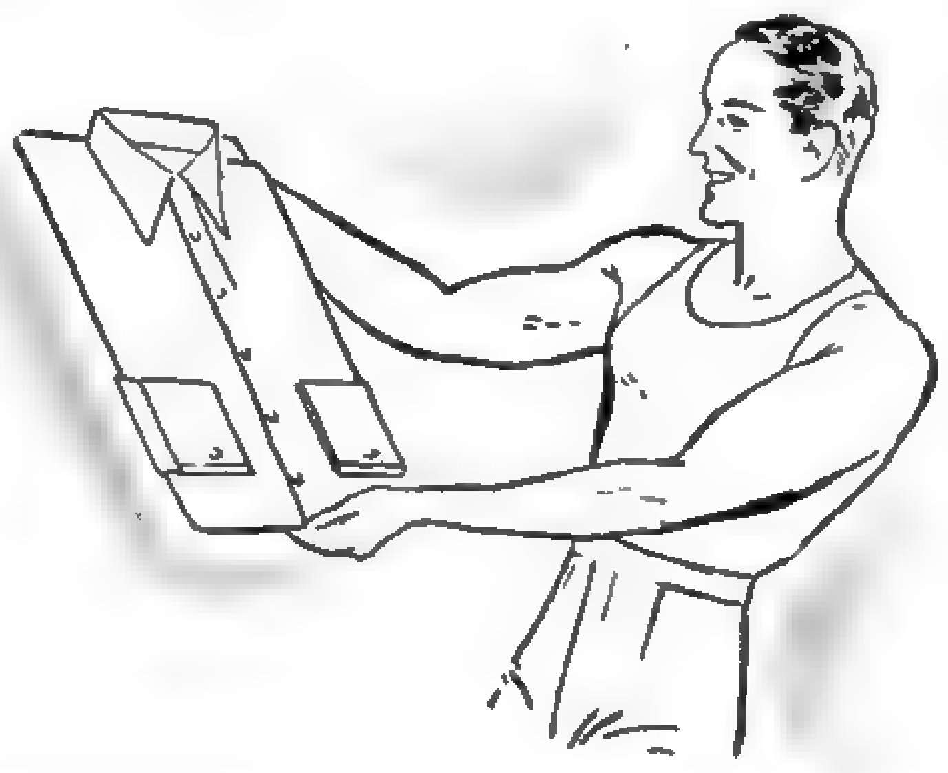
Have you ever shaved with a Realsilk razor blade? Fits any double-edge type razor. Slips over the face with the greatest of ease. Keen as an old Gossip's nose. Blue steel. Not one, but many smooth, close whisker removals. (Ask the Realsilk Representative how to get these super-quality blades—a goodwill service for men.)

Into Realsilk shorts and shirts. Fat men love 'em—they don't get a strangle-hold. Thin men swear by 'em—the no-button, elastic pullover waist hugs comfortably snug.

What ho! Now for the most famous socks in the world— Realsilk's best known product for men. They call them "the longest-wearing socks in the world—bar none!" And they call 'em right. Now they're known as smartest looking, too. What's your preference—silk? Silk and wool? Lisle? The new self-supporting "Toppers"? We have them! What's your idea in colors and pattern? Plain? Stripes? Clocks? Anything in that line your foot desires.

★ Ask your Realsilk Representative to show you facts furnished by famous Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory as results of impartial wearing test which proves Realsilk socks wear longer and cost less to wear.

All right—you're standing there in your underwear and socks.



Step over to the dresser drawer and get yourself a Realsilk shirt. Full-cut. Long tails that stay put and don't hitch, squirm and work up. Non-shrinking sleeves and collar. Neat, fine, strong sewing. Shirts of a quality you'd pay lots more for if you bought them on the avenue.

Now reach up on your tie rack and pick yourself a pure silk Realsilk tie. How would a little stripe go this morning? Maybe a solid color. Perhaps a fancy figured number. Because don't you forget there's now a Realsilk cravat to fit any man's taste—whether he be demure in color leanings or uproarious to the point of dazzlement.

We can't help you much with your suit, shoes, hat or stick—but don't you honestly think Realsilk's Service for Men is pretty near 100 per cent complete?

Now put a flower in your lapel or a handkerchief in your pocket, and you're ready to hit the world.

Realsilk's Service for Men is an easy service to take advantage of. The Realsilk Representative calls at your home or office. In one sitting you can make harmonious selections of the haberdashery you need.

Realsilk's method saves your time—and it saves your money. Why don't you get acquainted soon with this complete service? If a Realsilk Representative has not been calling regularly, merely 'phone the Realsilk office in your city and arrange an appointment for any time you say.

REALSILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
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REAL SILK *Service for men*

Now gentlemen, gather 'round for here is an oxford—every inch a thoroughbred. Graceful of line in its custom conformation and with stamina for performance in all kinds of going. We call it the Bengal Tan because of its tiger color — not too light, not too dark, but in good taste with daytime tailored clothes. Many have asked us for this one.

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MEN'S FINE SHOES

D-SO-EZ-E Styles $6.75
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These pipes have slight surface imperfections—guaranteed not to impair their wonderful smoking qualities. Made from finest Corsican Briar Root—dry-smoke filter—natural finish—no breaking in.

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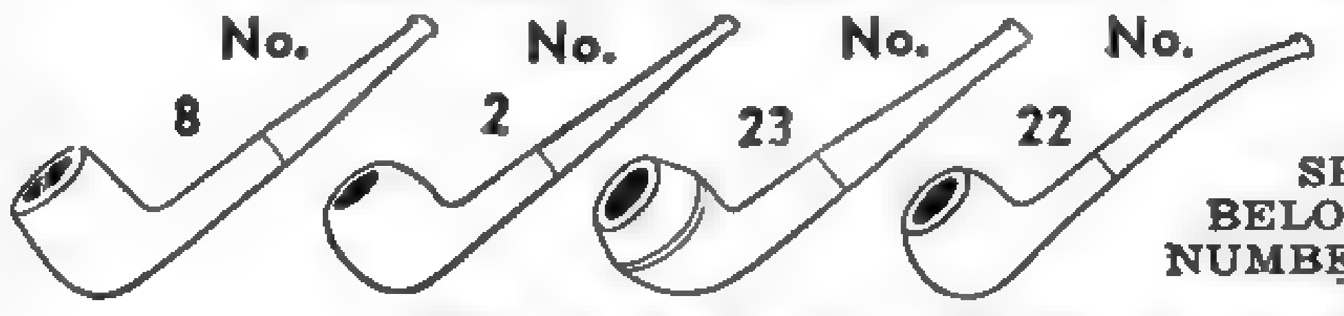

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10 East 45th Street —New York Stores— 93 Nassau St.

Dept. 150, 10 East 45th St., New York, N. Y. Enclosed find $1 ☐ Ship Postpaid ONE GENUINE "SECOND" of WALLY FRANK $5 PIPE, Shape No.......and TWO (2) 15c PACKS of COLONEL ADAMS. Ship C.O.D. ☐ I will pay on delivery, plus postage. My money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied. (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Name__________ Address__________

City__________ State__________

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 36

My name on the passenger list was Miss Alice Middleton of Seattle, Wash. My stateroom No. was N 110, E Deck. I was picked up by the Cruiser *Juno*, after floating about in the water 4½ hours.

So, now Mr. Editor, I would be very grateful to you if you would help me get in touch with him to prove that the same hysterical woman is very much alive, even though she was listed with the Cunard Co. as among the dead, and two days after, listed with the living, for I was discovered in the morgue after laying there a few hours with the dead, I was removed to the hospital and came conscious the following day, and so was christened "Marvel" by the doctors and staff.

So if Mr. Chisholm so I read in the story is now chief steward of the *Orphir*, which in all probability will be working from the Port of Queenstown on the intended raising of this ship, will check up on my story it will clear up the fate of the hysterical woman.

Yours very sincerely (now),

Mrs. Geo. McDougall

•

Speaking of follow-ups, we are almost never interested in a supplementary or counter-balancing or counter-irritating article on a subject that has already had article treatment in our pages. Yet almost every Esquire article brings a flock of submissions accompanied by the suggestion that "this would make a good follow-up to so and so's article on such and such." And six times out of ten that's all that's wrong with it! *The Sound and The Fury* serves so well as the restorer of Esq's equilibrium that it is tedious to prolong questions raised by feature articles in the space that otherwise could be devoted to raising new questions. *The Wench Is Not Amused*, which set a new high in *S. & F.* contributions, and would have received more *S. & F.* space, even, than the famous *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* were it not for the fact that about eight hundred of the letters said almost exactly the same thing, i. e., that The Wench had been fooling around with a lot of raw amateurs and could learn the details of Approach Number Eight by getting in touch with the undersigned. Even as it is, we're afraid this month's *S. & F.* will make monotonous reading. But the point we started to make is that the Wench article attracted almost two hundred "answers" that were submitted, not as letters of comment, but as articles. An "answering" article has almost no chance here.

•

Eric Lundgren, whose wash drawings illustrating *The Dying Hobo* are on page 101 and who, by the way, has been Art Director of Esquire for quite some time now, looks more like a football player than an artist. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that he has worked at such jobs as draining swamps to make real estate in Florida, lumberjacking, and stoking on boats. He was born in Linköping, Sweden. He and his parents were in Petrograd during the Russian Revolution in 1917 and then moved on to China. Eric attended grade school in Hong Kong. It was a private school, he says—French—and they had a Chinese instructor. He got his first taste of art from the coolie who worked for his family and who used to embroider tapestries in his spare time. It was after the end of the World War that Eric came to this country. When he had saved enough money from his various jobs, he entered the New York School of Design. He had quite a schedule. He studied there from nine till twelve and from one until four—then he dashed out to the Art Students' League to sketch from four until seven, and returned to the School of Design to another class that lasted from seven until ten. His early struggles are like something out of Horatio Alger. He couldn't afford a room, so he slept around here and there. Sometimes he made a bed out of costumes and spent the night in the art school. One night he slept on somebody's dresser drawers and woke up pretty well dented by the knobs. Then things began to look up. He got a job teaching a doctors' anatomy class how to draw and learned quite a lot about anatomy himself, keeping just one jump ahead of the class by studying a medical textbook as they went along. He came to Chicago and got married on the promise of a job which didn't materialize. For a while he supported his wife by beating their fellow roomers at poker. Then he did illustrations for the pulps and studied at the Chicago Art Institute. Now he works for us.

•

Anthony Gish's first published story is *Yes, I'm a Hillbilly*, page 95. He's from Missouri—born on the banks of Stinking Creek in Cedar County, twenty-six years ago. He didn't have a picture of himself to send us, explaining he hadn't had one taken since they hawg-tied him at the age of eight while the Monegaw Springs photographer let go. He says: "The only other famous Gish was my grandfather, old Chris, who ran the apple evaporator at Virgil City, Missouri and grew so fat on fried apple pies that his coffin could not be taken into the house. He had, old residents assure me, the 'Gawd-awfulest buryin' ever seen in these parts.' I have been trying for more than a year to crash Esquire because of my wife, Nancy Clemens, who is forever bragging about a detective story she once had published. I had to demonstrate my obvious superiority to keep her from getting foolish notions about book larnin' for women. There's more to this writin' business than I figgered. I have been a farmer, a treasure hunter and a florist. I now live in Springfield, Missouri. My favorite occupation is tilting back my chair on the store porch and listening to the boys 'saw off a whopper.'"

•

Michael Blankfort (*Faithful In My Fashion*, page 53) is 29 years old, married, and expecting a son any one of these days, called Pete. He helped found the Theatre Union, directed *Stevedore* and adapted *The Sailors of Cattaro*. He says: "I squeezed four years into three and a half at the University of Pennsylvania in order to use the last half year to prove myself as a writer, but a chance to teach psychology at Bowdoin College distracted me. Following Bowdoin came two years doing the same thing at Princeton while working for a graduate degree. Somewhere about this time I worked in a prison as psychologist. That completes the pedagogical part of me with this one exception. At present I teach playwriting at New York University School of Adult Education . . . but that's different. I've been practically around the world several times but all but the last trip in 1931 was a good deal wasted. I was too young or too naïve to enjoy the advantages of European travel such as De Maupassantish adventures, and lacked political experience which might have given more substance to my wholehearted support of the People's Fronts in France and Spain."

•

William Inglis (*Keep Those Punches Up*, page 61) says his favorite sports are rowing, swimming, handball, golf and boxing—especially boxing. He was a pupil of the famous Mike Donovan of the New York Athletic Club. He has studied and practiced with most of the masters and written about them in a book called *Champions Off Guard*. He's played the whole gamut of journalism, from reporting fires to helping make Woodrow Wilson President, but his most thrilling moments have been when real champions fought.

I Had a Good Comrade

Continued from page 54

around and spit it out, like he said. I didn't want to drink anyway because it would only turn into more sweat inside me. After I finished with the jug I gave it to Mike and he handed it to Pete. Pete and Stan took long pulls at the jug and then they handed it back to Mike. After Mike drank, he handed the jug back up out of the pit and then we stood around for a little talking. I leaned back against the wall of the hole and just listened to the others. They were talking in Slovak and I didn't know what they were saying. I was content to stand there with my eyes closed, relaxed against the wall. Pretty soon I heard Mike begin to dig again, but I kept my eyes closed. The digging stopped and still I couldn't move. I felt the shovel being taken from my hand and when I looked Mike was starting to shovel out the dirt he had loosened. I straightened then and reached out for the shovel, but Mike pushed me back. He said: "Rest now. Boss he no here. Not care anyhow."

But I wouldn't rest and made him give me my shovel. The blade seemed to be heavy with invisible weights now, and I couldn't get back into the swing I had been using. Each lift had to be willed separately. Soon I quit feeling. The end-wall I faced swept up close till it seemed it would fall in on me; then it faded away until it wasn't there and the pit extended out into black space. The blackness began to take on fantastic shapes that danced back and forth before me. I must have begun weaving with them, for the first I knew Mike had grabbed me. "Boy, you better go up on top." I just looked at him and he called Pete over and together they helped me up on the ground. Mike told me to go over to the outhouse and sit there awhile and it would be all right with the boss. I did that and pretty soon I felt all right again. When I came back Mike sent me down to the spring for another jug of water and before I got back the whistle blew.

The men all went into the toolhouse to get their buckets, and then most of them went down by the spring to eat. I followed them down and sat under a tree up the bank a little from the spring. Mike came up where I was and then Pete and Stan came in a little bit and we all began eating without saying anything. After we cleaned up what was in our buckets Stan took out a paper of chewing tobacco and passed it. Pete took a big mouthful and offered it to Mike but he didn't take any so then Pete gave it back to Stan. They began talking, in English this time. Pete said: "You saw your black pap, hey, kid?" Now I was feeling better and I thought they liked me all right so I said I didn't know what my black pap was. Pete laughed at me but Mike said: "You know when you see black in you eyes, and then they dance and make face at you?" I knew what he meant so I said: "Yeah." "That's you black pap." Stan said: "It's supposed to be the devil come to take you to hell." So then I said: "Well, he didn't get me yet." Mike said: "You done pretty good; good as anybody first day" and he looked over at Pete who didn't say anything.

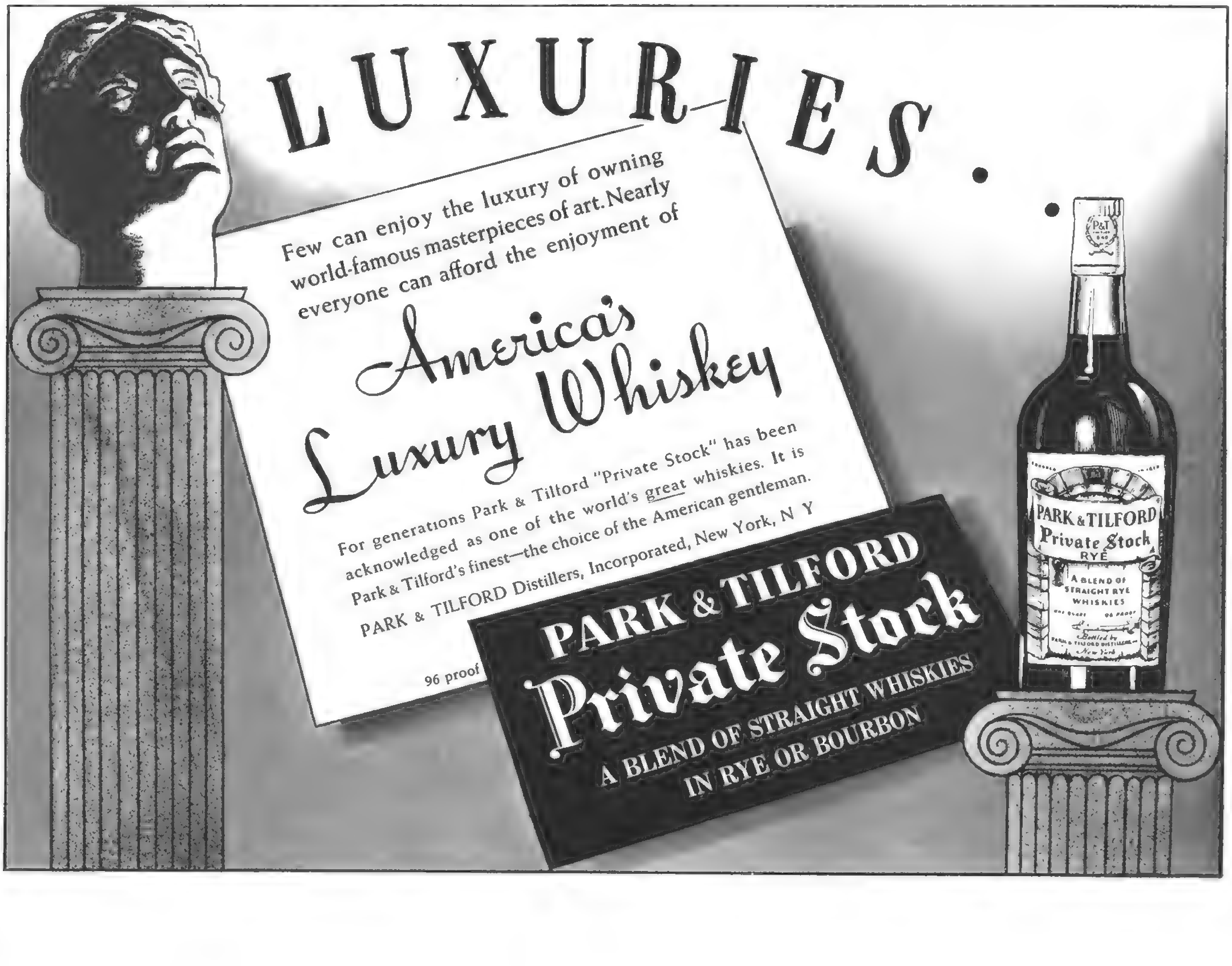
When the whistle blew again we all went back and I jumped down in the pit again with Mike and Pete and Stan. But before Mike finished digging the first time the boss came over and looked down at me. He said: "You've been in there all morning, haven't you?" I said yes, and then he looked at the pile of dirt along the edge of the hole. It was as high on our end as it was on the other. The boss said: "You come on out of there now." I climbed out and the boss called one of the other men over and told him to get down in there. I looked at Mike but he was grinning so I knew it was all right. The boss sent me over to a corner of the yard where there were some old pit posts and ties and scraps scattered around and told me to clean it up and I did that until quitting time.

Every day it was like that for awhile. I would get down in the pit with Mike every morning and then after dinner the boss would call me out and give me something else to do.

One day the boss came over just as the noon whistle blew and looked at the pile and it was higher on our end. He asked me how I felt and I told him I felt good and I did. Then he said: "You finish the day out there today." We went on over to the spring to eat and after we ate Pete took out his tobacco and passed it around to Stan and then Mike and then me, but Mike didn't take any and neither did I. After we went back to work Mike said: "We show dese guys some-t'ing" and he began to dig a lot faster than he had been before. Stan saw him and he began to swing his pick faster and then Pete and I shoveled as hard as we could. When quitting time came our end was anyhow a third higher.

Next morning the boss said the hole was finished and for Pete and Stan to go work in the ditch with the others. There had to be a ditch dug from the center of the hole to the air-shaft, slanting down all the way so that it was fifteen feet deep where it ran into

Continued on page 196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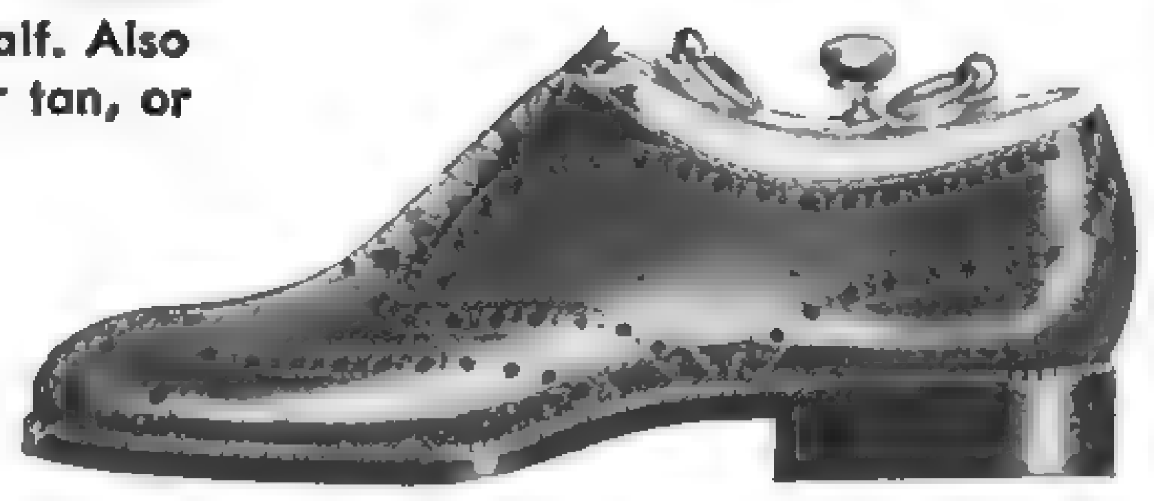

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I Had a Good Comrade

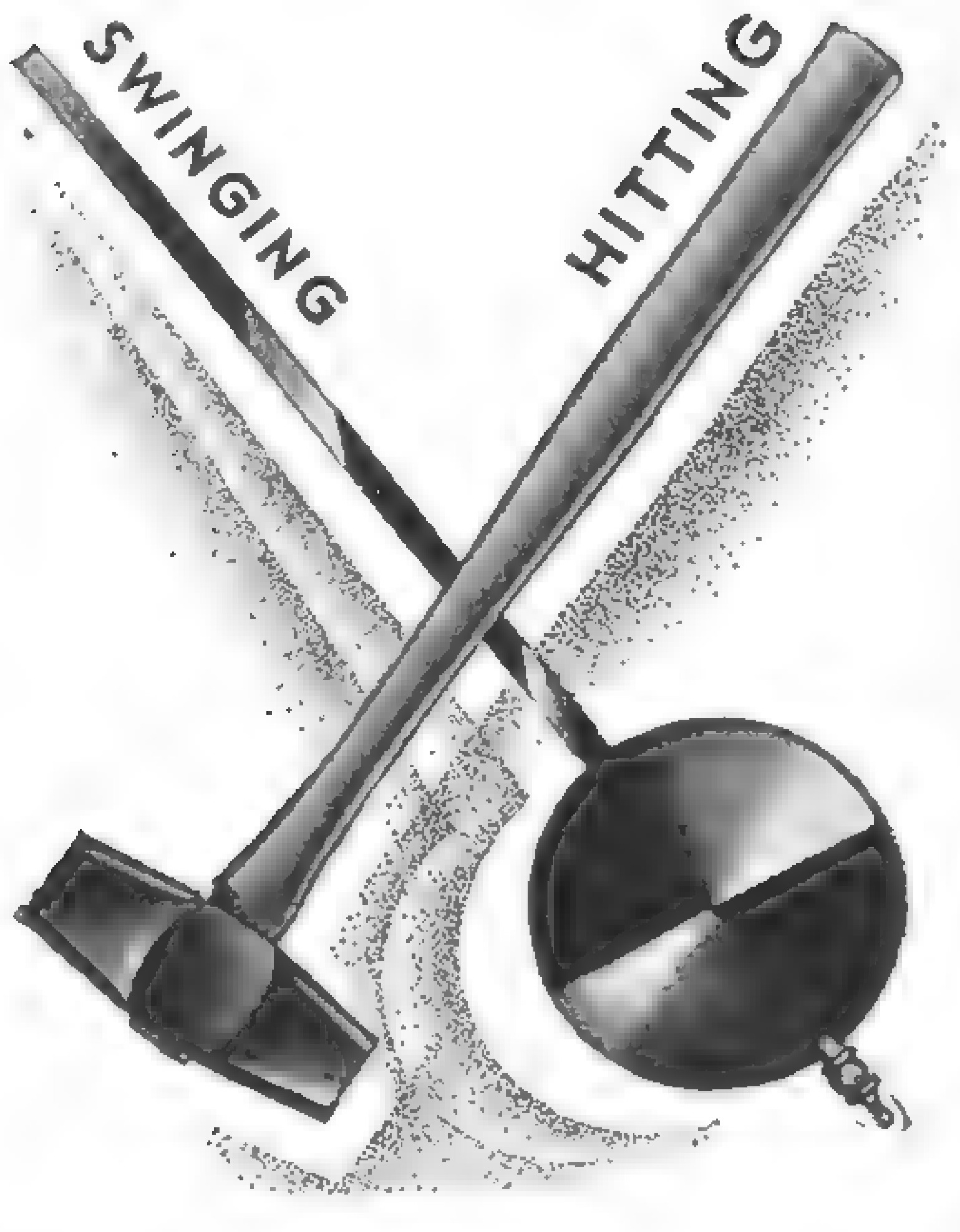
Continued from pages 54-195

the shaft. It was for a pipe to drain off the water that would collect in the bottom of the fan-well. Mike and I were supposed to dig it, so we stayed in the pit and started that. It was slow work because we made it just wide enough to work in and one of us had to back out to let the other in. Then when we got to the low end it was a long way to throw the dirt up and it was hard. We got it done in eight days though and the boss said that was pretty good.

By the time we got the ditch finished the rest of the excavating was done and the carpenters came to build the forms for the concrete. While they were doing that the labor gang began to get things ready, like setting up the mixer and carrying the sacks of cement and lime from the trucks to the storage piles and shoveling sand from the trucks and wheeling it across the lot. There was a reservoir just below the lot and they brought a portable pump out of the mine, planning to use it to pump water up to where we were working so we would have water for the concrete and later for the masons' mortar. They had to have a high tank to pump the water into, so they brought over a 1200 gallon one from No. 1 cokeyard. The only place to put it was on the roof of the old fan-house. They rolled it up a platform of planks onto the top of the air-lock, and that was about three-quarters of the way up. After the tank was on the air-lock roof there wasn't very much room left, only about enough for two men. When the boss saw this he called Mike over. He said: "Mike, two men have got to lift that tank up on the big roof. Can you get yourself a buddy and do it?" Mike looked at the tank and then he said: "Sure." The boss said: "Get your buddy then." Mike turned around to the bunch of us that were watching and said: "Come on, boy," and started up the platform. I looked around and saw everybody was looking at me so I started after him.

Up on the roof Mike stood on one corner and motioned me to the other. We got set and got a good grip on the tank. Mike said: "OK, boy?" I hefted the tank a little and it felt like it was bolted to the roof. I thought of all the stories I'd heard about men tearing their insides loose on a lift and I remembered the doctor saying he could feel a little ticking on the left side when he examined me and for me to be careful but Mike had picked me out so I said: "OK." Mike said: "Lift like I tell you, back straight. We take her slow and steady." Then we began to lift and for a minute I thought the tank wasn't going to move and we would have to walk back down and leave it there or else Mike would have to get another buddy. But then it started up and it went all right except that it tilted a little my way but somebody on top caught it and steadied it. It was all right until the bottom of the tank got up to my waist and then my side quit going up. I thought I would have to give up but I didn't. I didn't close my eyes but it felt like I did, it got all black except that it was red too and I could feel myself falling backwards off the roof. But then we got it high enough that they could lay it on its side on the big roof and somebody yelled: "OK, we got it" and I let go and then I could see and I wasn't falling. We walked back down to the ground and the boss said: "Pretty good, men." He sent us up to the pump and all we did for the rest of the day was to start the pump after they got it coupled up and then we just sat and watched it and kept the intake hose under water.

After that everybody knew that Mike and I were buddies. Mike was smart even though he was the strongest man on the gang. That was funny, because our joke was that what you needed on the labor gang was a strong back and a weak mind, and it was supposed to be that the stronger the back the weaker the mind. The boss liked Mike and me, and most of the time we got snaps like that one watching the pump, unless something real hard came up and then the boss would call for us and we would do it. We had a lot of time to talk on those snaps. Mike couldn't speak good English but I got so I could understand him just as good as I could anybody. He told me about how he came over from the old country and the different places he had worked and the things he did when he was young. You wouldn't think that a guy like Mike would have seen so much. I mean you just think about the men around the plant as always there and always doing the same thing. Like Mr. Martin in the store; he had one parking place back of the store where every day his buggy or now it was his Ford would be, and the oldest man in town said Charley Martin's buggy had been there ever since he could remember. But Mike had lived in two countries and he had worked all around the East. He told me about Franz Joseph in Austria-Hungary and how sometimes he would drive through the country and everybody would know it even though there were no newspapers and would go down to watch him go by and bow to him. Franz Joseph was in the history book and it was like somebody would say they knew George Washington. Mike knew a lot; he couldn't read or write but he was smart. He taught me a lot. I don't mean only how to lift and things like that, but how to get along with the boss and make him like you without making the other men mad. Everybody would listen to Mike and he did a lot of boss-



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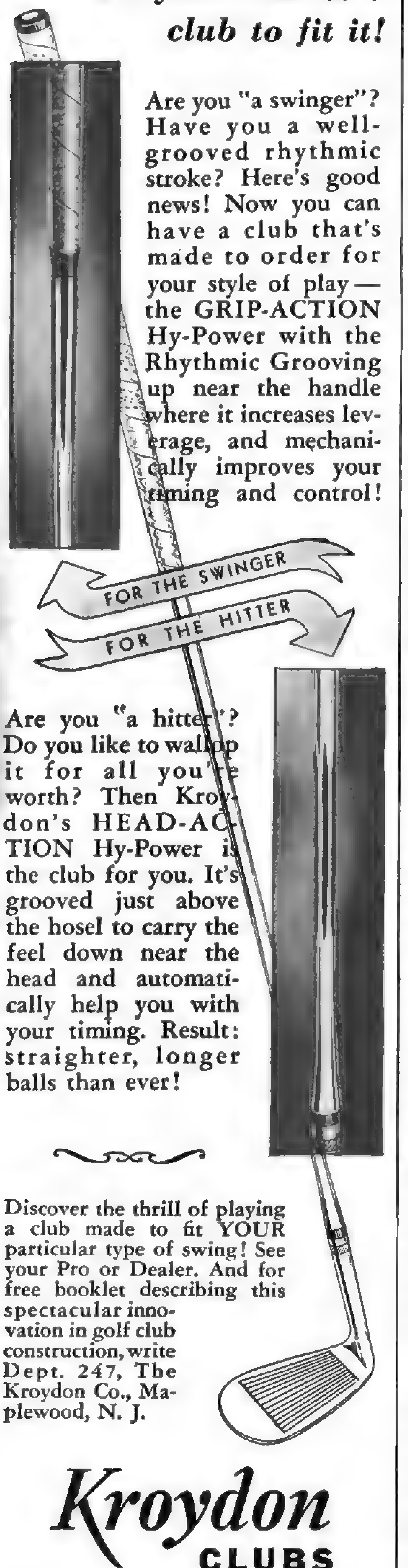

ing when you think of it but nobody ever got sore at him for telling them what to do. There wasn't anybody that hated Mike, and that was funny for everybody on the gang had somebody they hated. The labor union was trying to organize our plant and the company was fighting them. The company started a union of their own they called the Brotherhood and they wanted you to join that. The men would try to get you to join whichever one they were in and if you wouldn't they hated you, especially if you joined the other one. You were a yellow-bellied jellyfish if you joined the Brotherhood and a goddam radical that didn't want to work if you joined the union. You might get beat up if you joined the Brotherhood and you might get fired if you joined the union and the company found it out. Mike didn't belong to either one but he was friends with men in both. Neither bunch was sure Mike was in favor of them but they both hoped he would be so they stayed friends with him. He told me all the unions did was fight and talk all the time and try to keep you from working too much or something like that. He wouldn't join any of them so I didn't either. After I got to be Mike's regular buddy they quit asking me.

I guess I got to talking a lot about what Mike said and what he thought at home, because Mother first teased me, then got a little mad at the way I did like he said. She thought Mike was just a hunky and of course he was, only she was still thinking about hunkies the way I used to and Mike wasn't like that. Just to show you, Mike had a bathroom in his house; it was the only one in Red Row. We lived over on Toney Row where the superintendent and mine foreman and the bosses lived, and of course there were bathrooms in all the houses. We knew they all had outside toilets and no baths over on Red Row and Turkey Knob but we never thought about its being funny; we just had baths and hunkies didn't. But Mike did, he had it put in and paid for it himself. That shows you he was different from most hunkies. Then the ordinary hunkies were different from what the people on Toney Row thought they were. But I couldn't explain all that to Mother; she wouldn't listen and she wouldn't have believed me anyhow. She didn't like the way I liked Mike but I was working now and I could do what I wanted so I got to going over to Mike's in the evening.

Mike liked for me to come over. At first it was a little funny, but before long it was just like I was at home. Mike's place was different from the others over that way. He had too many kids to keep a lawn or anything in front of the house and the smoke from the ovens would have killed it anyway, but there was never a lot of junk scattered around his yard. Marya—that's Mike's wife—kept the house nicer too. There wasn't any sour smell around her house because she made Mike hang his work-clothes in the basement and wash up down there instead of in the kitchen; anyway he never wore a shirt longer than two days. Sometimes Mike would change oftener that I did. And he had fixed up a brick drain outside the door and Marya would throw the dishwater and scrubwater down that instead of into the backyard. Marya always made the kids go clear up to the ash-box with the garbage instead of throwing it from halfway down the walk. The only smell around the house would be from the wash in the basement some days, or the hops down there when Mike was making beer. We used to sit around in the evenings drinking a couple bottles and just talking or sometimes Mike would play his accordion. About ten o'clock I'd say goodnight and go home, and it was like that nearly every evening.

I was pretty well satisfied with things then, I was even happy most of the time. But Mother didn't take to our new way of living as well. We had to do on a lot less than we did when Dad was living and we had to change a lot of things. It was all right at first because the more there was to do the easier it was not to think about Dad. But after we got used to it and got all the debts paid, Mother began to miss some of the things she used to do, like entertaining her clubs and things like that. Then she had felt that the company should have given me a better job right at first, and she thought I ought to get one now. All the other men on our row were bosses and I began to think I'd better try to get promoted. I was still making just the same pay as Stan and Pete and the rest. So finally I went to see the boss to see what chances there were for getting something better. He told me that it might be I would get a better job. They were going to put new roofs on all the houses at No. 2 and he would be in charge of it. But he had all he could look after now and there would have to be a straw-boss over this new job and I might get that. He said: "I was going to give it to either you or Mike, and I didn't know how to pick between you. Mike's older, but you've been working pretty well, and I used to work with your Dad. To tell you the truth, I don't know what I'll do. The job don't start till next month." So we left it there. I didn't tell Mother what the boss had said, only that there might be a chance for something better. I didn't know what I really wanted. Either way Mike and I wouldn't be working together any more. Mike had been on the gang fifteen years and he was satisfied with what he had. He might not like being a boss. Then my Dad had been a boss and we lived on Toney Row and we were used to living that way. I needed to get something like this to get started, or I might be

Continued at top of page 196B

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I Had a Good Comrade

Continued from pages 54-195-196A

a laborer all my life. But I knew Mike was a better man for the job and that if it hadn't been for him and what he taught me I wouldn't be in line for the job against him. So I didn't know what to think. I kept worrying about it and thinking about how it would be to be a boss and how Pete and the rest would see how I was getting along and how I might get to be a big boss some day. Then I'd think of how Mike had taught me things and how we buddied regular and all. I didn't know what I wanted.

Finally it was only a week until the roofing job started and still the boss hadn't done anything. Then one day he came around at quitting time and asked me if I wanted to ride home with him instead of in the truck. I thought he was going to tell me about the job. But he just asked me if I belonged to the union. I told him no, I didn't believe in them. He said: "I thought that's how you felt. Trouble is, when you do like that, nobody knows where you stand." Then in a little bit he said: "The company likes to know where its bosses stand." That's all he said, and after he let me out I wasn't sure what he meant. But I got to thinking it over, and the next night I went down to the Brotherhood meeting and asked about joining and they signed me up. That Friday the boss told me I was to start the roofing job next week.

The time reports and supply requisitions I had to make out kept me busy in the evenings for awhile so I couldn't go over to Mike's. After I got used to it so I could do them during the day I went over a couple times, but it was different than it was before. Mike was just the same and so was I, but it seemed like we didn't have anything to talk about any more. I haven't been over there for a long time now. We still wave at each other, and sometimes we'll meet down at the store and drink a bottle of beer together, but that's all. Mike doesn't have any regular buddy now, and of course I don't either. Bosses don't have buddies. Sometimes I wish they had made the old roofs at No. 2 do. #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

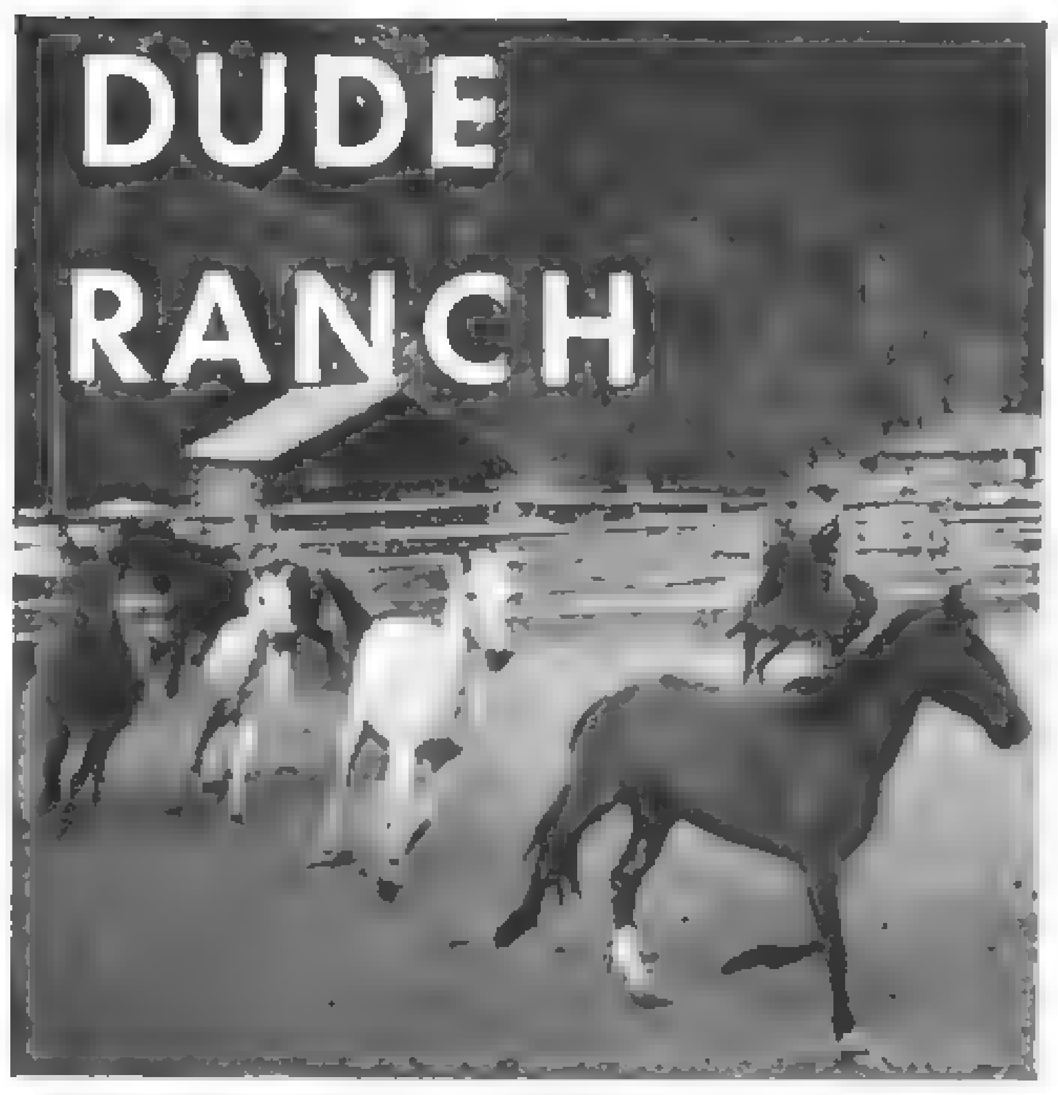
Continued from page 109

show that I knew it to Bessie—in whose house I was a roomer. Bessie, whose reputation in the town was very like that of Barry Benefield's valiant Carrie, had married a gambler who was something of a cross between Edna Ferber's Ravenal and one of W. R. Burnett's soft-tough men. My mother, who is austere, prejudiced, loved Bessie and defied the whole street and the whole town in displaying her friendship with Bessie. I myself have never known a sweeter character than Bessie—or any one who was more conventional. She was circumspect and gracious when I was a roomer in her house (when her husband was in jail) and she allowed me to spout verses from *The Sunken Bell* to her in German, of which language she knew nothing. . . . A quarter of a century afterwards I met Hauptmann at a P.E.N. Club dinner in New York. Let us not be critical of senility; some of us may grow old. Looking at this decrepit man, still so defiant in his visage and in the swish of his white hair, I thought of the brave fight Ludwig Lewisohn had made, so many years ago, for Hauptmann's recognition, and I had observed that Lewisohn was not there; and that although grand old Ben Huebsch was present no one had troubled to grant Ben his due in bringing Hauptmann (at a financial loss to himself) before the American public. Ben didn't mind. That is the way he is. But how many of you know that you might not have heard of *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* if it had not have been for Ben?

Romain Rolland's receiving the Nobel Prize is evidence that all of us who are interested in the cause of literature are peaceful. During the war years Romain Rolland stood *Above the Battle*, in Switzerland, exiled from France. His warrant for the Nobel Prize had been his *Jean Christophe*, a novel about a young German, or Franco-German musician. But I think the Nobel Prize Committee not only considered this trilogy but Rolland's brave pacifist utterances when it was dangerous to be a pacifist.

I forget what Carl Spitteler wrote (I could look it up, of course), but I remember he was, or is, a Swiss and that, in translation, I recall something about cows and mountain sides and that Spitteler was famous for writing understandingly about animals. Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil* I think is one of the great novels of all time. I read it in the evenings in a tent in Oklahoma after I had been tilling the soil during the day, after nine years of life in Chicago. That novel meant much to me then and it means, in memory, much to me now, because I need only to think of it to smell the earth freshly turned by the plow, the odor that comes from tough scrub-oak when the crosscut saw has bit into it, the smell of wet hay, of burning leaves and of the sweet air of the prairies after a drenching rain.

Of Anatole France I believe I have read everything, almost. When I was in Paris in 1923, there was a dispute in the newspaper, *L'Ouevre*, about the exact location of the house in which Anatole France was born. This was settled by Guy de la



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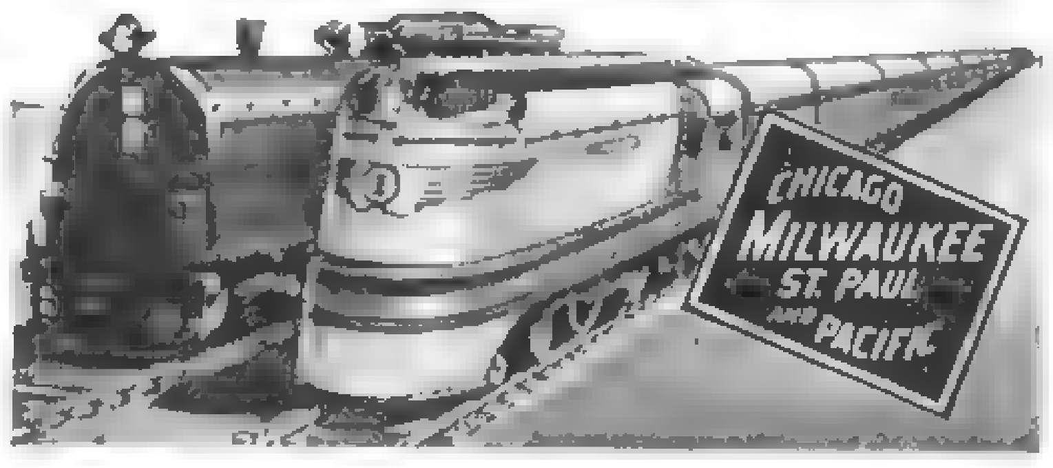

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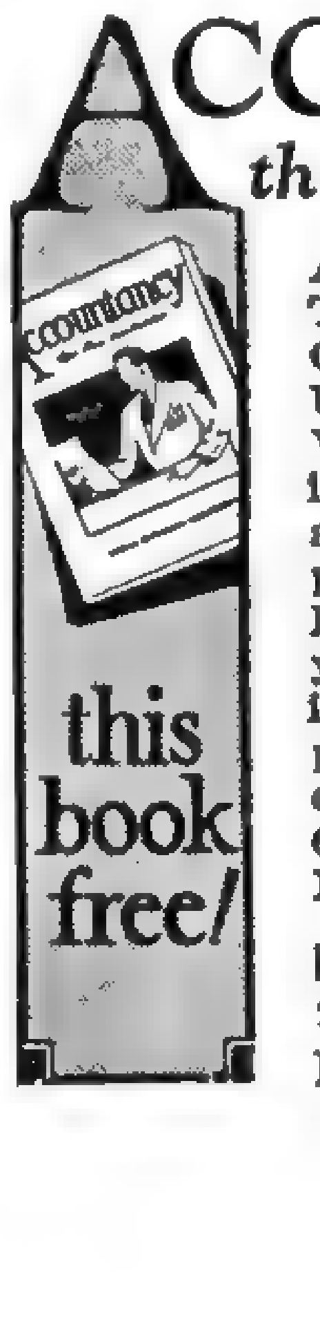

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Fouchardière, the columnist who wrote for the newspaper, under contract, only when he felt like writing or had something to say. His column was called *Hors d'Oeuvre.* If he had two paragraphs to say, that is what he wrote. If he felt like writing a whole column, he wrote a whole column. If he did not feel like writing at all, he wrote nothing and the heading was there daily to remind people that Guy de la Fouchardière had the space reserved for him but that he was not called upon to fill space daily: he was expected to write only when he had something to say. I have clippings of the column for five years and in this batch there is not a paragraph that is not alive, urbane, amusing, richly human and eternal in its implications now. How different is he from our newspaper columnists, of whom for four years, all told, I was one, who are required to fill so much space every day.

Guy de la Fouchardière, who was one of France's intimates, pointed out that France was born on the second floor of the building now occupied by Champion, the publisher, in the Quai Voltaire, and that on the ground floor, now used by Champion, was the bookshop of M. Thibault who had the audacity to call himself M. France, a name which his son had the comical audacity to complicate by giving himself the first name, Anatole, even though he was christened Jacques. The nearest equivalent to Anatole in American is something like "Boob." So the future Nobel Prize winner started out by signing himself something like "Boob America" and, in spite of this lack of dignity, won a chair in the French Academy and, eventually the Nobel Prize. He was not only crowned with glory; he was more widely read in France and elsewhere than, for a time, any writer living. Before he went to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize, Georg Brandes wrote him to be sure to bring along a pretty girl. France induced a beautiful Russian princess to accompany him, whom he introduced as his niece. This was a disappointment to Brandes who took the relationship to be as France stated and thus precluded him from making a pass at her.

Jacinto Benavente has written some plays which George Jean Nathan will tell you about if you write to him with a self-addressed and stamped envelope inclosed . . . maybe . . . if you are not aware that George Jean has written about Benavente extensively in books that are purchasable or are to be found on public library shelves. I saw Jacinto in a New York hotel shortly after he had won the Nobel Prize. He was about four-feet two, fidgety as a wet hen, made-up like a chorus boy, his lips rouged, his eyebrows penciled, his cheeks carmined. And still he looked like an ape. . . . I thought as I watched him, "So this is the man who fluttered all the dove-cotes of Madrid, who tells us that each of his plays is the record of an experience in his life, and that this life of his has been more wondrous than that of Casanova and Cellini put together? Happy, pathetic little man, at great age, rouging his lips like a *tapette*, trying to hold to a youth that is decades behind him."

Yeats I think of first as he lolled in Harriet Monroe's apartment in Chicago, stroking his hair for all the world as though he were living up to George Moore's portrait of him in *Ave, Salve, Vale*, and said, when he came out of the fog which so frequently descended upon him, that organizations like the Irish Academy of Arts and Letters of which he was the chief adornment (though he did not say this) were salutary in that they provided youths the niggerheads to throw balls at. That, I thought, was profound and magnanimous. Shortly he was to be taken to a seance with a woman spiritualist in Chicago whose reputation had reached him in Dublin through Madame Blavaksky. I was asked by him and Miss Monroe at the time to say nothing about the seance in the newspaper. I obeyed their request. Later I was to accept some of Yeats' poems to be the finest poetic utterances in the English language and to hold him, as I hold him yet, a very inferior master of the prose medium, far inferior to his father, John, who thought of his media of expression primarily as the paint-brush and crayon.

Of Bergson I remember that he coined a phrase, *l'élan vital*, by which he explained in a murky fashion that the reason we who are alive remain alive is because we wish to remain alive and that this is because there is a *vital force* at work in us. If a person talked like that who had no education and no visible means of support, we would petition the authorities to examine him and take him off the streets to live in an institution at public expense.

To the other Nobel Prize winners, such as Sigrid Undset, John Galsworthy, Ivan Bunin, Luigi Pirandello, Sinclair Lewis and Eugene O'Neill, I have a deep gratitude for the pleasure and profit their writings have given me.

Still, I should like to have a report of the process by which they received their awards. Maybe it was somewhat like the one in which I have just participated. I have never been happier about serving on any jury in my life, even though not one of my first three candidates, Frederick Lambeck, Jesse Stuart and Hermann Deutsch, participated in the four awards of $2,500 each to the authors of books of merit, published during 1936, which did not receive popular recognition and sold less than 5,000 copies.

The awards went to Robinson Jeffers for *Solstice and Other Poems*, Katherine Anne Porter for

Continued on page 198

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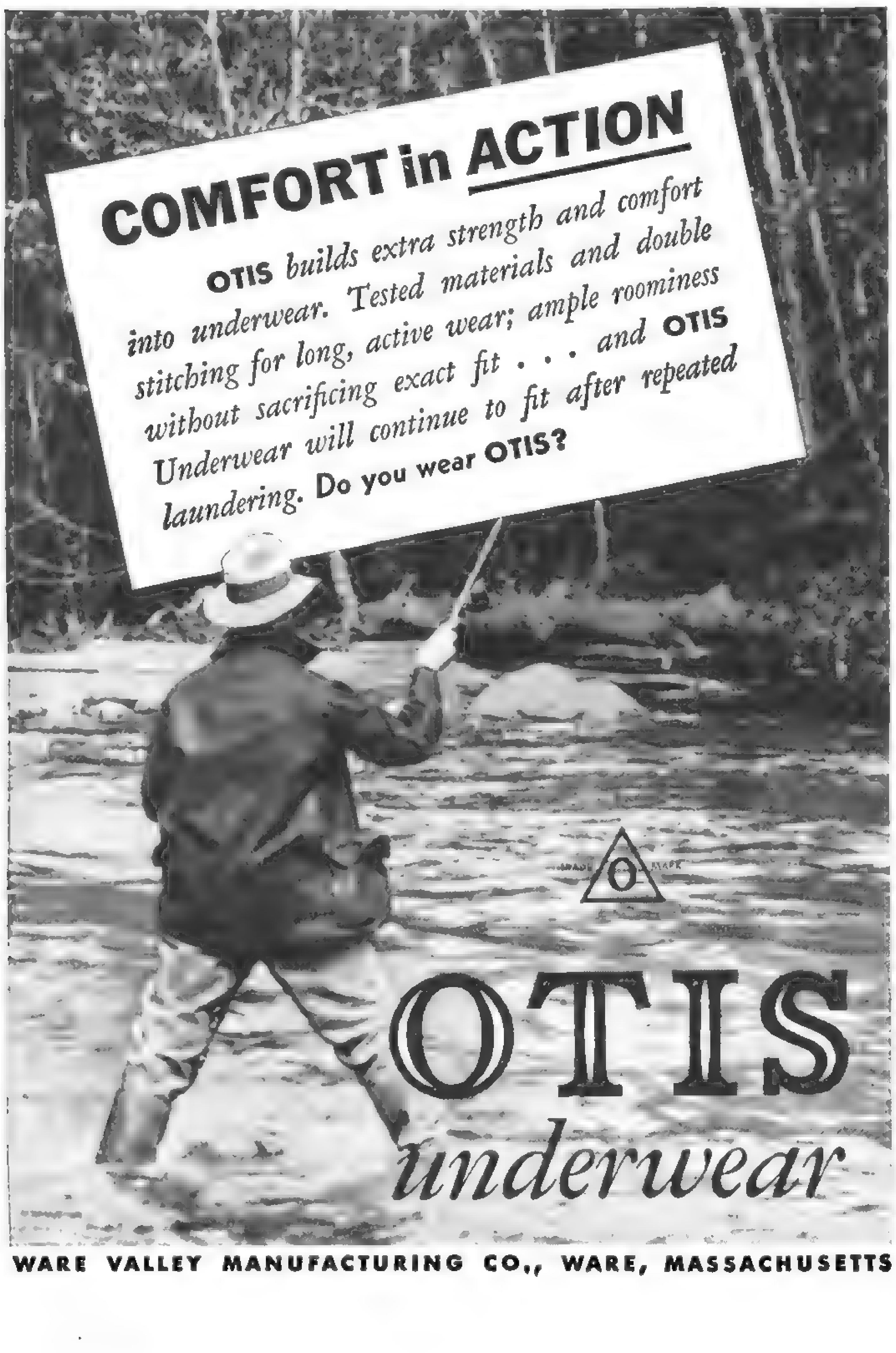

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 109-197

Flowering Judas, James T. Farrell for *A World I Never Made* (erroneously reported in the newspapers as *Studs Lonigan*, which was a trilogy, and apparently the only work of the author that had been read by most of the members of the jury) and to Paul B. Sears for *Deserts on the March*. My final vote was for all four of these, when it became apparent to me that only four members of the jury had read Lambeck's *Best in the Green Wood*, that only Broun, Hansen and I had read Deutsch's *The Wedge*, and that only Dr. Canby and I and four others had read Jesse Stuart's *Head O'W-Hollow*. I had no support for my candidates, so I voted enthusiastically for those who had a chance.

The awards were made by Harry Scherman out of the goodness of his heart and out of his profits in the Book-of-the-Month Club. There was no ulterior motive in Harry Scherman's mind. He was mad, I think, because his board of editors did not choose as a book of the month Donald Culross Peattie's *An Almanac for Moderns* and because Linklater's *Selah and His American* failed to have any popular recognition. He is a fervent admirer of both these books; and, although he is a business man, he has better taste in literature than many of us who are engaged in cultivating the public taste. His business is to send out by mail each month a book considered the best or among the best of the crop by a jury composed of Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, William Allen White, Christopher Morley and Heywood Broun. Harry Scherman, through the Book-of-the-Month Club, and Nelson Doubleday and Milo Sutliff, through the Literary Guild of America, have extended the book market considerably; and yet it is still Harry Scherman's contention that out of 130,000,000 people in America something more than a million have just as good taste in books as he has, and the only trouble with them is that they never hear about the books. That's why he dug down into his jeans and brought up $10,000 to be awarded to writers who had written books of high merit and had had no profitable sale for their effort.

Scherman called upon thirty-odd critics and novelists from all over the country to nominate candidates for the awards. At the final session there were: Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Carl Van Doren, Michael Williams, Ralph Thompson, Robert Van Gelder, Harry Hansen, Herschel Brickell, Irita Van Doren, Isabel Paterson, John Chamberlain, Heywood Broun, Joseph Henry Jackson, Edward Weeks, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Pearl Buck, George Jean Nathan, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Lewis Gannett, Clifton Fadiman, Amy Loveman, Christopher Morley, and myself. Voting by mail were Ellen Glasgow, Sinclair Lewis, William Allen White, Hervey Allen, James Weldon Johnson, Kyle Crichton, Julia Peterkin, Joseph Wood Krutch and Simeon Strunsky. Joseph Henry Jackson came from San Francisco to participate in the voting, Dorothy Canfield Fisher from Montpelier, Vermont and Edward Weeks from Boston.

There was no acrimony in the debates for and against candidates. The final decision was largely unanimous, with three dissenters not voting. One of these, Isabel Paterson, having proposed Minnie Hite Moody for *Death Is a Little Man* and Robert Allerton Parker for *A Yankee Saint* without conspicuous support, suggested that we follow the terms of the award and give the money to the authors who received the lowest number of votes from the jury presiding. That, she said, would give recognition not only to authors who had not been recognized by the general public but to authors who had not been recognized by a jury of experts. I put her suggestion before the house in the form of a motion, but it was not seconded.

We debated in a suite at the Ritz Carlton. It had turned cold suddenly that morning and heat had not been turned on in that section of the hotel. George Jean Nathan and Edna St. Vincent Millay were shivering. I went to the cloak room and got my overcoat to drape over Miss Millay, but when it looked to me as though George Jean Nathan might come down with pneumonia (tears were in his eyes and his teeth were chattering) and when I saw Pearl Buck in obvious distress, I moved that we request the management to give us some heat. The motion was seconded by twenty-one present, simultaneously; and before a vote was cast a news photographer was asked by Dr. Canby to chase out and see if he couldn't do something about the situation.

Miss Millay came armed to the teeth in behalf of one candidate, Robinson Jeffers, and she spoke so eloquently in Jeffers' favor, that many of us quickly revised our first straw vote to include Jeffers in it, such is the deference most of us bear to Miss Millay's poetic genius. Heywood Broun did a great deal of talking. It is a vice he has acquired in political stump-meetings. He was, as he put it, drawlingly, "very strongly in favor of giving one of the awards to a Negro writer," and he mentioned his candidate, but he didn't know whether her name was Hurston or Thurston and he seemed so vague about the title of *Horses and Men* and about the nature of the book that I concluded that Broun had not read the book but was merely voting for Miss Hurston because she is a Negro. I think *Horses and Men* is so vital, so amusing, so valuable a use of our folklore, that I don't think of the author as a woman, or as a Negro, but as an author. Miss Hurston was fifth or sixth, I think, on my original candidates for the awards. Mr. Broun lost strength for her in the poll, I believe, because he did not know what her name is, what the title of her book is, or what the book is about. He made it clear that what he wanted to do was make a gesture to help the colored race. Miss Hurston, I think, would rather have her book read on its merits, even by its sponsor for a $2,500 award.

It was a surprise and a pleasure to me to see Dorothy Canfield Fisher, leading James T. Farrell's name emphatically in all the straw votes she cast and in the final vote. I did not imagine that she could read Farrell's work with any pleasure. Her novels and short stories are carefully done, heart-warming, full of courage, compromise and resignation; Farrell's novels are hurt, bitter, distorted, moralistic in the manner of a Jeremiah. He loathes the likes of Studs Lonigan; as a child and as a youth he must have suffered at the hands of a Studs Lonigan, and yet he has imagination to play upon the factors which developed a Studs Lonigan and to picture these factors with vehemence and exactitude. In casting my vote for Farrell I admitted (as I shouldn't and was promptly rebuked for the admission) that I was influenced by the action of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in its criminal action against Farrell and his publisher, as purveyors of an obscene and libidinous book. Mr. Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice apparently does not know that Mr. Farrell pictures his Studs Lonigan as coming tragically to grief in his thirties as the direct result of his vices. Mr. Farrell is a Catholic-trained lad, who in his revolt against Catholicism, blames the Catholic Church for many things it is not responsible for, yet in his own mind he accepts, almost belligerently, the precepts the Catholic Church ordains benignly. I am not sure, but I think that Michael Williams, the editor of *The Commonweal*, a Catholic magazine, voted for Farrell, after registering his sentiment that Farrell was not yet a good novelist but, in time, might become so. He is right: Farrell will become a good novelist when he ceases to be a Catholic moralist.

At luncheon I sat next to Dorothy Canfield Fisher, who had been Farrell's staunchest advocate, and yet when the luncheon was over we both whirled out, to catch Michael Williams in the cloak-room before he was gone, to tell him, each of us, how much his own writings and his magazine mean to us, how fair and fine his magazine is. It is a pleasure to record that neither of us said, "Of course I don't always agree with you." For me to say such a thing in any sincerity would mean that Mr. Williams would have to join another church or take up some other form of employment. He doesn't expect me to agree with him at all, fundamentally. But perhaps in a way he does not know about, nor do I know about, I do.

And what of the current books, sir? These:

Of Mice and Men by John Steinbeck. Ben Abramson, editor of *Reading and Collecting* and proprietor of a Chicago bookshop, is slightly nuts but he is not so far wrong when he says that this is the finest novel written in America in twenty years. "Twenty" was the first number that came into Ben's mind. He was thinking, maybe, of *Jurgen* by James Branch Cabell, which was published only eighteen years ago. From several points of view, *Of Mice and Men* is the finest novel published in America since Ben Franklin gave up his printing press to become American Ambassador to France. Speaking as a writer I should say it was the hardest book to write successfully, as Steinbeck has done, since Shakespeare made a mess of *Titus Andronicus*.

The novel is about a giant imbecile and his shrewd and cautious little friend, a fellow bindle stiff, and how they came to grief; but it is a beautiful and majestic story of loneliness, and defeat that sings into the heart implacably. How a writer could take so repellent a theme, and make so much good of it, is a mystery to anyone but the artist, John Steinbeck.

The Bridal Canopy, by S. J. Agnon, translated from the modern Hebrew by I. M. Lask. I mentioned this book many months ago and as a result have had numerous inquiries about it. It is in English now and if you neglect to read it you are the sort of person who gave *Don Quixote* a miss when it was first published.

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Sunday Afternoon Hanging

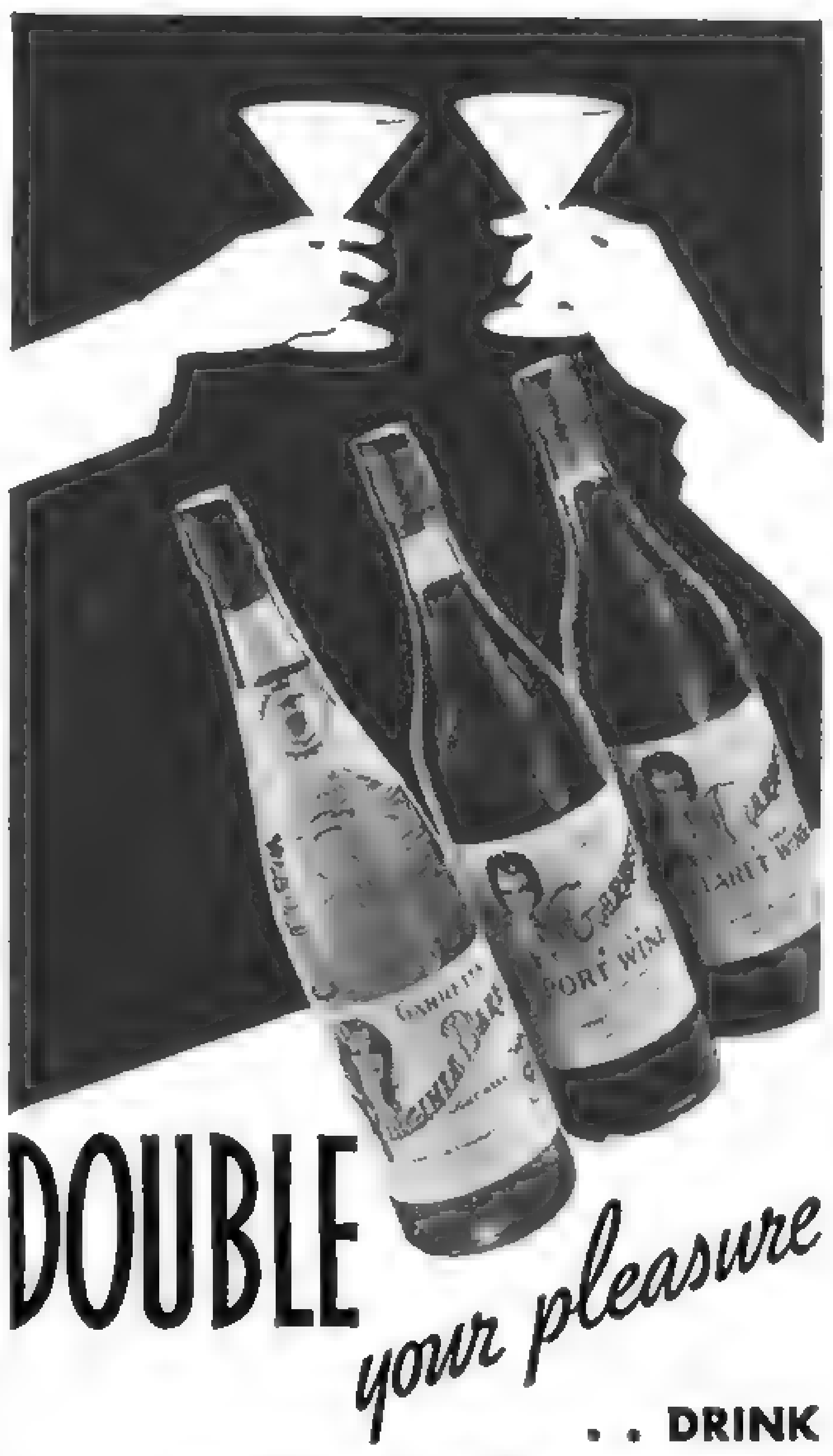
Continued from page 49

in the air by a big man while Dudley stood on his coffin and made his confession. They wanted to hear it. They wanted all out of a hanging that there was in one.

At first Dudley Toms wouldn't talk. The jailer said: "Tell them Dudley. They want your confession before you give it to the Devil. We want it first-handed here. You can give it second-handed to the Devil." And Dudley he stood up there on his coffin while that horse—a new one they was breakin' in to haul men to the gallows—he just ripped and snorted. And Dudley said: "First time I ever killed anybody. Was hard to kill Lizzie Murphy with that shovel. But I had to do it. No use to cry over spilt milk. I hate like Hell to hang. I do. But I'd rather do it right now and see what all this after death is that I've heard so much about. I hate to die. But take me out of all this—take me out!" And he kindly broke down. Well, they unfastened his hands from behind him so they could see him kick and pull on the rope with his tongue turnin' black and hangin' out of his mouth. They just made him stand on the coffin and they tied the rope that went around his neck to the rope that was already fastened to the old hangin' tree and just drove the wagon out from under him while the band struck up a tune. I'll never forget seein' him swing there and kick—that expression on the dyin' man's face. The band was a playin'—the children a screamin' because it was the first hangin' a lot of them had ever seen. Some of the women started shouting. Never saw anything like it in my life. But Dudley's kinsfolk was there to get him. Some of the women fainted and they just had a couple of barrels of water there so they could throw cold water in the faces of the fainting women. That's what they done. Had boys hired right ready to throw water on the faces of the fainting women or the fighting dogs when they got in the way of the hangin'.

The next to ride up was Freed Winslow. He was up on top of his coffin and the horse that hauled him wasn't so afraid of the suits that the bandmen wore. The horse had been to many a hangin'. Well, while the kinsfolk was claimin' the body of Dudley Toms, Freed Winslow was standing on top of his coffin making his confession. It was a fine confession too, if there was ever a good hangin' confession made. Said Freed Winslow: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have made peace with my God. I am not afraid to die. I prayed all night last night. I been prayin' ever since I got in this mess. That very first night after I helped do this killing I saw so many devils around my bed that I had to get up and light the lamp. They was cuttin' all kinds of shines. They even run across my stummick. God, it was awful. I hope to meet you all in Heaven where there ain't no devils to run across your stummick and grin at you. Good-by folks. Sorry for what I have done and I hope you won't hold it against me. I ought to die." So they put the knot over his head and drove the wagon out from under him and he fell off his own coffin and the band struck up a tune. While he was in the air struggling for breath and glomming at the wind with his hands, the band players kept pumping harder. That fife kept screaming above the cries of the women. Talking of fainting of pretty girls. They sure did faint. Freed Winslow was a handsome man—there his tongue went out of his mouth. His face black. His curly hair flying in the wind—black as a frostbit pawpaw in the early fall—and he died strugglin' just like a possum struggles for breath after its neck has been broke under a mattock handle.

The next to come up to the hang-tree was Work Grubb. He was thought to be a fine man in the neighborhood. He was a ridin' on his coffin—hairiest man you ever saw. Looked like one of them men in the days of old with all the beard on his face. He looked kindly like he was ashamed when the wagon rolled up under the tree. I never can forget all them knot holes in his coffin. Bet he wasn't more than under the ground till the water started seepin' and the dirt and these worms started crumbling through these knot holes. Well, the band struck up a tune and the people screamed. Just like a man when he makes a score nowadays in baseball. It was a score with death then. The band had to play while the people screamed and waited for his confession. He waited calmly as I ever saw a man waiting for death. He wasn't scared—not one iotum. He just waited and when the people screamed till they was hoarse he stood up on his coffin and said: "What I got to say to you is: Go on and kill me. Remember the killer pays. I was guilty and I deserve to die but you don't deserve to kill me." One old fat snaggle-toothed woman up and hollered: "You won't get pore old Uncle Jim Murphy's thirty acres of land will ye? Might get some hot land to farm in Hell. Say they've got a lot of desert land down there!" And she just hollered and laughed at the condemned man going to the elm limb. Well, the band struck up *Dixie*. And the wagon drove out from under him soon as the rope was fastened. And Work swung there with his thin legs dangling in the air. Didn't use a cap on their faces in them days. People wanted to see their faces while they was dyin'. The band played while he dangled at the end of the rope and clutched for thin air. Of all the cries that ever went up from the people it did there. Then Doc Turner went up and stopped the swinging body



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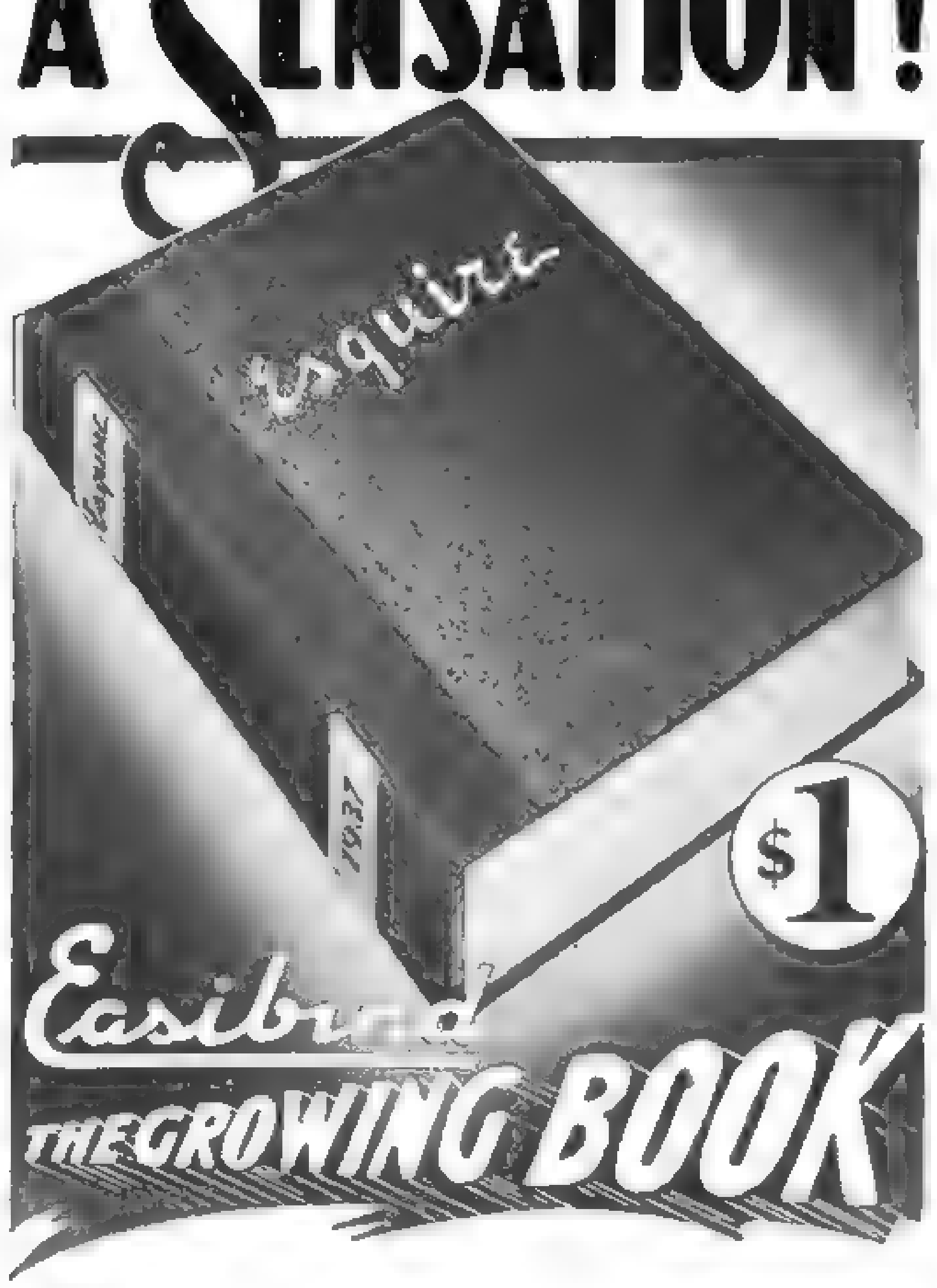

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and put his hand on the heart. He said: "He's dead. He's gone to the other world."

The next they brought up on the wagon was Jake Sixeymore. He was a laughing. They asked him if he wanted to make any confession. And he laughed and said: "All I want is a pint of Rock and Rye to stick in my hip-pocket for old Satan and a good home-made twist. He's going to have Hell with me and my brother Tim both with him. We'll both want jobs and we'll get into it. I want to get on the good side of him first. I'm not a damn bit sorry over anything I've done. Just one life to live, one death to die, something beyond or nothing beyond and I'll hold my own any Goddam place they put me. So, swing your Goddam rope to me soon as you give me that half-pint of Rock and Rye and that twist of Kentucky-berely terbaccer." "Sure thing," said the sheriff. "Go right for I'm afraid it's the last he'll ever get." So the fellow just give one of them big horse-pints with just one little dram taken out of it—he give him a twist that looked as big as my arm at the elbow. He took it, thanked the fellow in the gray with the long handlebar mustache and dough-belly that shook as he walked—and then he said: "I'm ready gentlemen. Pull your Goddam rope." Well, the crowd was kindly quiet for a few minutes then the band struck up a tune. And he was riding on the highest wagon and the highest coffin. The rope broke his neck the first crack. Of all the screams! His tongue just come out of his mouth—a twisted tongue—and where he bit it—it was bleeding—God what a sight. And his face black as a pawpaw leaf. He swung there low against the ground — the limb sagging and the rope swinging. Doc Smith run out and put his ear to his heart. He said: "Dead man. He is in the other world by now or gettin' mighty close." Well, people—just his old dad and mammy there in their rags. God I felt sorry for them. I couldn't help it. Had two boys there that day to hang. They took him off in the coffin and carried him a little ways and put him down in the grass. They waited for Tim to die so they could haul them both to the same double-grave on the same wagon. Her gray hair flying in the wind—him a mountain man with the smell of wood-smoke and cow manure on him—he had shed tears. He was a man stout as a rock. His sons were no stronger looking than their old white-haired father.

Well, the last wagon come up there that day. It had one of the biggest coffins I ever saw on it. The biggest man I ever saw was riding on top of that box. His big hands looked like shovels folded up there on his chest. He looked mean as the devil out of his eyes. They was black eyes and they had beads of fire shining from them. You could see them from the crowd. His hair looked like briars around a stump—a big mop of it and it looked like a comb had never been run through it in his life. Clay still on his knuckles where he had worked in the mines. He'd kill and he'd rob and he'd work. He was a great worker. Could do as much work as four ordinary men and lift more than any two men in the mines. Lord, he was a sight to look at. He looked like a mountain man. He could eat the side of a hog's ribs at one meal and a whole pone of corn bread and drink a gallon of buttermilk. He could eat three dozen fried eggs and drink a whole biler of strong coffee. Now, he was facing the gallows. He just set there like a rock. I heard one old whiskered man with a willow cane say: "Now, if he confesses all his guilt we'll get a good confession."

The band struck up a tune. *Dixie*, I believe. Nearly played it and *Old Kentucky Home* to death that day. It was one of the songs. And the people started screaming. It was the last one of the five and they just tried to see how much noise they could make. God, it was awful to hear. I remember his pore old mother fainting and how they dashed two buckets of cold water in her face. I remember the tears that come from his pore old pap's wrinkled eyes . . . It was a sight to see! I have often wished I'd never seen it. God, it was awful to think about.

When the band stopped the sheriff said: "Let's hear your confession, Tim Sixeymore." Well, that great big man got up and stood on his coffin. And he looked like a joint to me. Great big devil—unafraid of the whole crowd. And he said: "Yes, I've got a big confession to make. I got plenty to tell you bastard men and wench women— Goddam you bastards to Hell anyway. Now, get your ears ready and listen—get all you can . . . Goddam you!" You could a heard a pin drop there that day till some strange dogs started fighting and then the babies started crying. Well, they throwed water on the dogs and got them stopped and the women started nursing the babies and got them stopped. If they didn't want to nurse the women just made 'em nurse. And they soon stopped crying. They wanted to get the whole confession.

"Gentlemen bastards and sons-ofbitches. Women-winches and hussies and Goddam you all. Get this, the whole crowd of you that's come here to see me hang. I've done a whole hell of a sight more that I ought to hang for than this. But you—you come here to laugh at a man that meets death. All I got to say is Goddam every blessed one of you and I hope to hand every one of you a cup of water in Hell. You low down brindle housecats, come here to hang a man when he ain't done a single damn thing to you . . . I've killed seventeen men, raped five women—stole more than I can tell you about. Got a

Continued on page 202

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The Barge is fully protected by U. S. Pat. No. 95969. Comes in brown, cocoa, green and blue bucko.

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THE GREATEST NAME IN SHOES

I'm a success — that's evident now. I always thought I would be but Stetson wanted men to wear me — to kick me about — and then watch me come up smiling. I'm as flexible as a moccasin and amazingly light in weight. You'll see me in lower California, in Kentucky, in the hills of Pennsylvania — in fact, wherever men wear shoes that have to be rugged and comfortable and smart. Excuse me if I've seemed to brag — you see, I'm glad to be a success — proud to be a Stetson. Write for an illustrated folder and the name of your nearby Stetson dealer. The Stetson Shoe Company, Inc., South Weymouth, Mass. © 1937, The Stetson Shoe Co., Inc.

Mansfield

For That Casual Well-Groomed British Look

Don't be fooled by that casual look. It comes from strict attention to *personal* details. The shaving supplies of the English House of Bourjois are part of the daily lives of correct Englishmen from Piccadilly to Calcutta. Of the same kind and type—and used by the same kind of men—are the shaving soaps and lotions of the American House of Bourjois-Mansfield for Men. If you don't find them at the first shop you try, it will pay you to try again.

Quality Shaving Needs—Shaving Bowl, Shaving Cream and Brushless Shave. Talcum, After Shave Lotion, etc.

Mansfield
Mansfield

BOURJOIS

Sunday Afternoon Hanging

Continued from pages 49-201

good mother and a good father. Don't hold a thing against them you lousy bastards and wenches and young babies that nurse your mother's milk. This will be something for you to tell the generations about yet to come. And that is not all. I planned to kill Jim Murphy and Lizzie Murphy. It was all my work and yet all these fellows had to die. I hope Godalmighty burns this sonofabitchen tree with lightining before another hundred years roll by. Poor devils without a chance. Die for you to laugh at and see struggle on the scaffold. Die for you to laugh at as you would a chicken fight. You low down cowardly sonofabitches. Now laugh at me. I'll show you, by God, how a man can die. I'm not a bit afraid of whatever is to come. I'll be ready soon as I get one more good drink of Kentucky whiskey and a chaw of tobacker in my jaw. Then you can give me the rope, Goddam you. Strike up your Goddam band. You people whoop and holler as much as you damn please—you low lifed lousy bastards. I can whip any four fair fisted in the crowd. Will fight you right up here on top of my coffin. Want to try it, any of you? None—" There was silence in the crowd. Not a voice was lifted. "Well, then give me a drink of licker and a chaw of tobacker and I'm ready for the Happy Hunting Ground." The sheriff stepped up and give him a drink out of a full horsepint and give him a chaw off his own twist of tobacker. I'll bet twenty men offered him a drink of licker but the sheriff took charge because it was his duty under the sharp eyes of the law. When he got the rope around his neck I remember he said: "Look here you bunch of winches. Let me show you how to die. I'll hope to give your tail a couple of kicks in Hell. I'll just get there first. So long, you Goddam bellering crowd."

Well, a lot of the old men held their heads. The women sniffed and the band struck up the last tune, they thought, for the day. But it wasn't the last tune. They put the rope around his neck and tied it to the rope in the tree . . . and drove the wagon out from under him. Well, he just snapped that rope like it was a twine and laughed till you could a heared him for a mile. The limb swayed with him too. No well rope would hold him after it was wore the way it was—hanging so many people. Somebody went and got another rope. It was a brand new rope. And they fixed a new rope up in the elm and caught another limb so the two of them wouldn't give. And the seventh time—the rope held him. Well, the sheriff had to arrest his father and mother. They started fighting in the crowd. They's lots of people started taking it up for them and if they hadn't got him hung when they did it would have been a pitched battle by three o'clock. People started taking sides. You know what that meant in them days.

It wasn't long before the band started playing a retreat. It must have been Napoleon Boneparte's retreat or some big generals maybe—George Washington's—that was what happened at the end of the hangings. Had to have some soft music to soften the people up a little bit. God, it had been an awful day. Women pulling hair and shouting and praying—singing—screaming till you couldn't hear your ears. God, Kentucky used to have her hangings. And that was the biggest one I ever saw in Kentucky. Lauria and Kent Sixeymore riding on their sons' coffins. Lauria was a setting on the end of one and Kent was a setting on the end of the other. It was a sad thing to see. Pore old man and woman! Their hair white as cotton fleece flyin' in the spring wind—the dogs a barking and a fighting and the band, just about petered out on fast music, started playing that slow soft kind. People almost in tears! Big day was over. People getting at the little restaurant where it said, "Good lodging for a man and brute and a glass of licker and a night's lodging for a quarter." People trying to get something to eat. Women and children hungry and old skinny hounds running up to the back porches to the slop barrels and fighting over them. People fighting in the streets. Wagons going out of Greenupsburg with the dead. No wonder they call that place a Hang-Town! It was a Hang-Town. If you could just a seen, son, that crowd a breaking up and leaving. It was a sight. People getting acquainted and talking about the hanging—talking about their crops and the cattle and the doings of the Lord to the wicked people for their sins. That was the biggest hanging I ever saw. Used all them two barrels of cold water on the fighting dogs and the fainting women. When the crowd left all the gardens and flowers had been tromped under. Town looked awful and limbs broke out of the trees where people couldn't see out of the crowd and climb the trees and got up in them like birds! God, but it was awful!

Then a little later on they got to building a scaffold an' just letting a body see their bodies before they dropped down into a trap door and a sawdust bottom. They even put a cap over their face till people couldn't see their faces. Just kept a gettin' it easier and easier till they didn't hang 'em at all. Got to having baseball games instead and then people got bad in these parts. Law got to be a joke! Something like it is now. Give 'em just as easy a death as possible—like the hot seat. They used to let 'em hang in Kentucky! #

CONTEMPO FASHIONS

The CONTEMPO (RELATED) FASHION GROUPS FEATURED ON THE NEXT THREE PAGES WILL BE FOUND *EXCLUSIVELY* AT THE FOLLOWING STORES...

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Lang's
ALBANY, N. Y.
McManus & Riley, Inc.
ALLENTOWN, PA.
Hess Bros.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.
M. V. Moore Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Leed's, Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
D. M. Read Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS
Dreyfuss & Sons
DAVENPORT, IOWA
Simon & Landauer
DAYTON, OHIO
Metropolitan Co.
DETROIT, MICH.
Hughes & Hatcher, Inc.
DURHAM, N. C.
Durham Men's Shop
EL PASO, TEXAS
The White House
FORT SMITH, ARK.
Boston Store Men's Shop
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
L. Strauss & Co.
JAMAICA, N. Y.
B. Gertz, Inc.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
Woolf Bros.
MEMPHIS, TENN.
Phil. A. Halle
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
MacNeil & Moore
PATERSON, N. J.
Konners
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Kaufmann's
PORTLAND, MAINE
A. H. Benoit & Co.
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ROCK ISLAND, ILL.
Simon & Landauer
SCRANTON, PA.
Cleland-Simpson Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Dey Bros. & Co.
TOLEDO, OHIO
The B. R. Baker Co.
TULSA, OKLA.
Woolf Bros.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Lewis & Thos. Saltz
WICHITA, KAN.
Woolf Bros.
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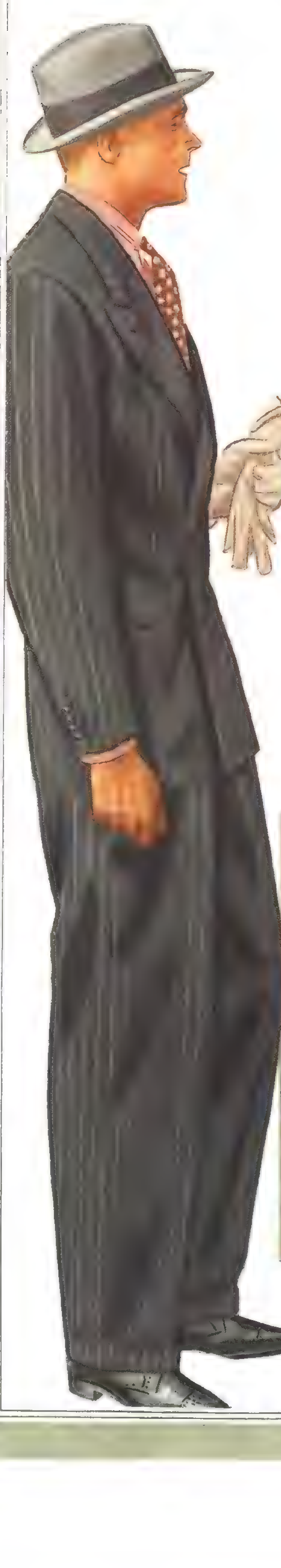
Norman Stockton, Inc.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
Hartzell Bros. Co.

CONTEMPO
FASHIONS

© 1937 CONTEMPO MENSWEAR GUILD INC., N.Y.C.



What Are CONTEMPO RELATED FASHIONS?

Contempo Related Fashions introduce one of the most forward-stepping fashion ideas yet developed for men! They accomplish deliberately that well turned out look of the man with the reputation of being infallibly well dressed. They were originated by a group of men who realize, that what makes one man stand out in a group . . . what tells you at a glance that he "belongs" . . . what stamps him as one who appreciates the finer things, is his general air of correctness. It's what he wears *with* what!

¶ With this in mind, a small group of important makers of fine men's wear, each a specialist in his respective field, have joined together to form the Contempo Guild, to offer, instead of a hit and miss method of assembling an effective outfit, a series of ensembles expressly designed for each other . . . ensembles that co-ordinate . . . *related* groups that have the stamp of authenticity.

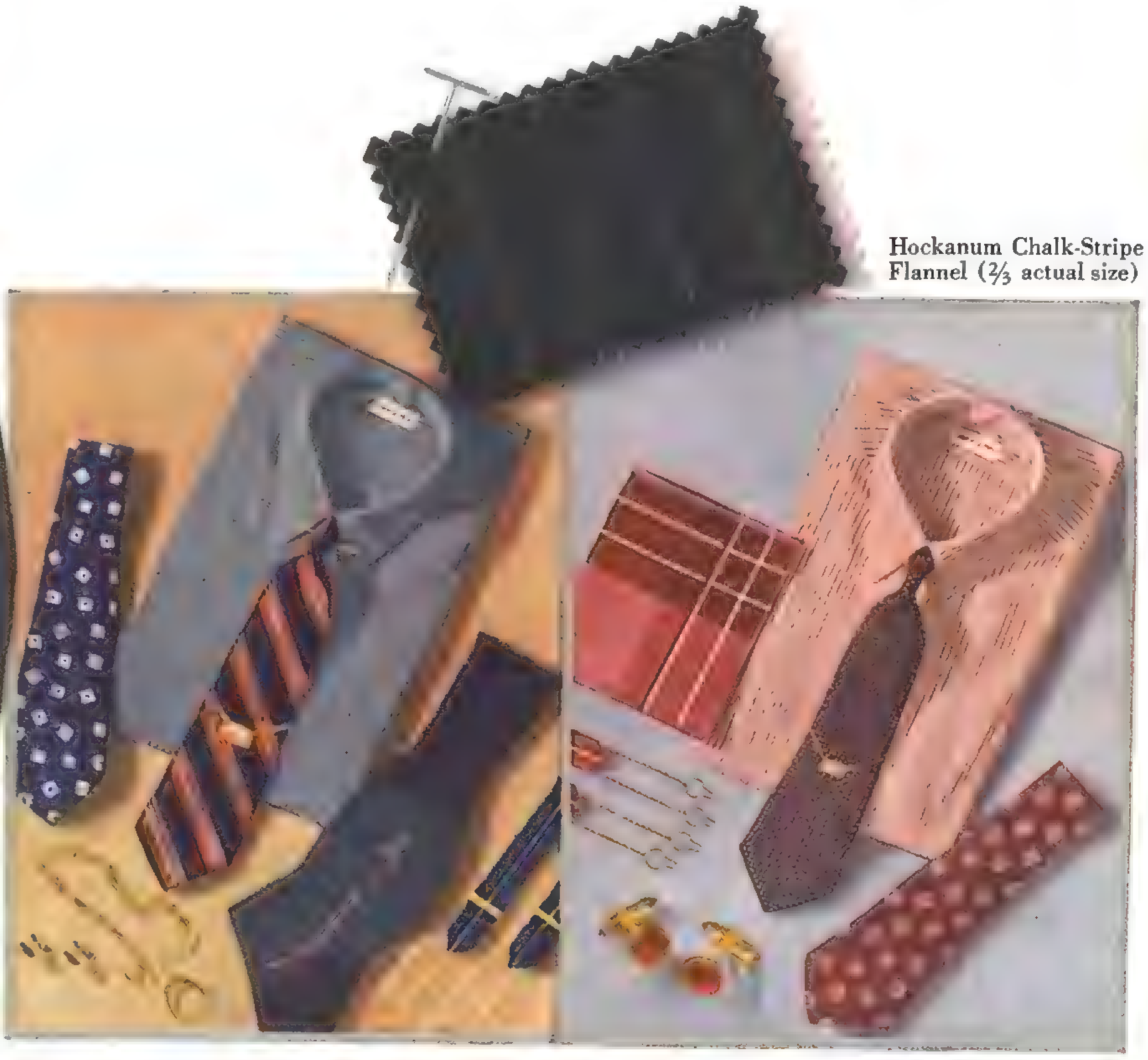
¶ Each group, pictured on this and the following two pages, is the result of careful planning—not only in the subtle combining of color and style, but also of pattern and texture.

¶ Study the suit worn by the man at the left and notice how effectively the two smart alternates designed to team up with it, would complete it.

¶ The Guild has arranged with a limited number of stores to present, exclusively, its selections for Spring 1937. Their names are listed on the opposite page.

ASK THESE STORES TO SHOW YOU THE SERIES. THEY WILL INTRIGUE YOU!

(If your favorite store is not included in the list, write to CONTEMPO GUILD, 515 Madison Avenue, New York)



Hockanum Chalk-Stripe Flannel (2/3 actual size)

For the chalk stripe suit, Contempo's harmony in blue . . . broadcloth shirt, 2.50, blue-and-red rep tie, 1.00 . . . blue-and-blue twill tie, 1.50 . . . lisle sox, 1.00 . . . chain-end braces, 1.50, key chain, 2.00, and parachute cuff-links, 1.50.

An effective alternate—Contempo Related Fashions in Wine . . . striped broadcloth shirt, 2.50 . . . wine and blue pin-pattern tie, 1.00 . . . wine twill tie, 1.50 . . . imported handkerchief, 1.00 . . . chain-end braces, 1.50 . . . cuff-links, 2.50.

The makers of Contempo *Fashions are listed on the following page*

CONTEMPO FASHIONS

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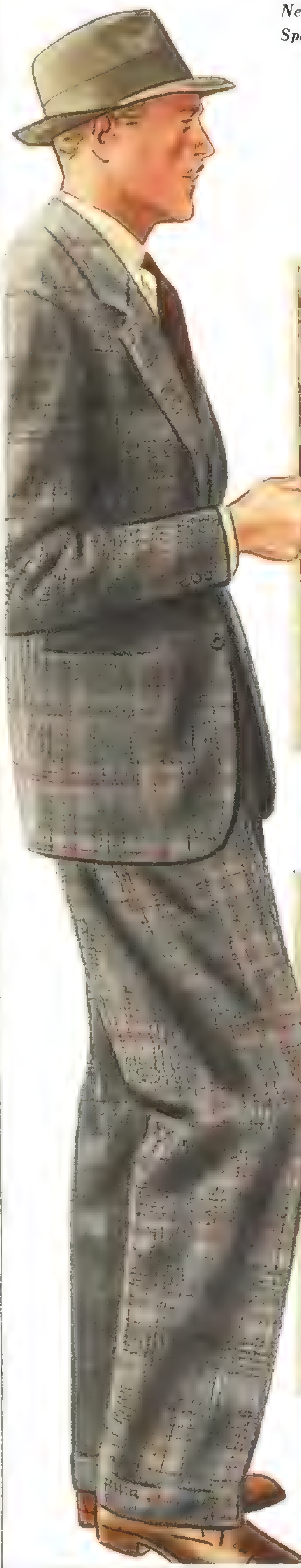
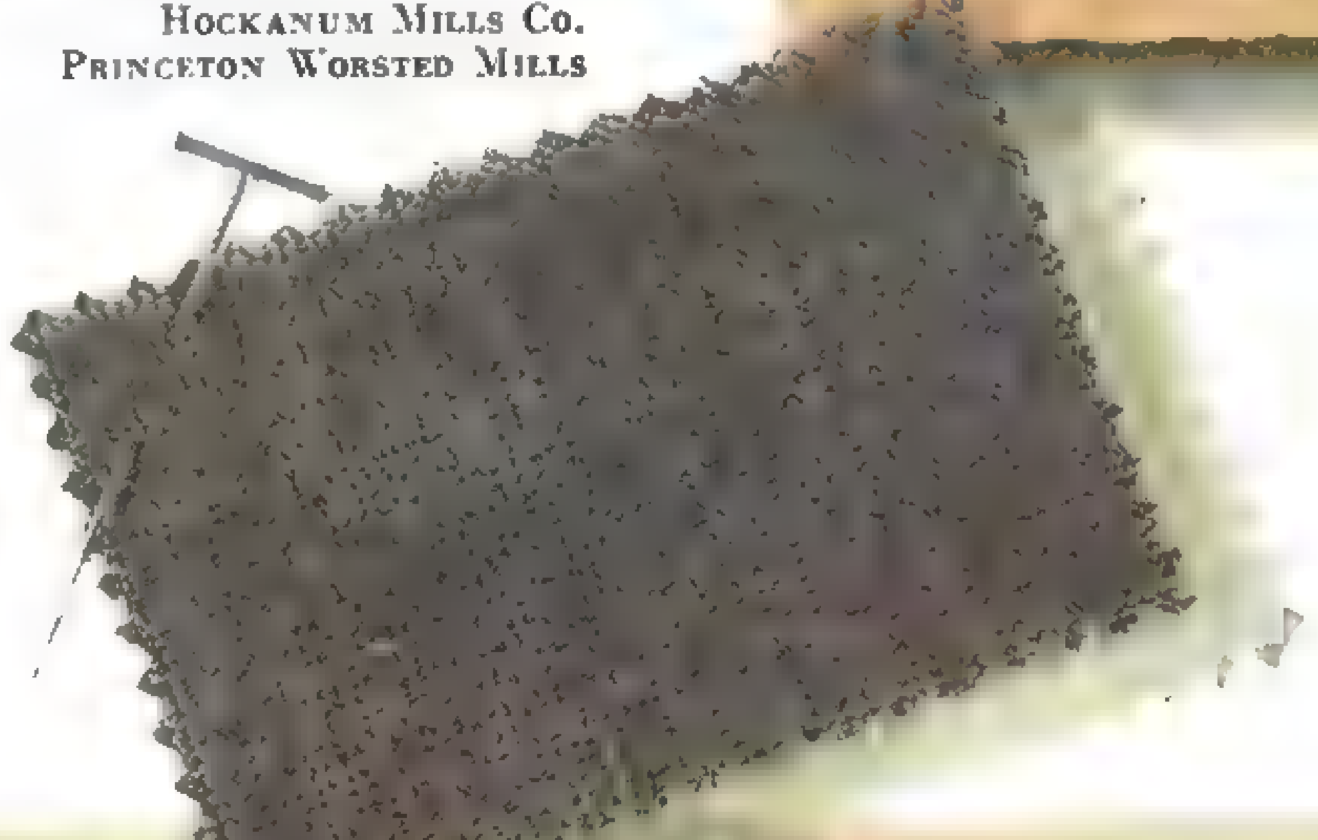
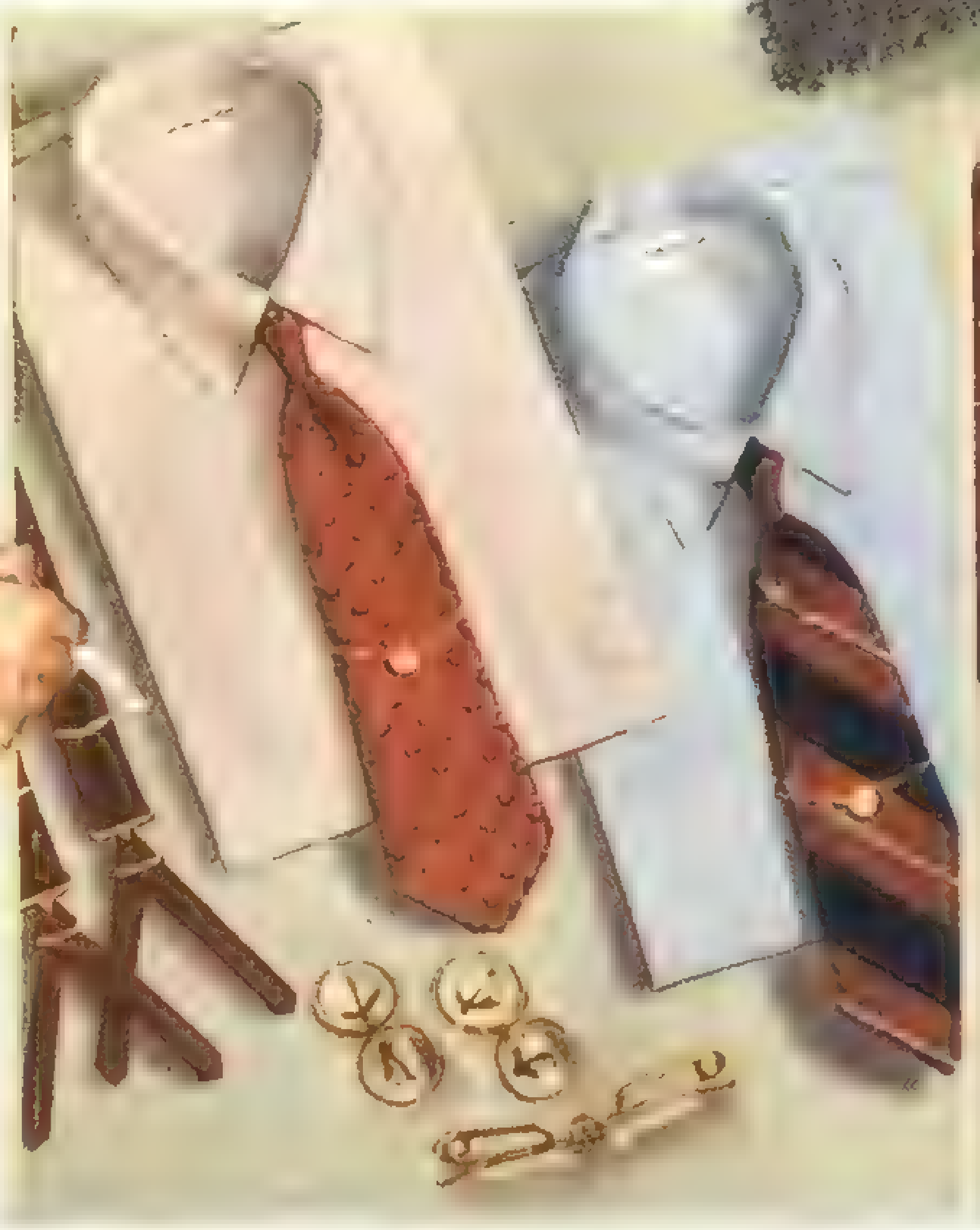
Makers of CONTEMPO *Related Fashions*

Shirts	C. F. Hathaway Co.
Neckwear	Bachrach Co.
Handkerchiefs	Bloch Freres
Jewelry	Swank Products
Neckerchiefs	Benj. Wolf Co.
Sportswear	McGregor
Pajamas and Braces	Knothe Bros. Co.
Robes	Van Baalen, Heilbrun & Co.
Suiting Fabrics	Strong Hewat & Co. Hockanum Mills Co. Princeton Worsted Mills

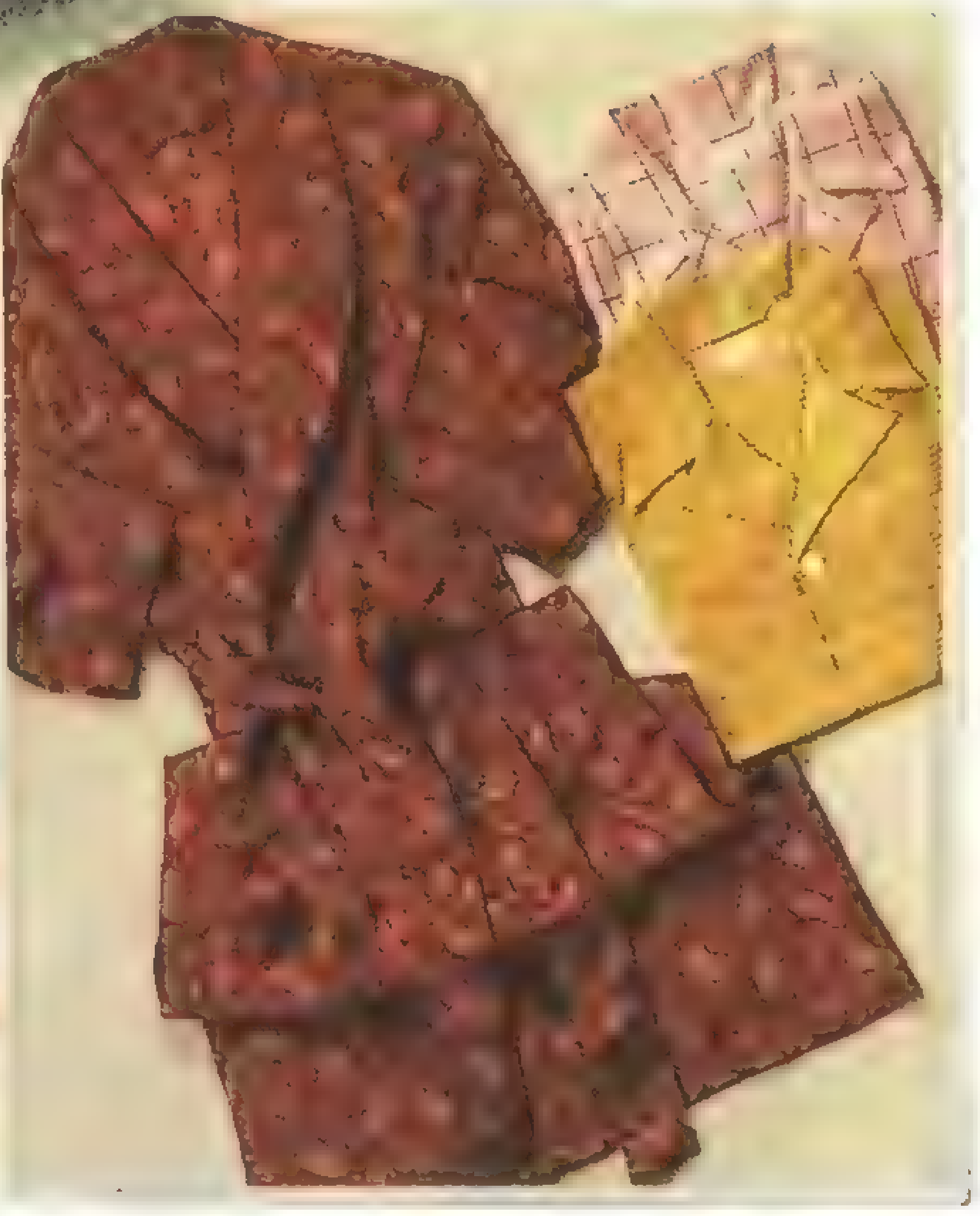




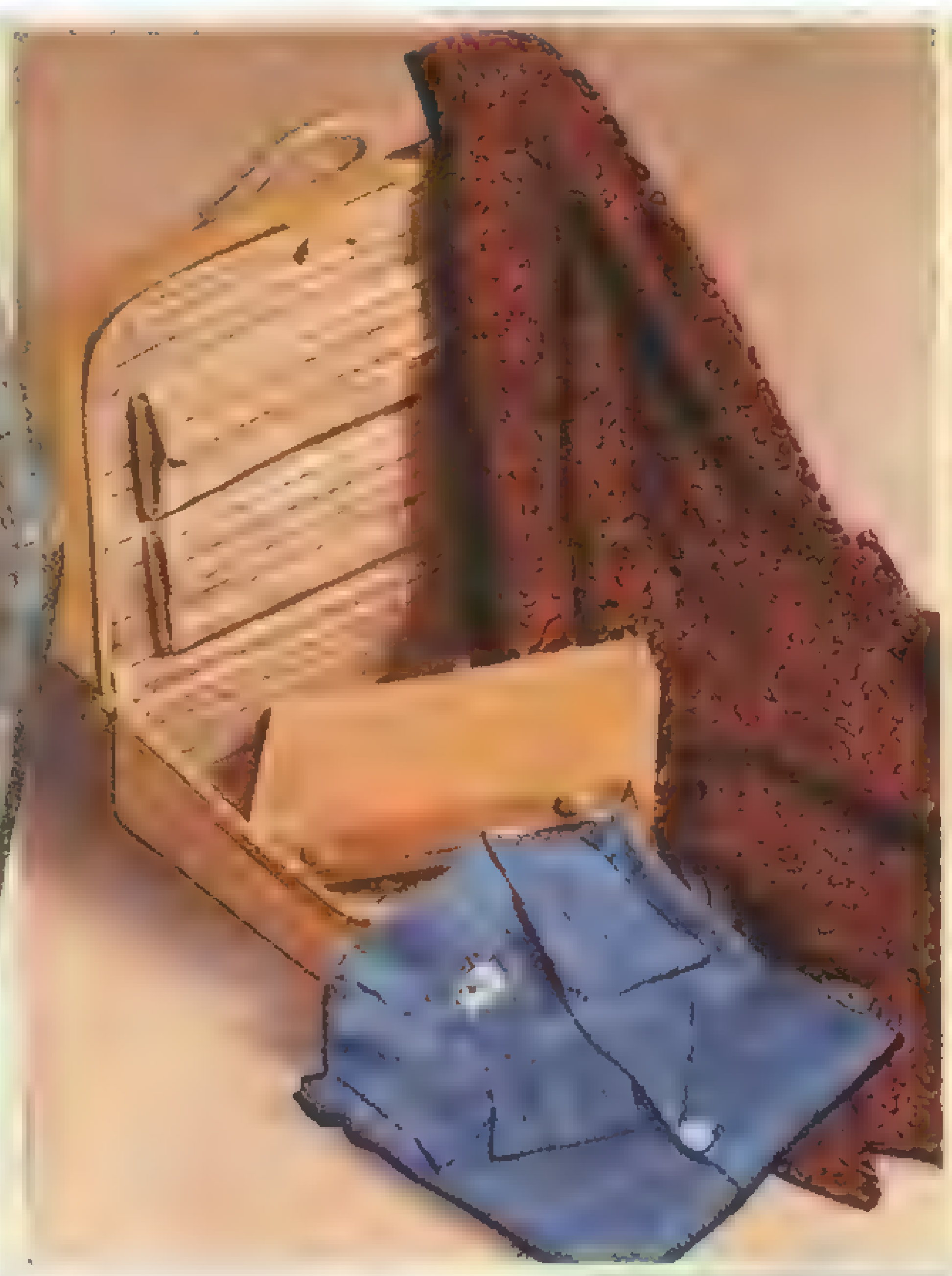
Princeton Glen Plaid Worsted (⅔ actual size)



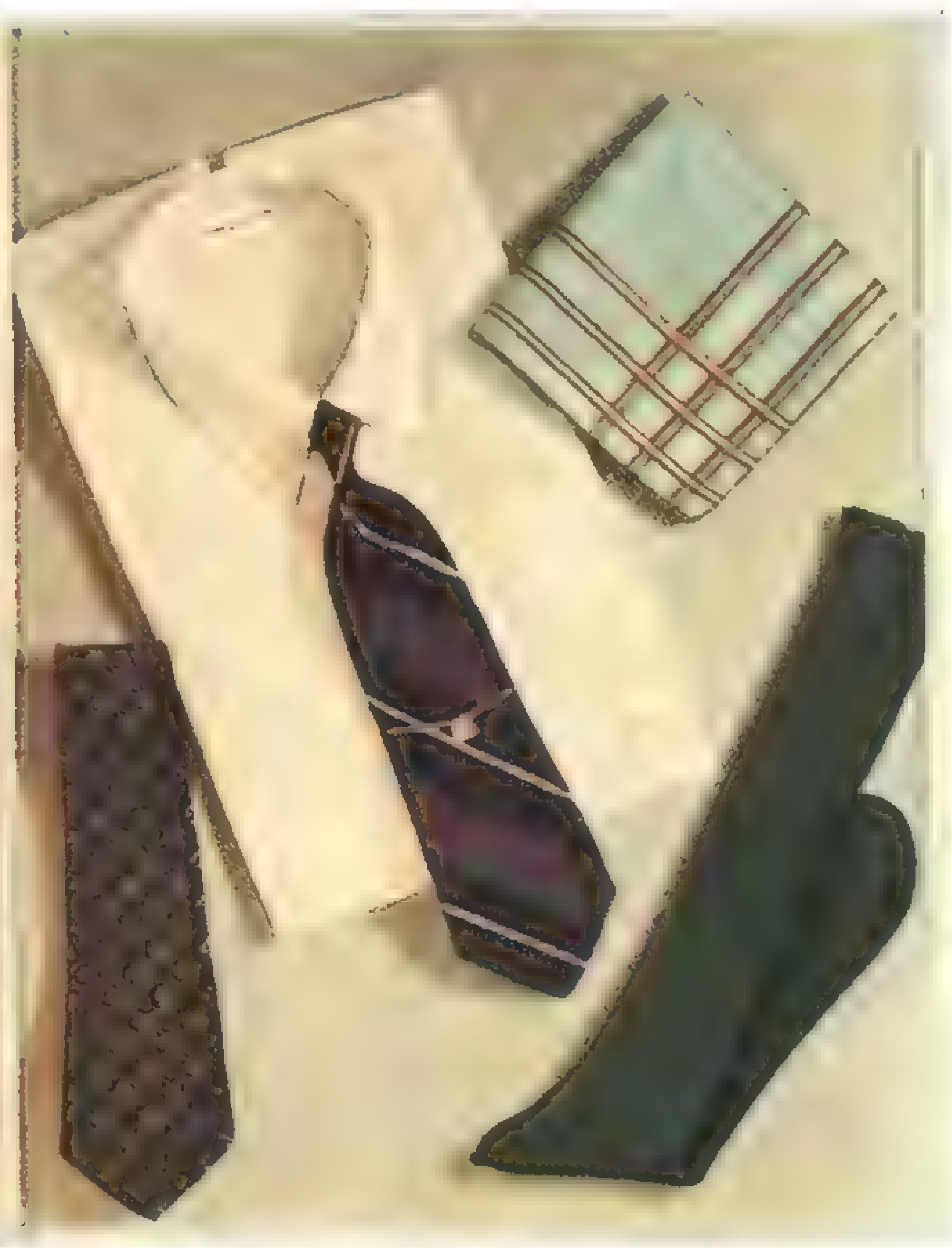
Teammates for Glen plaid worsted . . . blue end-on-end madras shirt, 2.00, twill wine-ground tie, 1.00, wine madras shirt, 2.00, blue-and-wine rep tie, 1.00, tone-weave braces, 1.00, trout-fly links, 1.00, adjustable collar-bar, 1.00.



For leisure hours, as well, CONTEMPO Related Fashions! This handsome crepe faille travel and lounge robe in Kashmir pattern on a brown ground at 10.00 and checked sateen pajamas in gold, 3.50, or red over-plaid check, 3.50.



Natural affinities — this Talon-fastened, two-compartment travel kit of shrunken pigskin, 27.50, and unfitted toilet kit to match, 6.00. Close harmony in the kit's contents, too . . . a red-ground crepe faille robe, 10.00, and blue sateen pajamas, 3.50.

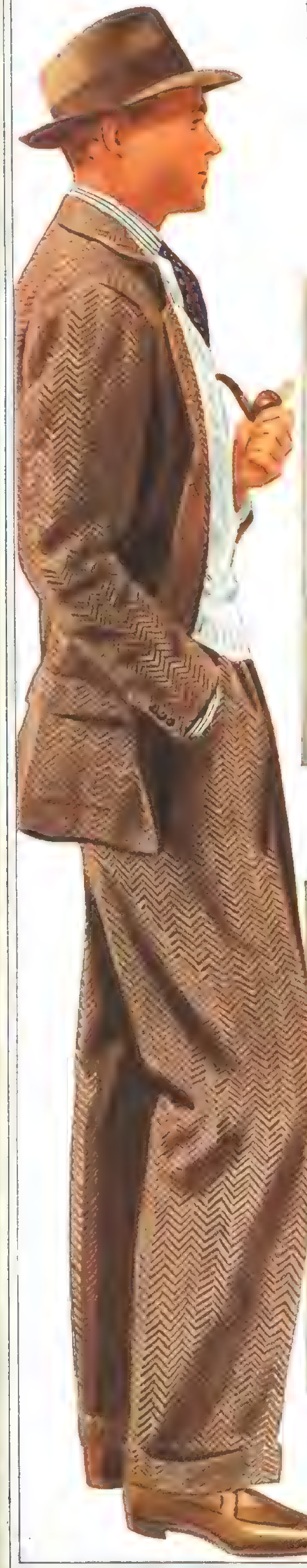


Companionable with Glen plaid worsted is this tan end-on-end madras shirt, 2.00 . . . silk rep brown-and-green tie, 1.00 . . . heavy twill green ground tie, 1.00 . . . French mull handkerchief, hand-rolled edges, 50c . . . and 6x3 Derby-ribbed lisle sox, 50c.

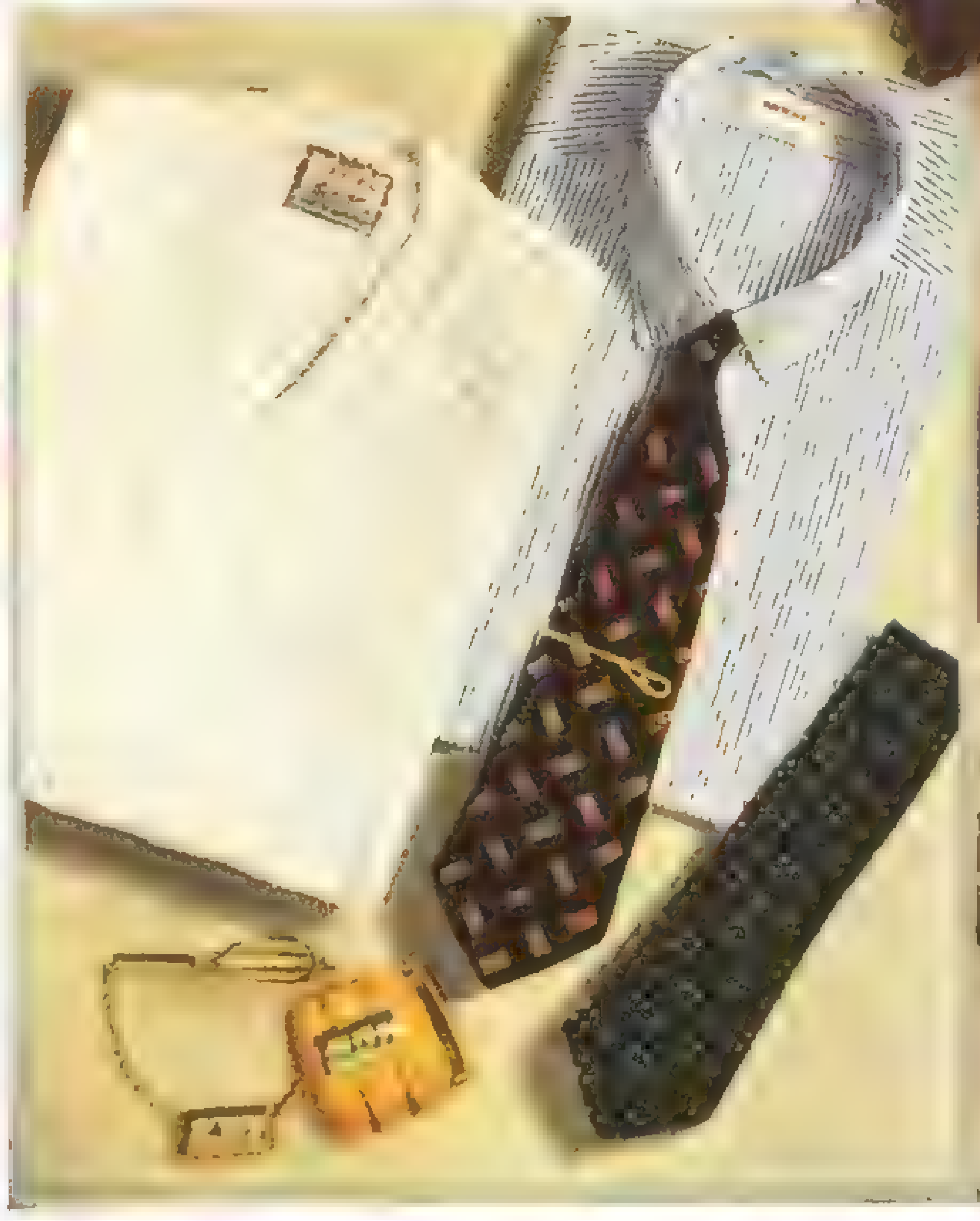
CONTEMPO FASHIONS

©1937 Contempo Menswear Guild Inc., N.Y.C.

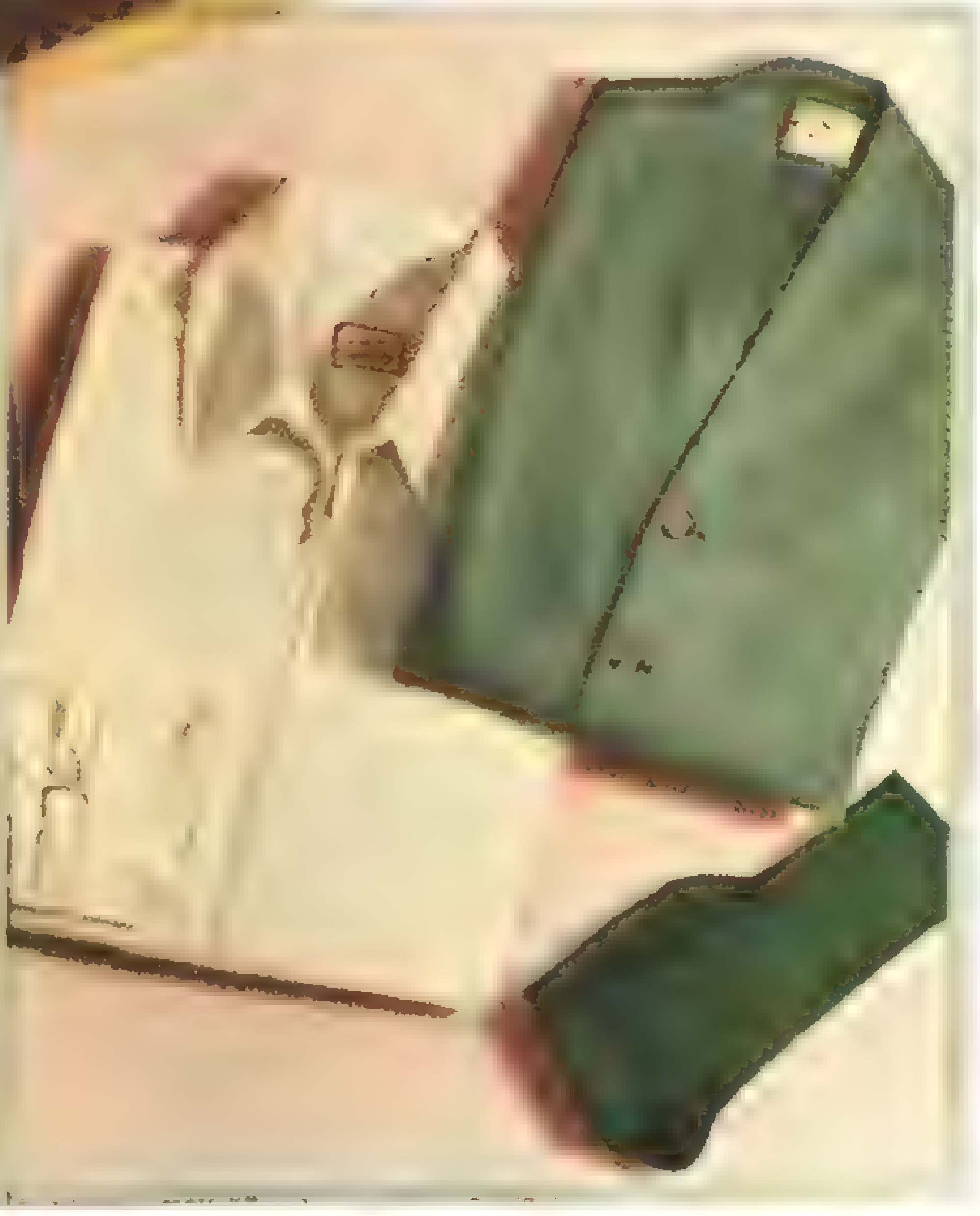
Get into the habit of wearing CONTEMPO Related Fashions, for town, for leisure, sports and travel. They're today's smart answer to *"what goes with what."* Featured at favorite stores.



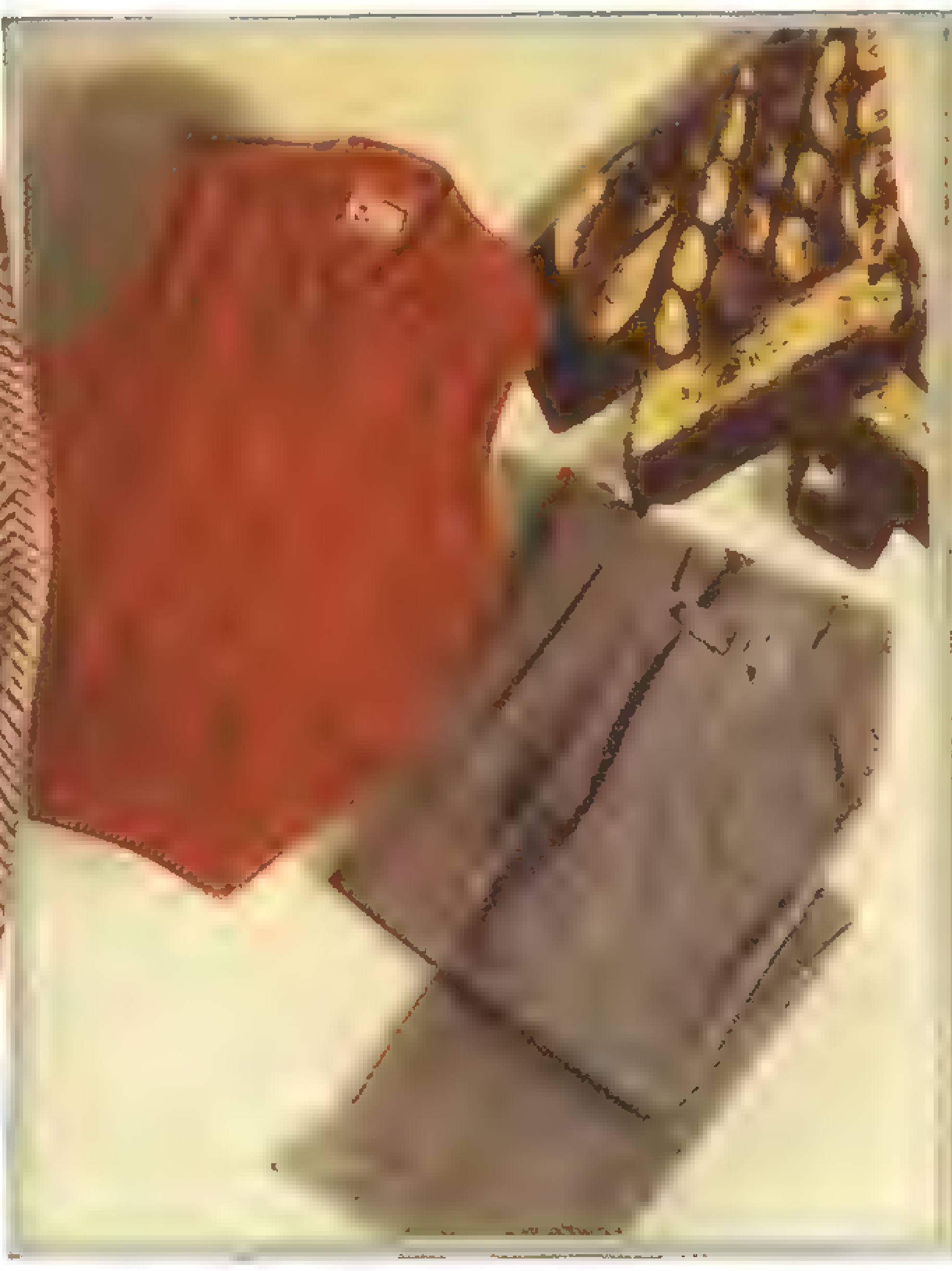
Strong Hewat Shetland Herringbone (⅔ actual size)



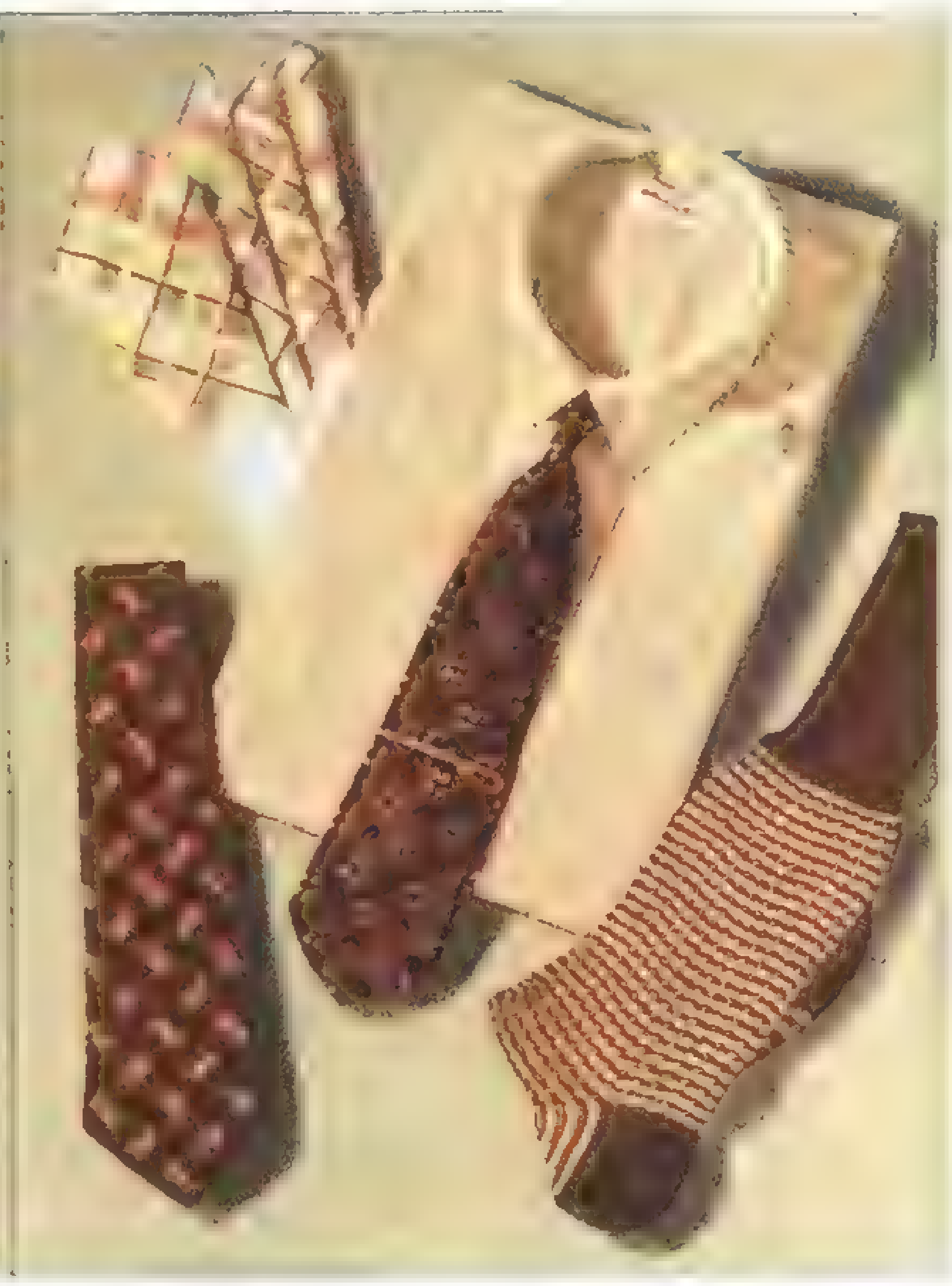
Close harmonizers . . . striped ivory ground zephyr-weight shirt, 2.50 . . . woven foulard tie, 1.50 . . . printed twill tie, 1.00 . . . ivory cable-stitch sleeveless pull-over, 5.00 . . . new angle personalized cravat-chain, 1.00 . . . buckle, 1.50.



The follow-through is perfect in this CONTEMPO trio for the fairway, too. Workmanlike Talon-closed windproof golf jacket, 8.50 . . . button front jacket with ribbed back for easy fit, 5.00 . . . and fine wool sports sox, pair, 1.00.



Close kinship again, in this CONTEMPO threesome . . . the copper colored sleeveless pullover in the new spaced cable stitch, 5.00 . . . the large silk twill neckerchief, 1.50 . . . and the finely checked overplaid slacks to harmonize, 10.00.



Shetland herringbone calls for this quintet . . . zephyr-weight ivory ground shirt striped in oxblood, 2.50 . . . printed twill wine-ground tie, 1.00, or woven foulard tie, 1.50, French mull hand-rolled handkerchief. Related lisle sox, 50c.

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the Sir-Eden

In the midst of fashions that clamor for preference, this Homburg of English sponsorship has been quietly accepted. Correct for evening, distinguished and appropriate for business. $5—$7—$10 at better shops.

MIDNITE BLUE
BLACK
FOG GRAY

SCHOBLE

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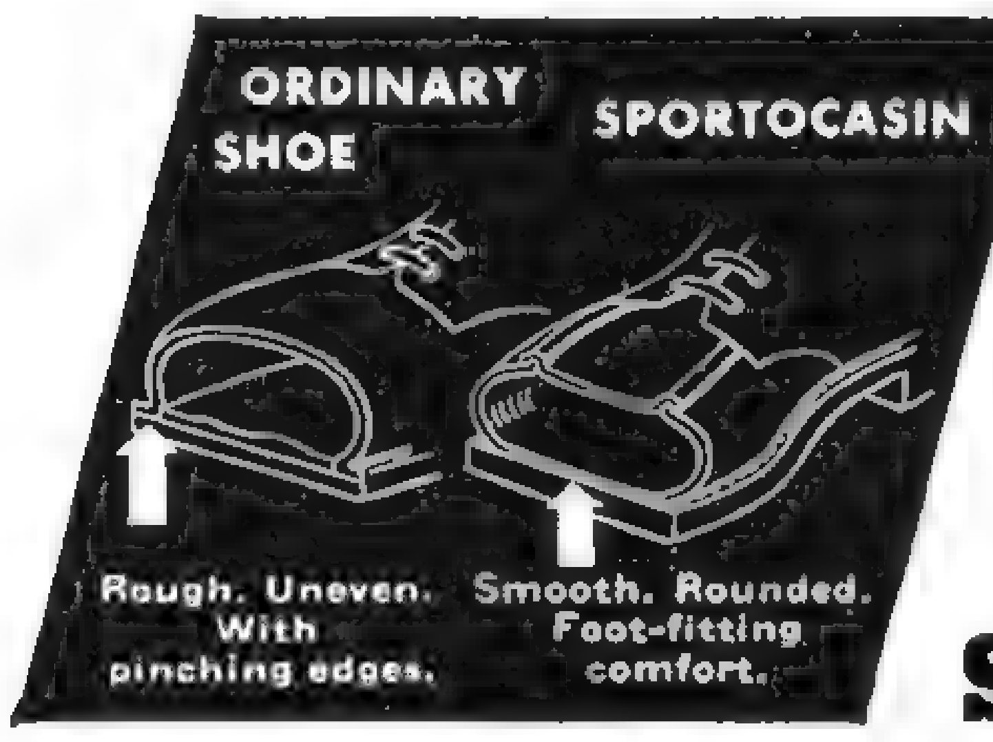
IMPROVE YOUR GAME...
FROM THE GROUND UP!
SPORTOCASIN PARS—$10. Other models—$10 up. Double construction—$15.
Photograph of foot-comfort. All the ease and snug support of an Indian slipper. One cradle of soft leather goes all the way under the foot.

● Golf pleasure and score depend largely on your feet. Sportocasins are built especially for golfers and worn by more champions than any other shoe. You can't find such comfort in any ordinary golf shoe.

Sportocasins have no bothersome innersole to get crinkly and rough. No pinching edges. Note the arrangement of demountable spikes adding sure grip to the roll of the foot—from start to finish of every stroke.


ORDINARY SHOE
SPORTOCASIN
Rough. Uneven. With pinching edges.
Smooth. Rounded. Foot-fitting comfort.

Sportocasins for men and women are sold from coast to coast. Write for Roland Wingate's booklet, "Headwork & Footwork." G. H. Bass & Co. (Abbott Division), 104 Canal Street, Wilton, Maine.

SPORTOCASIN

Love Is Enough

Continued from page 50

métier. But before she could think of any way to stop him Mr. Dilmer went on. This scoundrel he said was a man of very strange habits. O Henry said Mrs. Dilmer hiding her face again he was indeed! For instance said Mr. Dilmer not only did he bring with him a flask of gin which since repeal is no longer considered acceptable as a hostess gift but he drank it and I assume insisted on your drinking it straight and probably through straws since there was no mark of anyone's lips having touched the glasses. He brought with him a new necktie which I assume he carried over his arm since it had obviously never been tied. In bed he smoked a cigar. You will forgive my mentioning this intimate detail but to me it seems almost incredible. Yet he did it.

He wa—he was very nervous stammered Mrs. Dilmer.

He must have been for somehow he managed to smoke this cigar without biting off the end. Indeed his smoking habits were very odd for the cigar he smoked in the living room he lit at the wrong end. His taste in cigars too was not of the best. I know those cigars. You gave me some two Christmases ago. I can hardly believe that a man would smoke any cigar in a lady's bedroom much less in her very bed. But those cigars—no. Decidedly no.

But Henry said Mrs. Dilmer I know it may seem strange to you but all men are not as thoughtful as you Henry.

That may be true said Mr. Dilmer but I find it hard to credit such a high degree of thoughtlessness outside of an asylum. For instance—and this is my last point—he brought with him a new suit of pajamas. That was thoughtful you will say. Perhaps it was but was it thoughtful to leave the sales slip in the pocket so that I could note the coincidence that the pajamas were bought and charged to me the day I came home?

Mrs. Dilmer had begun to snivel a little. O Henry she began but Mr. Dilmer stopped her. No no Etta he said there is no need to say anything more. You wanted me to go away and I went away. You wanted me to come back and now I have come back. And I am glad I found all this out. I am a happy man today Etta for now I am sure of you at last.

O hell said Mrs. Dilmer. #

The Japanese Col. Lawrence

Continued from page 43

Service was as easily spotted in its work as the house detective of an American hotel.

Doihara changed all this. He broke up the bureaucratic rule and taught his men new tricks. He obtained a good budget and used it. He believed in paying well for information and engaged thousands of agents of all nationalities, even including Americans. Japanese traders, doctors, dentists, photographers and druggists living in China did good work. Many of these had Chinese wives, learned the language and provincial customs and to all appearances were as Chinese as the natives. Buddhist missionaries with their knowledge of languages proved especially useful. The Al Capones and their gangs in the tenderloins of the large Chinese cities found it profitable to assist and the thousands of White Russian girls who filled the red-light districts of the East were glad to take money from the enemies of the hated Bolsheviks. Through the great intelligence posts in Shanghai, Peiping, Harbin, Hsinking and Tientsin, their information poured into the ears of Doihara.

These, of course, are merely routine matters. The most important task of Doihara, which places him far above other Intelligence chiefs in the world today, has been to start war, to create situations in which the timid Japanese politicians dare not restrain the ardor of the militarists. In this role, he follows in the tradition of the great Colonel Nicolai, head of the German Intelligence Service in the World War. Nicolai, according to a widespread story, probably had more to do with causing the war than the Kaiser. He was the man who printed the famous faked edition of the *Lokal Anzeiger*. This edition of the paper, published during the crisis which preceded declarations of war, contained a deliberately falsified report that the German Army was being mobilized. Only a few copies of the edition were struck off and these were sent to the Russian Embassy in Berlin. The Russian Ambassador hastened to wire this bit of news to Petrograd. The Russian mobilization, which allegedly precipitated the struggle, followed.

Doihara's greatest exploit outclassed Nicolai's. Nicolai, after all, was merely called in to touch off a situation created by other men and forces. But Doihara provided the atmosphere, laid the fuse, and when the time was favorable, lit it. He started the Manchurian War.

When the Japanese generals (but not the politicians) were ready to start the conquest of Manchuria, Doihara passed some busy months. He went to China and visited his old friends, Generals Shih-Yu-shan and Yen Hsi-shan. With these rude soldiers, Doihara threw off his mask of culture and suavity and got right down to realistic horse-trading. The war lords demanded cash, munitions and promise of diplomatic support. Doihara wanted his friends to embarrass the Chinese government while the Japanese took Manchuria. The deal was concluded; Doihara paid money, sent munitions, made diplomatic engagements. The war lords kept their part of the bargain by revolting against General Chiang Kai-shek's National government. Chiang appealed frantically for aid to Chang Tso-lin the Dictator of Manchuria. With 100,000 men, the Manchurian general crossed the Great Wall and went south to assist his friend. Thus with the Manchurian forces weakened, the situation fairly beckoned to the ambitious Japanese.

But politicians need excuses for conquest. The Japanese ministers felt reluctant to consent to war unless they could present to the world and their people a picture of a peaceful Japanese nation forced into war by the provocative acts of the Chinese. Was it true what they had been saying about Manchurian wickedness and disorder? Doihara supplied the necessary answer.

His is the service which makes incidents. The first was the assassination of Captain Nikamura. This Japanese officer left Harbin, central city in Manchuria, on June 9 in the guise of an agricultural expert. The Chinese authorities warned him that the route he was taking was infested by bandits. Perhaps, as a member of the Blood Brotherhood, the fanatical Japanese secret society, he did not worry too much about his life. Fellow members of his society have been known to commit *sennuku* (honorable suicide) in front of a peace-loving minister's house just to show their zeal for the war-like progress of Japan. Blood Brotherhood members comprise some of the cream of the Service. A few weeks later, he was seized by bandits who did not ask for the usual ransom, but executed their captive. Tokyo immediately went into a typical war scare. The people were now prepared to support an invasion of Manchuria "to restore order." But foreign powers remained skeptical and the politicians hesitated while they sent notes. Doihara became impatient.

Thirty-one inches of railroad clinched the matter. On the night of September 18, 1931, six Japanese soldiers patrolling the Japanese controlled railroad outside of Mukden, Manchuria, heard an explosion and were fired upon. They discovered that some armed men, presumably Chinese, had succeeded in blowing up a small piece of track. Or so they said. They notified their commander. It should be recorded to the honor of Doihara and the Intelligence Service that the Army went into action immediately—within two minutes after the explosion. As for the damage to the railroad, it did not prevent the express for Harbin from roaring over the rails fifteen minutes later. Months after this, the League of Nations investigating committee tried to figure it out. Meanwhile, the Japanese troops occupied Mukden after a brief struggle and proceeded to clean up the rest of Manchuria.

As tanks crawled north from Mukden on the heels of the retreating Chinese, Doihara celebrated his victory. Fellow officers for the first time were able to confer on the hitherto temperate Doihara the title of *Gozen Sama*—"Mister Morning"—only given to those who drink not wisely until the small hours of the morning. But he did not idle long. The rapid defeat of the Chinese and the Japanese consolidation of the country left open another field for his talents. The new Japanese possession required a government, a puppet government of course, but with some sort of titular ruler, to give the appearance of "autonomy." Tokyo suggested a number of broken-down Manchurian war lords. But Doihara had different ideas.

He went to Tientsin right under the nose of the Chinese Army. A few days later riots broke out. The same old story. Japanese merchants cried out for protection and the inevitable Japanese gunboat responded. Meanwhile Doihara paid a visit to a smooth-faced, bespectacled youth in an old palace in the Japanese concession. He praised Henry Pu-Yi's wall-screens, quoted Confucius and painted a vivid picture of how the Japanese would restore the glories of the ancient Manchu dynasty. In conclusion, he suggested that Pu-Yi might find safety from the riotous Chinese and at the same time satisfy his imperial dreams by forsaking disorderly Tientsin for the safe haven of Japanese controlled Manchuria. Pu-Yi timorously declined. The next morning he discovered a bomb in a basket of fruit delivered to his door. Still he hesitated. Then Doihara, as is usual when his threats and diplomacy fail, acted with brutal decision. A party of Japanese marines from the gunboat landed, and seized the Manchu heir and bore him off to Manchuria.

Some months later, attended by several hundred Japanese officials including Doihara, Henry Pu-Yi ascended an imitation of the Dragon Throne (original in Peiping), as ruler of the Manchurians. After the ceremony, the puppet Emperor shook hands with Doihara and was driven off to his new palace in a bullet-proof American limousine, through throngs of remarkably undemonstrative subjects.

Because of these exploits, Doihara won promotion, from colonel to major-general. Today, success has relaxed somewhat his earlier fanaticism. He no longer scorns Western customs. When he visits Shanghai, he can be found in the bar of the Cathay Hotel hoisting Manhattans, now his favorite drink. He likes all things American and nice—pumpkin pie, one-

Continued at top of page 208

At the HOTEL GEORGE V in Paris
MARTINIS ARE MADE WITH
HOUSE OF LORDS
DRY GIN
Produced by BOOTH'S in London
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
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HOTEL
GEORGE V
31, AVENUE GEORGE V, PARIS
TÉLÉGRAMMES GEORGEOTEL-PARIS

October 29th, 1936.

I use "House of Lords" in my Martinis.

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The Japanese Col. Lawrence

Continued from pages 43-207

steps and Hollywood movies—all except the American Navy. But if he has lost some of his bigotry, he has hardened in other ways. He has become more daring. The murder last year of Gareth Jones, British journalist who knew too much about the Japanese intrigues in North China, has been attributed to his Service. A story reported in the Chinese press last month claims that Doihara, after the usual offer of a bribe failed, threatened General Han Fu-chu of Shantung with assassination by Japanese gun-men, unless he would declare a puppet state under Japanese control. The famous and terrible smile which in the past charmed so many Chinese has acquired a flavor of arrogance.

He is said to want another and bigger "puppet" enthronement, this time in Peiping. The Pu-Yi affair was a great show. In preparation for a greater, the show, featuring different actors and settings, has moved on to other theatres, with Doihara as the advance agent. His old friend, Yin Ju-keng, sets up a sort of "North China Free State," close to Peiping. Meanwhile Chinese resistance stiffens and diplomats of the two nations wrangle. The Japanese Army waits—for new developments, new evidences of Chinese disunity, new incidents and for Doihara's fruitful trail-blazing. Doihara continues to travel actively. It took months to pull off the Manchurian plot. It may take longer to open the gates of northern China to Japanese troops, to capture Peiping and the real Dragon Throne. But Doihara can afford to wait and to murmur to himself the motto of the Intelligence Service, "The Gods smile on us, their direct descendants." ⧺

The Sit-Down Strike in Sports

Continued from page 46

College at Amherst. How the Massachusetts State College happened to get interested in the subject and development of recreation illustrates the rich commercial possibilities in selling the cure for athletic fanny.

At the head of the institution is a brawny ex-woodsman named Hugh Baker. Associated for many years with the college as a faculty member is Lawrence Dickinson, former track star. The Massachusetts school primarily was devoted to such problems as that of scientifically stoking gentle Bossy, then stroking her so she yields Triple X cream at each caress of the properly educated paw. Dickinson's part of the work was concerned with providing Bossy with epicurean cuisine. From the problems of the right grass for cows, sheep and horses, Dickinson became gradually bothered with grasses for golf courses.

The outcome of the golf course grass work was a winter short course for golf's greenkeepers, which was established eleven years ago. Dickinson early made the startling discovery that a country club had a business handicap quite similar to that of a church—the plant wasn't used often enough to justify the requirements of business operation. The churches do good business on Sundays and prayer meeting nights, but the rest of the time operate with lighter traffic than a made-to-order yacht sales agency. The country clubs did good business week ends and maybe one day during the week, but had an even shorter season than the churches.

Dickinson reasoned that any business worse off than the church business needed some attention. He began, through his greenkeeping short courses, to evangelize for year-around operation of country club plants. Baker studied Dickinson's recommendations for a twelve month sports program for country clubs and concluded Dickinson had something that could be expanded. So the Massachusetts school began its now famous annual outdoor recreation conferences. The programs, presenting experts in each field and drawing a steadily increasing attendance, cover such subjects as camping, golf, parks, winter sports, community recreation, trails, nature, hunting, fishing, mountaineering, water sports, horsemanship and forestry.

Recreation is now the second largest business in New England and booming soundly since the Massachusetts State College sessions began to wise up the natives to the possibilities if extensively and smartly worked.

Connecticut, too, has gone in strong for promotion of its sports facilities, with a state publicity campaign that for class and punch on comparatively little money demonstrates that politicians have let some one who knows how do the job. California, Florida, Wisconsin and other states also advertise cures for athletic fanny.

In the New England sector and in the Pocono mountain region west of New York City, the railroads brought into action vasomotor nerves and much rolling stock with snow trains at excursion rates. The boys and girls up into the middle forties have packed these trains when weather conditions were favorable. Railroads in other parts of the country picked up the snow train idea and prayed for old-fashioned winters.

The Canadian Pacific did a lone job for years in ballyhooing the winter sports travel idea. It was great stuff in those days when a fellow in this country had to drink liquor that when breathed out would melt the snow for miles around. You could go to Canada, dress up like Jules By Gar the trapper, drink legally, virily and wholesomely. It has continued to be great stuff during the last few years when winter sports began to take hold to the extent that you might meet some one of lower social rating but you wouldn't know it, at winter playgrounds convenient to the northern metropolitan cities of the United States.

When you get them to go for winter sports you can be reasonably sure that they are not victims of athletic fanny. Summer sports often attract, intermittently, the mildly inerts, but to buck the zip of winter demands either a violently romantic temperament or 150-proof red corpuscles.

Steve Hannagan and Joe Copps, the Miami Beach press agents, had the diagnosis of the national epidemic right when they turned down Bob Harlow, master promoter of golf tournaments, on Harlow's proposal that Miami Beach put up $30,000 for an open golf tournament. Harlow sweated and table-pounded, argued and pleaded.

Hannagan looked out the window as Copps politely listened to Harlow. Hannagan, never myopic to the trimmings of Miami Beach, saw a bounding-busted lass in a halter-and-gee-string bathing suit parading the throughfare below.

"Bob, come here," said Hannagan. "See that?" nodding at the nymph.

"Yes. What was I talking about before?" asked Harlow.

"When you can show me newspapers going for pictures of fellows lunging at golf balls like the papers will go for pictures of that lovely young lady and her lungs, we will resume conversation about a $30,000 golf tournament as Miami Beach publicity," said Hannagan.

"Let us go down to the beach, and just visit, Steve," sighed Harlow as he packed up his massive scrapbooks of clippings about golf tournaments.

As a nation, we have lied ourselves into the belief that we are such vigorous sportsmen that even authorities in various sports are frequently censured for giving out figures much lower than the popular estimates of the actual participants in their respective sports. On bowling, the public's idea of the size of the clientele is between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000. E. H. Baumgarten, secretary of the American Bowling Congress and the foremost statistical authority on the sport, says that bowling alley capacity alone would reveal the 7,000,000 figure as too high.

In golf, during the boom years of 1927-30, one of the manufacturers was quoted in a widely printed newspaper piece as setting the number of golfers between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000. Capacity of golf courses made his most conservative guess too high by at least 2,000,000. There are about 1,750,000 golfers in the United States. Golf is the most popular of adult, necessarily active sports, with the exception of hunting and fishing. And the demands golf makes on the sturdy American stock is walking about four miles at the rate of a little more than a mile an hour with frequent pauses to catch one's breath, and swinging a tool weighing less than a pound which, with other legal implements, is lugged by a packboy.

There can be no doubt of the golf statistics because they have been subjected to a check with the Department of Commerce census of manufacturers figures, among other voluminous data. The government statistics for the last census (that of 1935) show the value of golf goods as approximately 30% of the entire volume of athletic goods, exclusive of firearms and ammunition and sporting clothing.

From the available records, which are exceedingly generous in crediting the populace with athletic participation, it appears that less than a third of the residents of all ages, colors and creeds take part in sports at any time.

Probably from this evidence it may be that the failure of the United States to win the Olympics was not due to Nazi monkey-business in conducting and scoring the events but is accounted for by a serious epidemic of athletic fanny in the American stock. Showings made in sports by American Negroes of recent years may throw additional illumination on the subject. The American Negro may not be sufficiently Americanized to suffer from athletic fanny, which is not exactly the same ailment as sheer laziness.

Social workers and recreation authorities, and even the government, seem to recognize that the bacillus of athletic fanny gnaws at the very vitals of the nation, to employ a phrase frequently used last year when Roosevelt was running against Whatsisname—aw, you know, that fellow Lambert, or maybe it was Simpson or something.

The government, through its Public Works Administration, had approved 9,477 projects in the parks and recreation classification, on January 15, 1936. No later figures are obtainable from the W. P. A. up to the time this is written. Perhaps athletic fanny is raging among the statisticians and stenographers of the W. P. A. The parks and recreation projects involved a cost of $399,211,378 and were 5.8 per cent of all projects approved. The cost was 8.7 per cent of the $4,579,359,147 net value of all W. P. A. projects approved to that time. The social workers and recreational protagonists were able to get favorable consideration at Washington for two reasons:

1. Building playgrounds, parks, beaches and golf courses called for a maximum utilization of manual labor and a minimum of invest-

Continued on page 210

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The Sit-Down Strike in Sports

Continued from pages 46-209

ment in machinery and equipment. Thus the requirements of the recreational projects met the need for jobs that would have the major part of the cost in the form of wages directly paid.

2. A fellow who wears himself out on a recreational field hasn't enough energy left to mount a soapbox, shake fists at crowds and howl, "Comes de revolutchion!"

However, after vast extensions have been made to the public recreation facilities it is observed that the new play plants are not getting the expected traffic.

In some cities the municipal recreation departments are doing determined and intelligent jobs of sports promotion although retarded by inadequate budgets. The budgets are based on conditions that prevailed prior to the expansion in facilities and recognized need for more play.

There is a gradual and slight increase in these budgets being induced not by the demands of the new leisure, but because the politicians have seen in expertly operated municipal recreational facilities a powerful vote-getting factor.

There has been some talk about co-ordinating the sports promoting activities of the various W.P.A. recreational establishments through formation of a government bureau. This plan for waging a campaign against athletic fanny has gone so far as to consider possible nominees for the head of such a bureau. Among those mentioned have been Major John L. Griffith, president of the National Collegiate Athletic Association and Big Ten administrator.

Major Griffith doubts that any governmental regimentation would be effective in breaking the sit-down strike on sports in this country. He believes that the work must be from the bottom up, so to speak, and that sports promotion by the school athletic directors municipal recreation departments and the athletic subsidiaries of various religious organizations will manage to work out an effective procedure without too much conflict and wasted effort.

Griffith naturally has a keen eye for realities because he is close to a situation wherein the sit-downers who nurse raging cases of athletic fanny at college football and basketball games finance the really athletic activities of the student bodies.

The regimentation of sports in Russia, Germany, Italy and Japan is fairly well-known to the average American newspaper reader but that such regimentation is being extended to England has not become an item of general knowledge to our native sports section students.

Lord Burghley, noted British track athlete and member of Parliament, is expected to occupy a high post in a sub-department of the British Board of Education and Ministry of Health to be established by the government in an attempt to improve the British physical standard. The sorry showing of Great Britain in the Olympic games is said to be spurring the British toward action in a national "get fit" movement. The British are even looking far enough ahead to consider the effect of another possibly poor showing in the Olympic games in Japan in 1940.

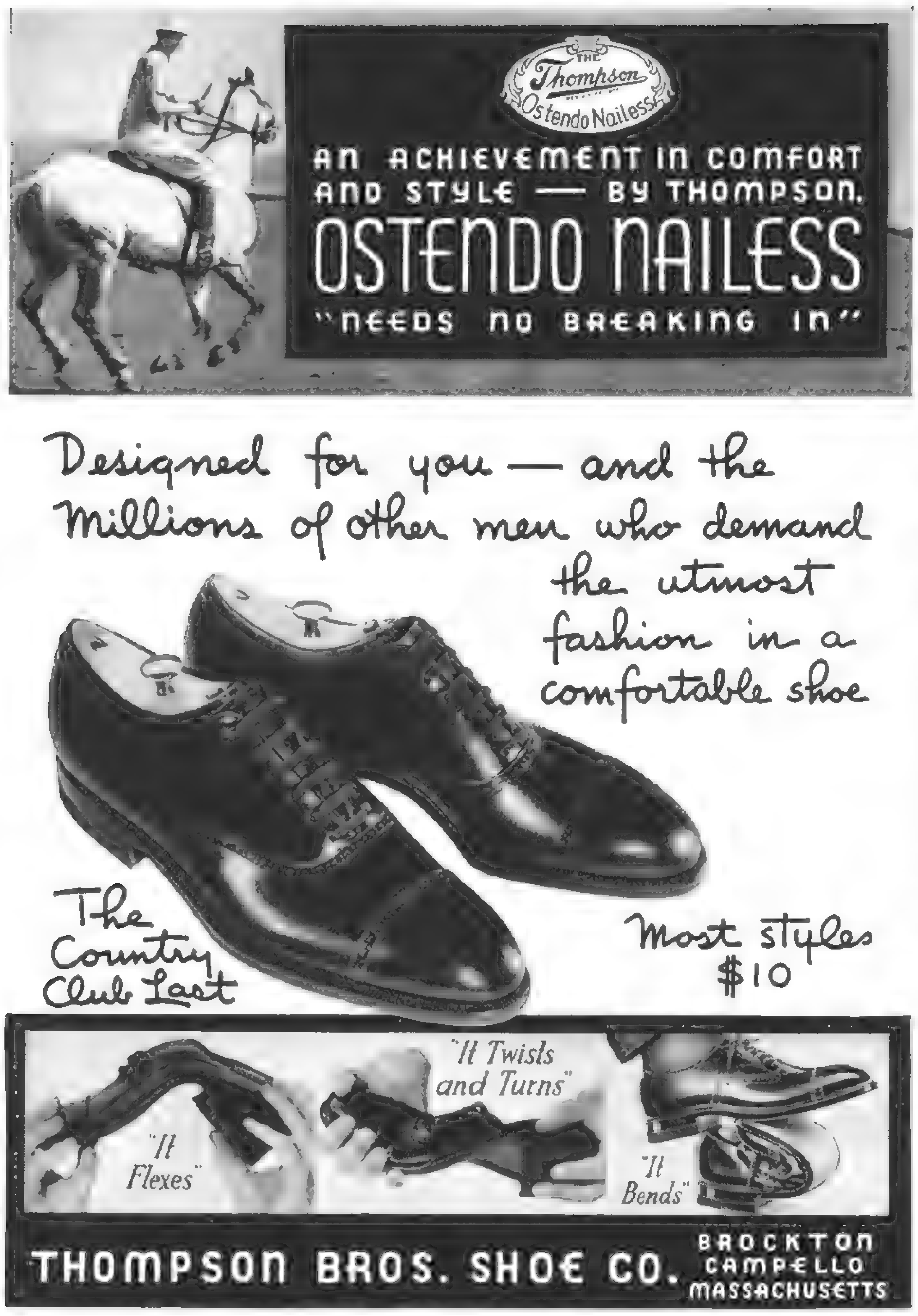
The rap is put in against the Amateur Athletic Association in Great Britain on the counts of faulty selection, training and management of its 1936 Olympic team. So strenuously have the British sports writers expressed this criticism that it begins to appear that the Japanese in 1940 will watch a British team operated under government auspices.

The British, and all other teams, will see in Japan evidence of one of the most intense government campaigns ever conducted in sports. The Japs haven't suffered from athletic fanny. They haven't had time for it. Making enough for that fistful of rice and fish per diem keeps a nation in rather good physical condition, although it's not a pleasant way of achieving the end.

But the Japanese intensity in athletic training has overdone itself, according to American sports training authorities. The Nipponese train and work their youngsters so strenuously in athletics that the kids are burned out after a comparatively brief period of competition and are not particularly good specimens even for national breeding purposes after the forced draft has reduced the innards to cinders.

Observers of the American situation see reason to fear our people may do the same thing when the attack on athletic fanny gets under full headway. These men and women point to the practice in some quarters of starting athletic training on youngsters who are scarcely past the age of six. If a juvenile's interest in athletic competition can possibly be maintained keen from a tender age up to the age of mature performance, say the competent critics of the "catch 'em early" policy, then the subject becomes a 3 to 10 bet on the handbook of the insurance actuaries.

However, there is now only a remote chance of too early or too intense athletic addiction becoming a problem in these United States. Mothers complain they don't know what they are going to do with little Philbert, who would rather sit around in the house with a book than go out and play. They don't need to be mystified. Little Philbert probably has an inherited case of athletic fanny and his best friend won't tell him because his best friend is papa, who has it too. ⌗



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The Laocoön Complex

Continued from page 40

His mind was made up. With the aid of the tongs, he coiled the snake neatly into a hatbox, dressed, and went out with the box under his arm. This matter was going to be looked into. Where to go and what to do puzzled him until he remembered that doctors know everything.

At the hospital they wrote a great deal of pointless information about him on a form and let him get as far as the word "snakes" before calling two orderlies. Simms was annoyed to see that "Alcoholics" was written on the door of the office to which they took him with elaborate precautions.

The doctor, looking inquisitively at the hatbox, also let him speak a good while without interruption. When Simms reached the second appearance of the snake, however, he raised his hand.

"How many drinks do you usually have a day?" he asked, with a weary suggestion of routine in his voice.

"I don't drink at all," Simms answered shortly, outraged by this confirmation of the sign on the door.

"Now come," said the doctor, "I can't waste my time on you if you won't be frank."

"I don't just see snakes," said Simms, reflecting that, after all the doctor was well justified in being skeptical, "I feel 'em—and kill 'em." He opened the hatbox and dumped the snake—which he still could not bear to touch—on the doctor's desk. Water and blood oozed from its mangled head on to the green blotter. The doctor started back in amazement.

"I shot that one this morning," said Simms, almost in apology.

The doctor picked up a paper cutter and stirred the body. Then, becoming bolder, he prodded it and held it up, limp and resigned, like a cat lifted by the middle.

"It's real!" he said indignantly.

"They're all real," answered Simms, going on with the story of the morning's battle. The doctor listened in reflective silence and then began to ask questions about his patient's private life: where did he work? how long had he been there? was he generally in good health? and so forth. Then, politely asking permission beforehand, he phoned Simms' office and checked up the story.

"This isn't my line," the doctor finally said, after pondering a long while with his fascinated eyes on the snake. "Better give the psychiatrists a chance at you, I think. Go and see—" and he named a great man. "Wait a moment!" He telephoned the head of the hospital and, having first convinced him that he had not gone mad himself, persuaded him to phone the great man and lay the case before him. Within ten minutes, Simms was assured the great man was deeply interested and would see Simms at half past ten.

There was something to being a unique case, Simms decided, on his way uptown. The Sunday sections of the newspapers, which he read religiously, had long been full of this Dr. Eisenmark, with particular emphasis on his uncompromising feuds with brother psychiatrists. Under ordinary circumstances, Simms could have become acquainted with international celebrities only through the papers. And yet here he was on his way to a personal interview with the greatest man he would probably ever meet in his life, with an entrée assured, his passport coiled in a hatbox under his arm. He treated himself to the luxury of a cab the whole way.

Two women, plump and well dressed, got off at the same floor in the hotel and went ahead of him into Dr. Eisenmark's office. Simms marched intrepidly forward, said: "Mr. Simms—Polyphonic Hospital—half past ten." Door after door opened before him until he was in the great man's presence.

Dr. Eisenmark was ugly. His arms hung ape-like from his stooped shoulders and swayed loosely as he paced the floor and inspected his subject. For a moment his gaze rested malevolently on the hatbox and Simms felt a passing pity for the dead snake. He looked square into Simms' face and Simms' cheeks and jaws were suffused with the incipient sweat of embarrassment. But when he spoke, his voice was completely reassuring, in spite of a thick German accent, all the more so because it came on the heels of so much silent intimidation.

His opening remarks were a strange combination of rudeness and brusque courtesy. He suspected Simms and his snake of being an elaborate hoax and said so. On the other hand, he pointed out, there was often much interest to be found in the psychopathic aspects of elaborate hoaxes. He regarded Simms' keeping the appointment as primary evidence of good faith and was glad to see him. And, if Mr. Simms did not mind, they would proceed at once to business. The first thing would be Mr. Simms' story, told without reservations and as directly as possible.

During his narrative, Simms astonished himself with his own pithy eloquence. He told it three times as well as he had at the hospital and ended with a touch of genuine drama, producing the incontrovertible evidence with proud and confident solicitude. There was a gleam of affection in his eye as he displayed the snake, for it was all that stood between him and being accused of bad faith or lunacy.

Dr. Eisenmark nodded an accompaniment to the story, at first perfunctory, then vigorous, and finally, with narrowed eyes and bared teeth, he began to furnish exclamation points to the narrative with hissing repetitions of

Continued on page 212

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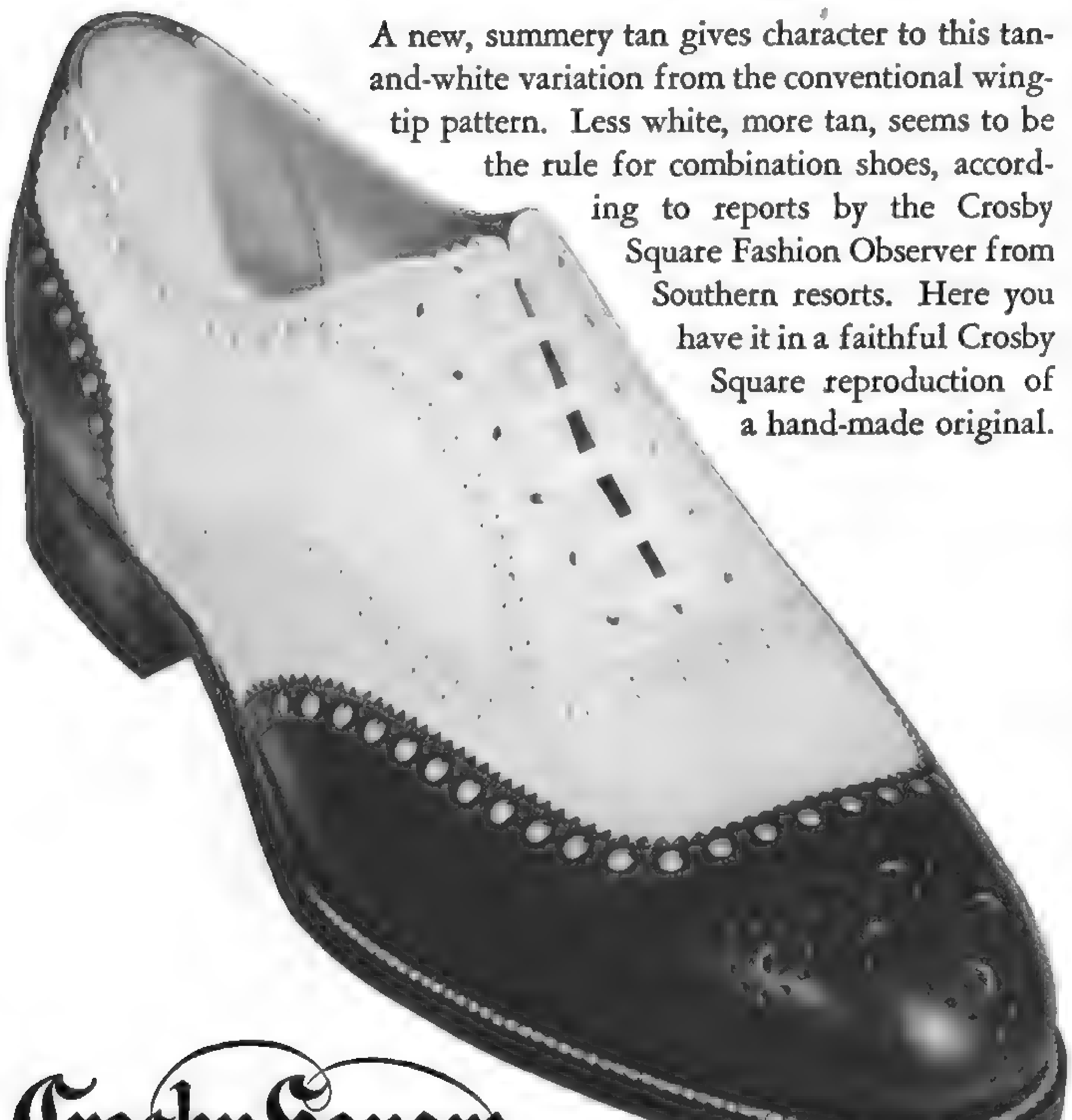

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The Laocoön Complex

Continued from pages 40-211

"*Kolossal!*" If Simms had been an actor, he would have been tempted to take a bow.

"You will take another bath—here—now," he said. "I shall go with you and see." He flung open a door and stood aside for Simms to pass through, observing him so narrowly all the while that Simms already felt naked. He badly needed the reassurance of seeing his faithful snake sprawled in the middle of the carpet, a pathetic thread of substance between him and the truth.

"You take your bath warm?" asked Dr. Eisenmark, turning on the faucets with his hairy hands. "Undress!" As Simms took off his coat and vest, the psychiatrist sat himself on a corner of the wash basin and lighted a cigarette. "You see," he said, "I do not promise to think you a liar if there are no snakes now; but if there should be snakes now, ach, what trouble would we save!"

"Not snakes," said Simms, "only one." His hands were trembling as he slipped his undershirt over his head, and he was shaking from head to foot as he stepped into the warm water.

"Come," said the psychiatrist, "I have seen ladies by the dozen giving birth to babies with more calm."

Simms sat shivering in the water with his hands round his knees. The psychiatrist came and peered into the tub.

"So," he said. "Where is this snake?"

"They don't come till I lie down," Simms mumbled.

"Lie down!" said the psychiatrist. Simms lay down and then leaped from the tub with a scream, almost knocking the great man down. When he recovered his composure, he was dripping in a corner and watching Dr. Eisenmark's efforts to lay hands on a four-foot green snake which was lashing the surface of the water in vigorous efforts to escape.

"*Wunderschön!*" he was hissing to himself, "*Ach, mein Schatz, mein Liebling, du lebst!*"

There was a final struggle and the psychiatrist rose out of the tub, soaked to the waist, but clutching his prey in his hands. One first held it firmly just below the head so that its fangs were useless. His exultant eye spied a wicker hamper for dirty towels; in a panic of panting triumph, he popped the snake within and secured the rattan hasp. Then he came to Simms, threw his ape's arms round him and kissed him soundly.

"I am famous now," he said brokenly, "but I shall be more famous, and you—you will be famous with me. We must talk—I must ask you crazy questions—you must tell me so many things. Come!"

"But your other patients?" Simms asked, overcome by diffidence.

"It is good for them to wait," said the psychiatrist, throwing him a towel. "It stimulates their egos. *Schnell!*"

It was late afternoon and the street lamps were lighted when Simms left Dr. Eisenmark and decided he had better walk home even though his knees were still trembling beneath him. He felt as if someone had applied a stomach pump at the base of his brain. His taste in moving pictures and light fiction, his feelings toward his landlord and his opinions on the heavyweight situation had all passed in review. He had told of things he had not thought of for years; particularly in connection with snakes; he had remembered the most unaccountable details of past trivialities; he suspected that he had remembered a great deal which had never happened, but the psychiatrist had seemed to entertain no doubts.

"What do you think?" he had asked at the end, while Eisenmark stood in the gathering gloom, clasping and unclasping his hands.

"I think—so much," the great man said soberly, "but it is not for you to think or to know of thoughts. I must do much also. You must come back tomorrow—at two o'clock. And do not bathe. I shall bathe you here."

Safely at home, Simms phoned his office to tell them he was sick and indefinitely in a doctor's hands. It was not entirely a lie, of course; he found himself pondering with unaccustomed subtlety on the real meaning of the word "sick." If inconvenient abnormalities all came under that head, he could lay claim to being sick with a vengeance. Anyway he had every right to a bit of private illness on any pretext; what good was a record of ten years' faithful service if you couldn't lay off now and again?

He spent the evening in the public library, reading about snakes, not only anacondas and boa constrictors and cobras, for his was not a romantic curiosity, but also about garter snakes and black snakes, beneficent vermin which have been known to be companionable. From the moment he had seen the last arrival struggling in the doctor's grip, he had lost much of his loathing for the snake family. The man was so triumphant and the reptile so harassed; and the next morning, when he saw the scar left by the bullet in the bottom of the bathtub, he was a trifle ashamed of himself for having attacked his guest in such an unsportsmanlike way. After all, it might have been more his doing than the snake's that it had been there. Such, at least, was the implication of some of the psychiatrist's questions.

It is not strange, then, that he spent his morning in the snake house of the zoo. Here were many of the genera and species he had been reading about, heavily coiled in long glass cases or restlessly exercising themselves in flickering rhythms. Even so he was disappointed; these had nothing of the irreconcilable vigor of his own snakes. They were caged and did not seem to mind very much. Only one large boa, digesting evilly with unblinking eyes, obscenely conscious of the lump back of his head which represented a rabbit swallowed whole, appealed to Simms' new sensibility. He felt sure that this fifteen feet of gorged malevolence could be irritable and thrash round in his cage.

At two o'clock Dr. Eisenmark welcomed Simms with a jubilant warmth which made him stare. He also felt inclined to stare at the doctor's companion, a sharp-faced man who was introduced as Dr. Harvey, curator of reptiles in the very zoo which Simms had been visiting. Scalpels and forceps were spread over the desk.

"You see," said Dr. Eisenmark, "I have been forced to seek consultation. I know nothing of snakes. But my good friend here who has spent the morning with me, he knows them like his ten fingers. We have been violent with our friend of yesterday—" and he produced a huge cork board on which, pegged down, flayed, and opened up like a half-made necktie, Simms beheld the snake which had been confined in the hamper. Simms felt ill; only yesterday it had been uncompromisingly alive.

"I do not think my friend will regret the hours he has spent with me," the psychiatrist went on. "It has been interesting, *ach*, so interesting. Even to me who knows nothing of snakes. But you must tell him—I do not know the language."

The curator of reptiles spoke at some length while Simms stared at the dissected wreck on the board. This snake, it appeared, belonged to no known species or variety. But that was its mildest eccentricity. Its anatomical features were scientifically fantastic: "Its fangs," said the curator, "are built like dog teeth and its scales attached like fish scales. Then I dissected—and I found, Mr. Simms, that beyond a rudimentary alimentary canal and a vaguely differentiated brain and spinal cord, it has no internal organs at all. No subsidiary nerves—no reproductive system—no muscles—how it managed to move and live I could not imagine, and yet Eisenmark told me it was uncommonly vigorous." There was a melancholy fear in his eyes as he gazed at the dissected specimen. "I don't like t—I don't like it at all," he said, and reached for his hat.

Dr. Eisenmark laughed.

"He does not understand!" he told Simms. "He does not understand any better than you did, even less if possible!" He turned on the curator ferociously, "Do you not see? It is just the kind of snake a man who knew nothing about snakes would imagine."

"Don't go over that again," said the curator, "I want to forget about it," and he left without another word, forestalling thanks by his haste, the picture of a man bewildered beyond endurance.

When the door banged, the psychiatrist burst into roars of laughter.

"The real man of science!" he said, "shut up in his own specialty and afraid to look out of it. He knows the little snakes, but you must not tell him there is a whole world outside!" Then he reverted to the suppressed excitement of the preceding evening. "*Ach!*" he went on, "do you know what we have found? I suspect—I guess—and the stupid expert tells me I am right. There—" he indicated the cork board and its horrid display—"there is the death of the old science! Not for nothing have I kept my mind open. Einstein! a trifler with paper and pencil! Newton! Mendel! Darwin! all fools running in a circle! We break through—we—"

"I don't understand anything," said Simms drearily. "What have you proved?"

The psychiatrist panted in disgust and shook a hairy finger in his face.

"We prove," he said, "that you—you, an insignificant young man—" Simms winced—"can think matter into existence. And that is not all—that you can organize it into moving, living flesh, that you can make life. *Himmel*, do not stare at me so! Here is the flesh you have made—it was alive—do I not know?"

"But I didn't want to make snakes," said Simms, "I had nothing to do with it. They just came."

"My friend," said the psychiatrist, "if you do not stop being foolish, I shall send you to my colleagues who will try to tell you that your snakes are libidinous symbols and insult your grandmother. They will call your trouble the Laocoön complex and ask you questions for three years until you become self-conscious about the way you get your hair cut. Why do I take time to tell you what you mean to the world? You did not think snakes as you think eggs for breakfast—but yesterday I see you are a man who cannot fall in love, who does his work like a blind horse in a mine, who is alive only because he cannot help breathing—who likes warm water because it is flexible and alive as he is not. *Ach*, I tell you it was fear and horror you wanted—fear and horror that was alive, more alive than the cinema and little books about murder. And you tell me you did not make these snakes when you have made them without knowing it because it is fear and horror you need! *Dummkopf!*"

As he looked at Simms' pale face, a glint of humor crept into his voice:

"But I shall take care of you," he went on, obviously striving to collect himself. "You come to me

Continued at top of page 214

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The Laocoön Complex

Continued from pages 40-211-213

not like a guinea-pig for experiment but as a patient to be cured. You will make me a snake in the presence of eminent witnesses and then I shall cure you. Then, if you are wise, you will go murder a nice girl and run away and enlist in the Frenchman Foreign Legion and try to live a little."

Simms gaped at him and hung his head.

"So," said the psychiatrist, in a kindlier voice, "I am not polite. But it is my business to speak strongly. You will come back tomorrow and we will talk about the witnesses and the demonstration."

Incapable of saying a word, Simms gulped and went out. Out of his new scientific significance he had got nothing but an uncomfortably bloated feeling. Now that he was out of Dr. Eisenmark's hearing, he repeated to himself again and again that he had not wanted snakes, they just came; and, nuisance that they had been, it was all nothing compared to the scale of the troubles they had brought upon him. He shrank pitifully from the prospect of taking such a momentous bath in the presence of bearded, pretentious witnesses. He should have said nothing to anyone and disposed of his snakes unaided, or even let them stay. It might have been hasty to decide that they were hostile; it seemed inconceivable that they should be, now that he had seen yesterday's specimen in such pathetic *dishabille*.

When he got home, he went straight to the bathroom and stared at the scar in the bottom of the bathtub. He recalled the agonized care with which he had aimed the revolver and the cataclysmic reverberations of the explosion when he fired. Trying to kill the snake would be the last thing he would consider doing in his new frame of mind. Perhaps it was because the psychiatrist had put the notion in his head, but there was now something attractive and satisfying about that convulsive wriggling which made every fiber tingle throughout the brute's whole length. With as casual an air as he could manage, he turned on the hot water and began to undress.

The bath was quite cold when the cleaning woman found him on the bathroom floor the next morning. He had got as far as the medicine cabinet before he lost consciousness, and a tiny bottle of a popular disinfectant proved that he had not lost his man-in-the-street faith in first aid. The curator had been right; the fangs of Simms' snakes were poisonous.

The green snake which the woman found in the tub was still swimming gallantly with its head raised above the water. Its remarkable powers of endurance can be attributed only to the fact that Simms had inclined to believe that snakes could not be drowned. ⁂

Yasuo Kuniyoshi: Artists' Artist

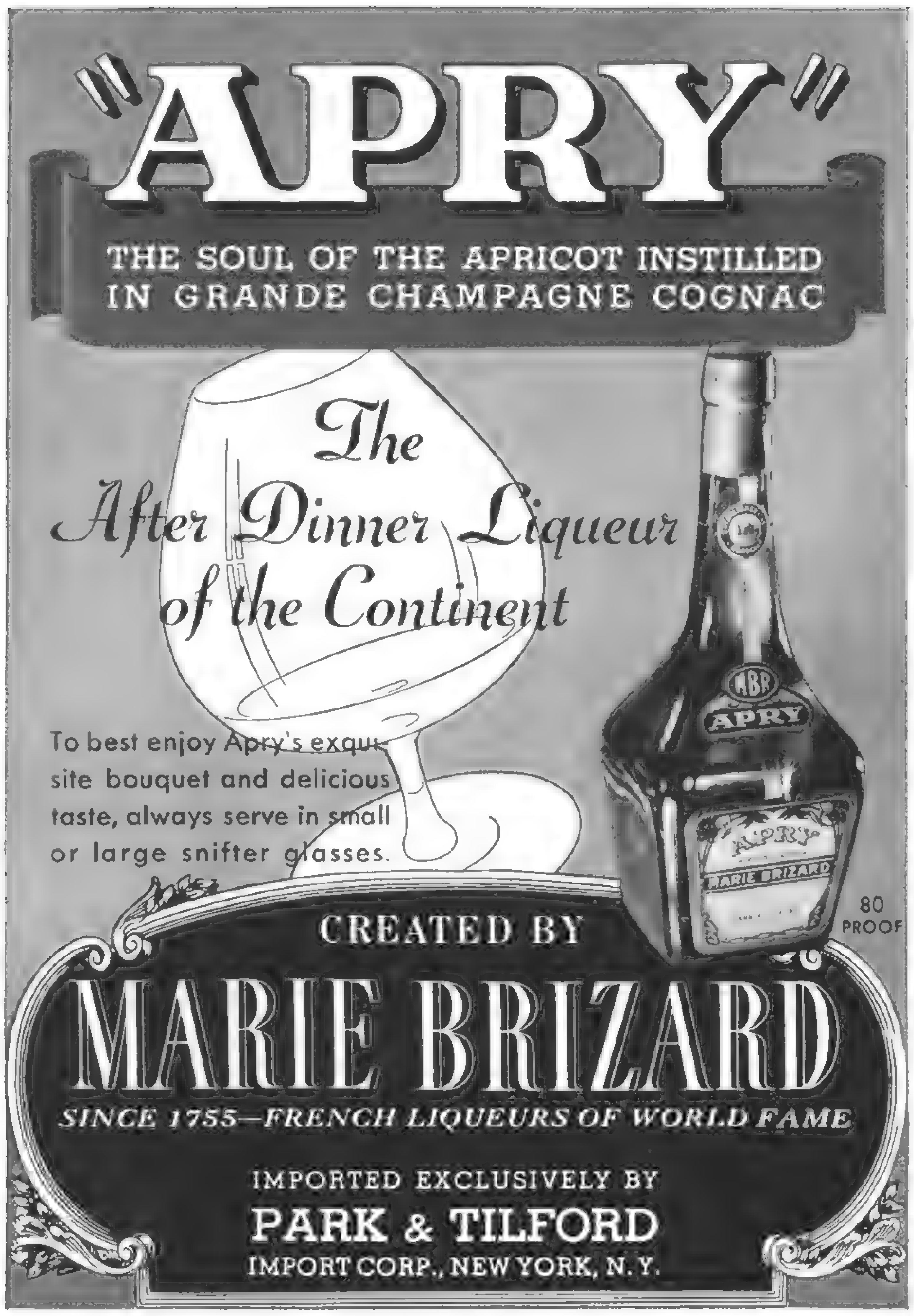
Continued from page 113

years have been rather more plentiful than the fat ones, but he has taken both in his stride, without feeling rebellious or neglected at one time, or sinking into sloth and complacence at the other. Whatever impression of self-sufficiency he may give to outsiders, before his easel he is all humility. Physically, he is lean, hard, muscular, in the way of his people. His thinking and his quality have somewhat the same quality; they have no fat, no flabbiness on them. He has a way of holding people at an interested distance but among fellow-artists he knows how to relax and to laugh and even wisecrack and tell funny stories.

He was born in Okayama, near the city of Osaka, facing the Inland Sea, in 1893, the son of a small business man. Even in earliest boyhood, Yasuo liked to draw, but no one thought anything of it. In fact, at the same time he was being trained in the weaving and dyeing of fine fabrics. When he was only thirteen he set out to see the world, traveling six thousand miles by himself and arriving at Los Angeles in September, 1906. He wanted to see the world, he says, to visit strange places. He had no plan beyond learning English, attending the public schools and studying at a university eventually. He earned whatever schooling he received by the sweat of his brow.

During the winter months he was houseboy, working mainly in kitchens and gardens so that he could attend school and earn his keep. He worked early in the morning, in the afternoon and evening, on Saturdays and Sundays. During the summer months he was a fruit picker on the ranches of the Fresno and Imperial Valleys, working in seventeen and eighteen-hour stretches in temperatures that rose to 115° and earning a maximum of nine dollars a day. It was his plan to earn enough in summer to keep him through the winter. Perhaps it wasn't entirely pleasant sandwiching in his schooling between houseboy chores.

This schooling took a new turn when one of his teachers suggested, perhaps not too enthusiastically, that Yasuo ought to attend art school. In all probability, Yasuo had been waiting for someone to say just that, for he immediately enrolled in the night classes of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, at the same time continuing his public school studies. Even then he wasn't clear in his mind that art was to be his life work. It is true that he liked to draw and that he liked to



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look at pictures in museums, but in his hard-headed, practical way he did not think that it would be possible to earn bread and butter, or even bread alone, by making pictures. But he was a tenacious student. When money dwindled and he could not pay his art school tuition, he earned it by posing, cleaning the studio, watering the garden.

When Kuniyoshi was barely seventeen and aviation in the United States somewhat younger, he planned to become an air pilot. Why did he wish to fly? To get fame quickly, as any young man would, he replied. He went to the San Domingo Flying Field, outside Los Angeles, and enrolled, even going up in the air several times, always with his instructor. But although flying even in 1910 was fashionable, it was then particularly dangerous and after remarking how brief were the careers of the flyers he knew, Yasuo decided to abandon the pursuit of fame in the air. He has never been up in the air since nor does he ever propose to ascend again. But he exercises his mechanical inclinations by driving a car and by taking it apart even when there's nothing the matter with it. A mechanical contrivance to which he is more deeply devoted is the camera, and he not only takes pictures but develops his prints. One of his shots won a prize in the Leica International contest recently. After coming down to the ground in 1910 he reached the conclusion that he had no choice in the pursuit of either fame or fortune. He was to become an artist. At the venerable age of seventeen, Yasuo Kuniyoshi abandoned the alternatives to art, and crossed the continent.

In New York, he had, in his own words, a hell of a time. He doesn't remember how he managed it. For the first year he stayed with a Japanese artist named Kawaze, a friend of his father's, a native of the same province. In return for his board and shelter, Kuniyoshi took care of Kawaze's studio. This was in a boarding house on 66th Street and Yasuo remembers walking coatless in the dead of winter to 109th Street, to the National Academy of Design, where he was learning about art.

Gradually odd jobs came his way, the same type of work that had helped him through his early months in Los Angeles. One is permitted to surmise that he felt the weight of an overcoat during his second New York winter. In any event his art education was proceeding and after a short period at the Academy, he moved to the Independent School of Art, studying under Homer Boss, after a short session at Robert Henri's school in the Lincoln Arcade Building. He was impressionable to all influences and when the Armory Show of 1913 came along, he was moved and astounded by "all these strange things." He did not laugh at the *Nude Descending the Staircase*, at Cézanne, Picasso, Van Gogh. He observed that many art students began to paint like the strange Europeans whose work the Armory show had introduced to the United States. They had been painting very much like Henri, "who was our god then," and after 1913 they were turning out Cézannes, Picassos, Van Goghs.

In 1919 he moved from the Independent School to the Art Students' League. Fellow students thought he was going to the dogs, for the League was then held in disesteem by the younger generation as academic. He wasn't very clear in his mind as to the reasons for changing schools, except that he felt he wasn't getting anywhere. He wanted systematic training and he believes he obtained it at last at the League, from Kenneth Hayes Miller. At first the student Kuniyoshi didn't know where he was drifting but after awhile Mr. Miller got him into the habit of thinking more about the process of painting and not "just painting." It was Mr. Miller apparently who showed Kuniyoshi the way to deliberateness and consciousness of ultimate aims. We may take it for granted, as an axiom, that the Kuniyoshi of today was implicit in the Kuniyoshi of yesterday, but he says that his early painting had nothing Oriental about it, no personal accent, no distinction to set it apart from the work of other students. After Miller, he began to think more about means and technique and produced at a slower rate. He confesses: "I was very slow. I was very dumb digesting these things"—these things meaning the need of planning and thinking about methods, means, processes.

His trouble, as he confesses it, is that he paints fast, but thinks slowly. "I have to have patience, I don't have patience," he said in staccato, short-tempered flicks of the tongue, as if he were chastising his interviewer for the fault in himself. "Fine things are not built overnight. You have to build firm foundations." And he, it seems, began afresh building a foundation, after he had begun setting up the structure.

Today he laughs in recollection of the first painting he ever exhibited, at the first Independent Exhibition at the Grand Central Palace. It was a Crucifixion which he describes as a strange thing, in nobody's manner. With all due respect to him, it was probably in the manner of someone not Kuniyoshi.

In the last decade he has simplified not only his palette but his subject matter, at the same time that he has enlarged the size of his canvas, and today he does nothing more ambitious than a solitary female figure caught in a mood of rest, contemplation, rev-

Continued on page 216

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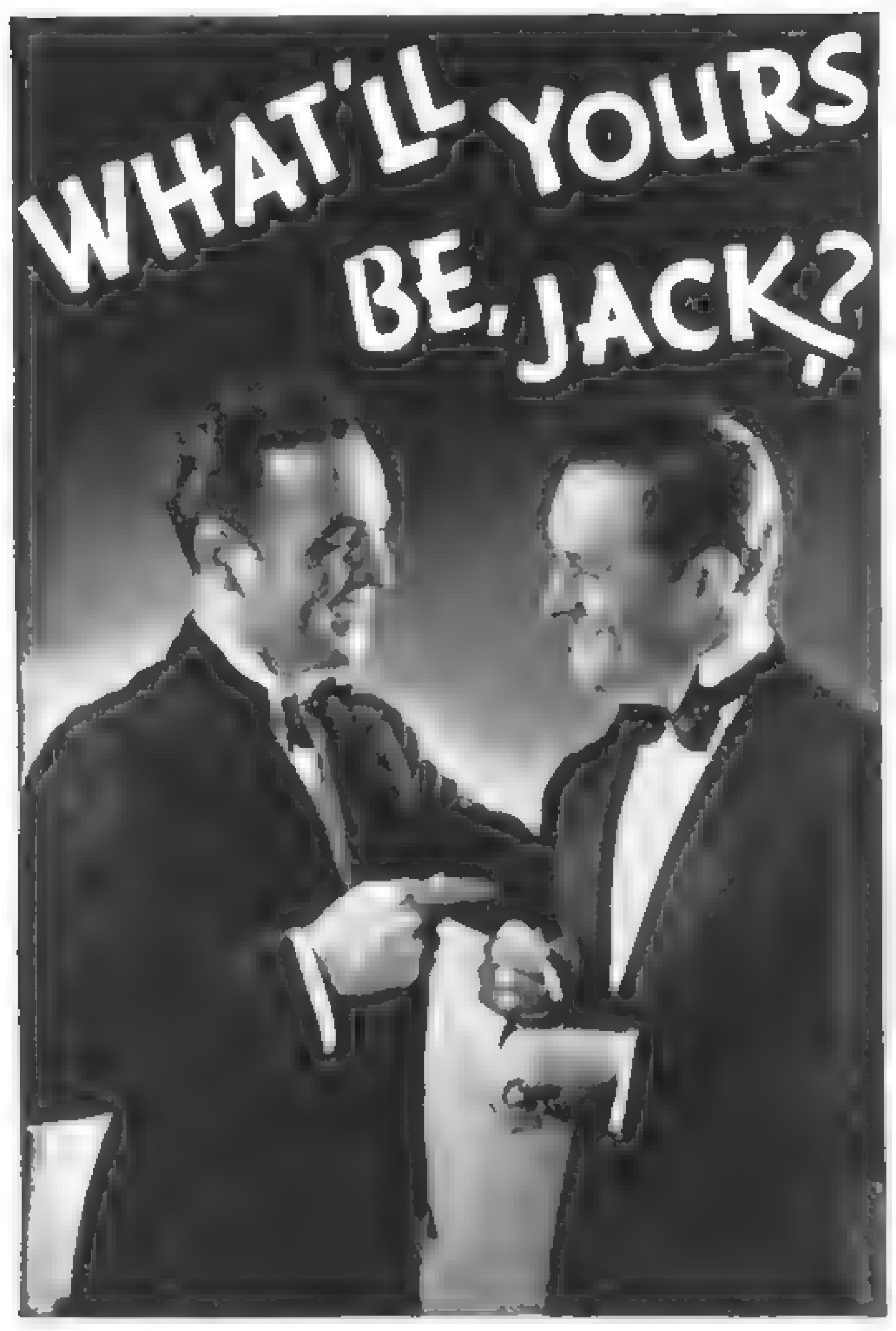
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Yasuo Kuniyoshi: Artists' Artist

Continued from pages 113-215

erie. He himself dates his self-discovery around 1926 or 1927 when as a result of his experience in painting he came to conclusions with himself as to the things he didn't want to do in subject matter and color treatment, and gradually he made himself, in his own words, "one-sided."

It was while he was a student at the League that he sold his first picture, for five dollars. In 1921 he showed two paintings in a group show at the Daniel Galleries, and sold one. In April of that year his work was included, together with that of Benton, Biddle and Stella, among others, in the first show of modern Americans organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts which, in 1934, awarded Kuniyoshi the coveted Temple Gold Medal. In January, 1922, he had his first one-man show and was the discovery of the month, even though, according to his own chronology, he had not yet discovered himself.

Up to 1928, however, by which time his reputation had transcended national boundaries, he was making most of his meager living with his camera, which is now the almost constant companion of his leisure hours. After several years of practice, taking photographs of his own paintings and developing the prints, he knocked at the studios of fellow-artists and obtained jobs photographing their pictures. It was hard work and small pay and he was glad when he could abandon photography as even a partial means of livelihood. Only for one brief period did he make the whole of a satisfactory living out of painting alone. For the past five years he has been teaching at the Art Students' League and for some time also he taught at the Woodstock School. Frankly, he regards teaching as a necessary evil, but if you ask the League and his students about it, he is a most successful teacher.

He has twice visited Europe, not merely for tourist jaunts but for solid twelve-month stays, in 1925 and again in 1928, visiting England, France, Spain and Italy, looking at pictures, broadening his horizon and painting and drawing a little too. In 1931 he went home to see his aged father, the newspaper *Mainichi* of Osaka paying his traveling expenses and sponsoring an exhibition of his work. When his ship docked at Yokahama, no fewer than thirty reporters clambered aboard, demanding to see no other celebrity than Yasuo Kuniyoshi. He was pleased. His picture was printed in the papers that afternoon, his parents were delighted, Yasuo was the lion of the season and even the terribly wealthy Baron Mitsui bought two of his pictures.

Kuniyoshi's development and recognition continued. Daniel continued giving him an annual exhibition through 1929, since which time his work has been on view at the Downtown Gallery. In 1929 he was one of the Nineteen Living Artists in the Modern Museum's exhibition, a considerable distinction. In 1931 a picture of his received honorable mention at the Carnegie International at Pittsburgh where he exhibited annually until the Fall of 1936. His paintings were on view at both Century of Progress Shows and on various occasions in the leading museums of the country, from New York to Los Angeles. Museums which can neither afford nor understand his paintings usually find the means to buy a Kuniyoshi print or drawing. The Japanese Embassy at Washington has a painting and the Radio City Music Hall has a mural, the latter showing how brilliantly the artist can adapt his easel technique to new demands.

Self-centered and self-sufficient as an artist, Kuniyoshi—his friends call him Yas, pronouncing it Yaas—is active in a social sense. He wants to feel the pulse of the time and express it, even if he does so in a still life, the contemporaneity of which may escape the casual observer. He has also organizing and directing instincts, which he fulfills not only in his work for the Artists' Congress, but in other similar activities. In 1927 he became corresponding secretary for the Salons of America and in 1929 of the Hamilton Easter Field Foundation. Field, a wealthy amateur painter, had the distinction of being one of the first to recognize the peculiar quality of Kuniyoshi's work, which has been described as "the single instance of a selective blending of dynamic elements from two great traditions into a style distinctly original." Kuniyoshi is active also in the American Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers and is a member of the American Print Makers and of other organizations.

He strongly resents the light manner in which his work is classified on a racial basis, as that of a Japanese or a Japanese-American. "I can't be very much Oriental," he observes. "I have spent most of my life here. I have been educated here and I have suffered here. I am as much of an individual as anyone—except that I have Oriental blood in my veins." This feeling is justified but it is nevertheless a feeling against the inevitable and the inescapable for the man's work declares the man's racial origin and the weakness for classification of art, or of anything else, began long before Kuniyoshi came upon the scene. Also, almost every painter in America of Japanese origin proclaims a debt to Kuniyoshi by emulating his manner, if not his genius, and except for some impressionable students, they are the only ones who do emulate him, implying that they draw upon a common source in a tradition which antedates them all. #

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Life in a Prison Cell

Continued from page 45

her face is wet with tears, and he clearly sees anguish in her eyes. He, his father, wasted away and ill, powerless to console his mother, for his heart is growing weaker, torn by unrest and the fear of the fate that awaits his child.

In the darkness the father's and mother's gazes are fiery, they search, they look, their fire becomes stronger and then gradually dies out. . . . And this song is like the echo of the moaning of these old people over their son.

He jumps down from the bed, rushes towards the door, and with his closed fists he begins banging on it, crying and begging:

"Open up! Release me! . . . I can't stand it any longer! . . . Have pity! . . . Open! . . . please!"

At the iron bars appears a face with a heavy moustache which moves as a harsh voice begins scolding:

"Well? You're beginning to make a rumpus again, are you? Tut, tut . . . that's not nice. Moreover you're a boy that's had some learning and education, and you should understand. It is forbidden to make any noise . . ."

"Listen to me, I beg of you . . . my mother, you must understand! I have a mother . . . tell that to them over there . . . let me go! I'll return . . ."

"Heavens, it is forbidden to make any noise at night! Why don't you understand that? People are sleeping—everything's asleep. . . . And you begin to knock and disturb the quiet. It's not allowed . . ."

"But listen! I beg you . . ."

"And after that they'll put you in the dungeon."

"But please, tell them . . ."

"That won't be of any use; this isn't the first time. You know that they've already answered several times: Don't listen to him. I'm therefore asking you right now not to make any more noise. It is forbidden to make any noise here."

And the moustache disappears.

"Listen!" the prisoner whispers again, beseechingly pressing his cheek against the bars in order to see in the direction of the steps that are moving away.

All that he gets for an answer is the even sound of boots on the flagstones.

"Listen! Come back!" whispers the prisoner. "Come back, I beg you . . . stay near the door so that I'll be able to see you. . . ."

Everything is quiet. You can no longer hear the mournful song through the window.

A knee on the floor, the prisoner presses his head against the door, his fingers clinging to the thick knob. His forehead is glued to the iron framework, and the metallic cold spreading through his whole body gives him shivers.

Now, after this outburst, he feels that in his heart has burst a huge abscess and that into his blood vessels is being poured a thick, sticky poison which is robbing him of the last of his strength.

Silence. Only his heart is beating rapidly enough to burst.

But now a new noise is suddenly born. It re-echoes from behind the wall on the left. In the next cell someone is walking back and forth feverishly, like a beast in a cage whose claws are creeping over the floor. And even the sound of these steps is like the panting of an angry deer. The prisoner raises himself, and with his face white with pallor, his eyes alight with great suffering, staggering, he approaches the table near the bed. On the table is a jug of water and a vial containing some drops of ether prescribed yesterday by the doctor. There are still many of them. The young man seizes the vial with his trembling fingers . . . then, placing it down again, he sinks down on his bed. He feels empty now, and the frenzy of a little while ago already seems to him so remote, although only a few minutes have elapsed from the time he was making his fists black and blue against the door.

And again anguish envelops his body and soul, and it seems to him that his life is melting away in him.

The lamp above the door lights up the bed, the table, and all the space separating the door from the window. But opposite the bed, near the wall, and in the corners darkness reigns, and this darkness makes the spots of dampness spread out on the wall appear to be living. They seem to be moving. In the daytime they only resemble a geography map, but in the night, when you look steadily at them, they recall human faces, perhaps the faces of all those who have been imprisoned in this cell.

That could be possible. A man remains imprisoned within four walls for many long days, and the walls soak in his smell; so why wouldn't they also soak in his thoughts? And why couldn't they reflect his soul?

The soul of man is something which is volatile. With a free man the soul spreads out around on all of life . . . while in prison the walls absorb the soul of the imprisoned man . . . certainly! And why couldn't these dark spots in the plaster be the reflection of the souls of the two highwaymen of Koussovo and of all the other humans who were imprisoned here?

These spots have nothing terrible about them, although they may become animated with a silent life. There they are moving, changing form. If they could speak, they could whisper, not very distinctly, human words . . . But how frightful is the darkness beside them! That also is living, and imperceptible and deceitful at the same time! In it is hidden the power that dominates over the human soul, a cruel power. One breathes it with the air. It creeps into the soul like rust, and slowly, implacable, it rends it asunder. It

Continued on page 218

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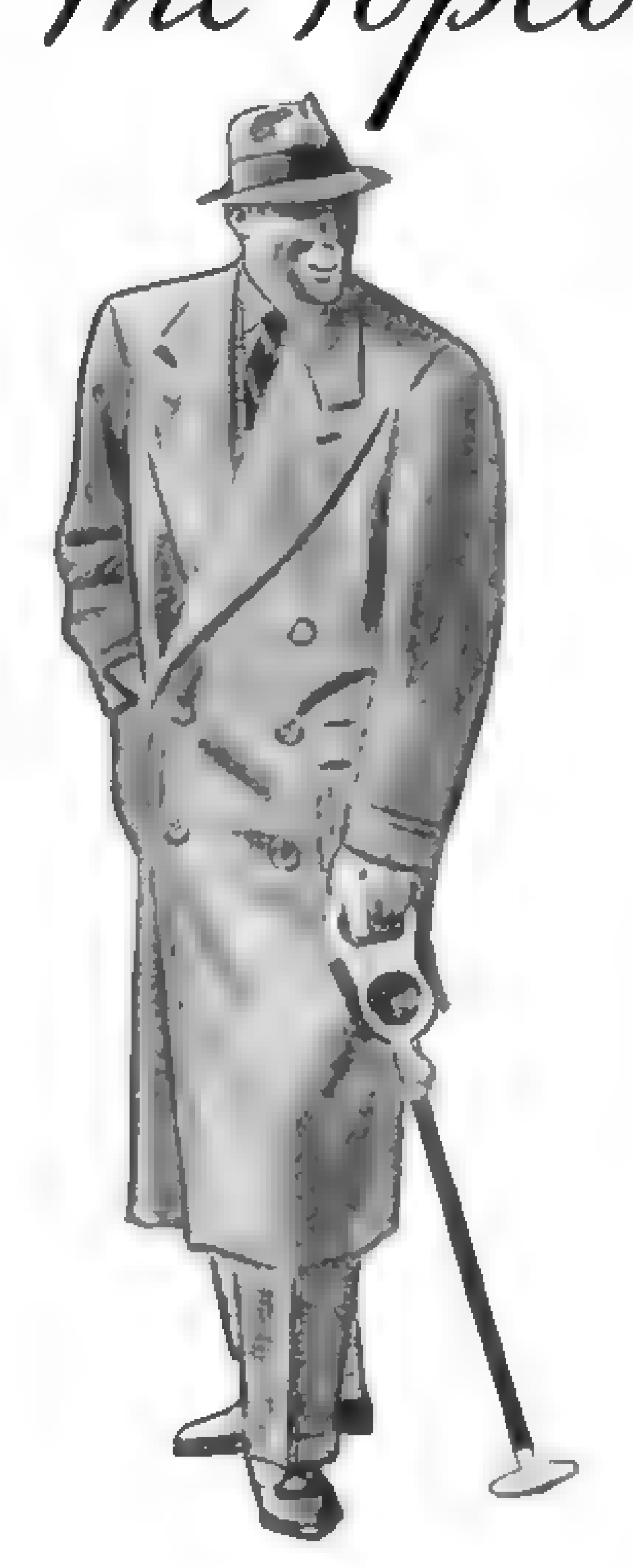

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The SHERRY-NETHERLAND

Facing The Park

FIFTH AVENUE at 59th, NEW YORK

Life in a Prison Cell

Continued from pages 45-217

absorbs the thoughts of man, and one's entire being is diluted in it; and although it hasn't any visible and finite form, at any moment it can suddenly blossom forth into something horrible, which has never been seen and which it is impossible to foresee.

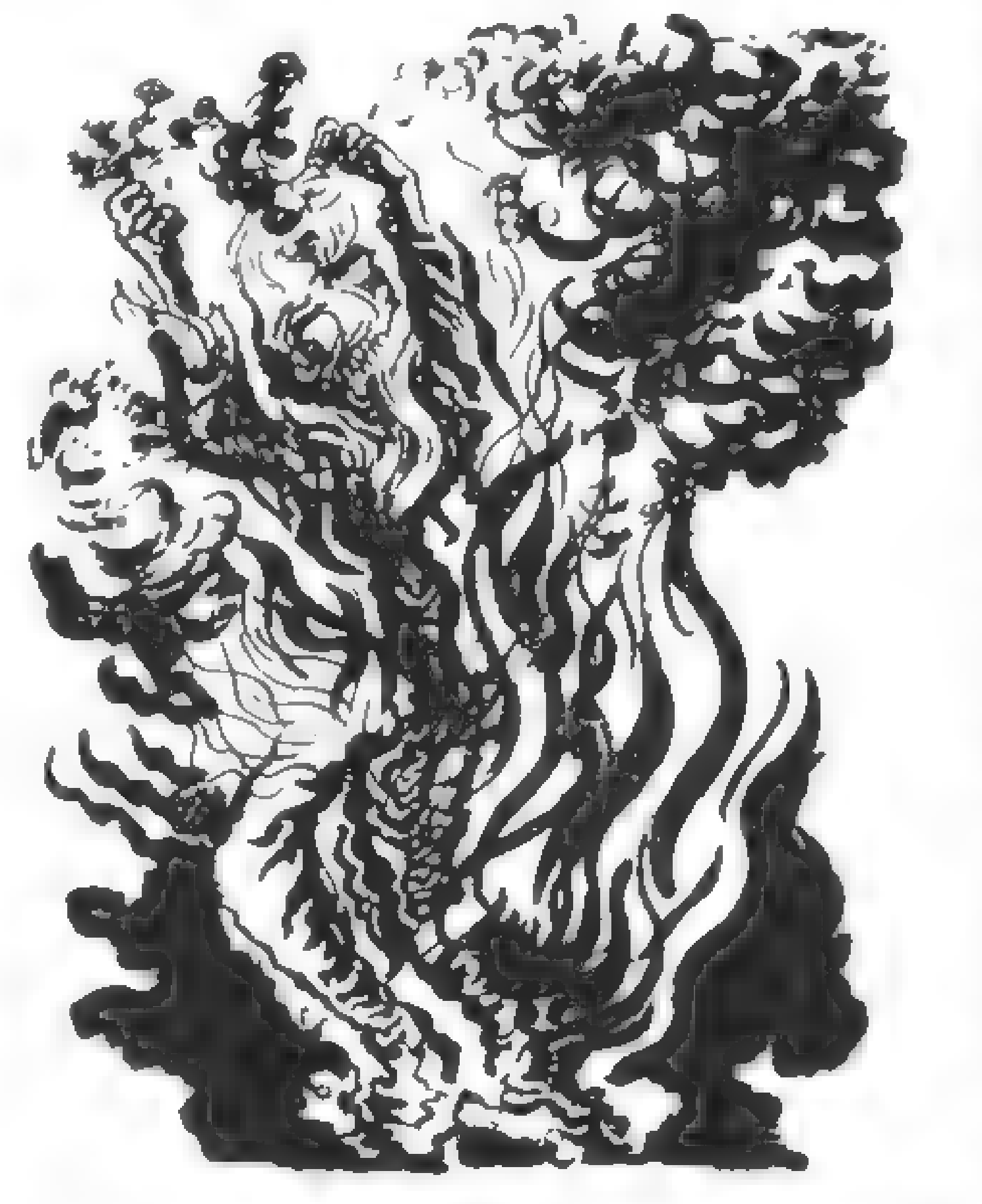
Without removing his eyes from the spots on the wall, the prisoner stretches out his hand towards the table, finds the jug of water after groping, and with an abrupt gesture empties it on the wall. And in being poured out, the water gives the noise of fleeing, as if someone, frightened, were running away, with an angry hissing.

The prisoner draws back, and stretches out his arms before him, as if he is protecting himself against an attack. The water flows down the length of the wall, making the spots disappear, and drop by drop it softly trickles down to the floor.

"God," the man whispers, holding his head in the palms of his hand, "God . . . I think . . . I believe I'm becoming . . ."

He doesn't dare pronounce that awful word.

His exhausted arms have been battered down; powerless, they rest on his knees. In the grips of terror his head bubbles, violently, with all kinds of shapeless ideas. He is seated on his bed, and he swings his body more and more, to and fro, from right to left; but his eyes seem to be riveted to the darkness, in which they are plunged. And he feels that his whole body is sinking, that he is being swallowed up into an abyss, which is bottomless, that he is slowly falling, and that there is nothing to which he can hang on.



"God"—and his lips move incessantly.

But suddenly conscience, with a start, gets the upper hand again. A vivid and piercing feeling of shame holds him back, and someone in his inner conscience whispers to him:

"It is a crime to die like this, a shame, a shame! Death is not more horrible, not more terrible than the agony of fear . . ."

He gets up again, looks towards the table, seizes the vial of ether with a trembling hand; but it slips through his fingers, and breaks in the basin with a noise as sharp and as harsh as a cutting laugh. The smell of ether permeates the cell.

The man bends over the basin, and frantically picks up the broken pieces of glass. He looks at them lying in the palm of his hand. His breathing is choking, his head is whirling, and an unknown force wants to close his eyes. This sensation increases his fear, and it seems to him that invisible and powerful arms are gradually encompassing him. His whole body quivers, and he walks backwards from the table to the door. Something icy is pursuing him, and is breathing right into his face.

"No . . . No . . .!" he repeats, with a mad look.

And suddenly, bringing his hand to his mouth, he abruptly snaps up the pieces enclosed in his palm, and begins grinding them with his teeth. They rip and cut away his gums, his lips, his tongue. Very soon his face is contracted with pain, and his mouth fills with warm blood and with a salty taste. He leans his head forward, and spits everything out together . . . blood, and pieces of glass. He can feel it oozing out from where his lips meet, and he watches the horrible designs being formed on the floor by the tears which are burning his eyes, tears of bitterness, for he realizes that he is absolutely helpless.

"I can't . . . I can't . . ." there is a humming in his head. "I can't die . . . God help me!"

And this taste of warm, salty blood in his mouth is mixing with the taste of acute sorrow, which is gnawing at his heart.

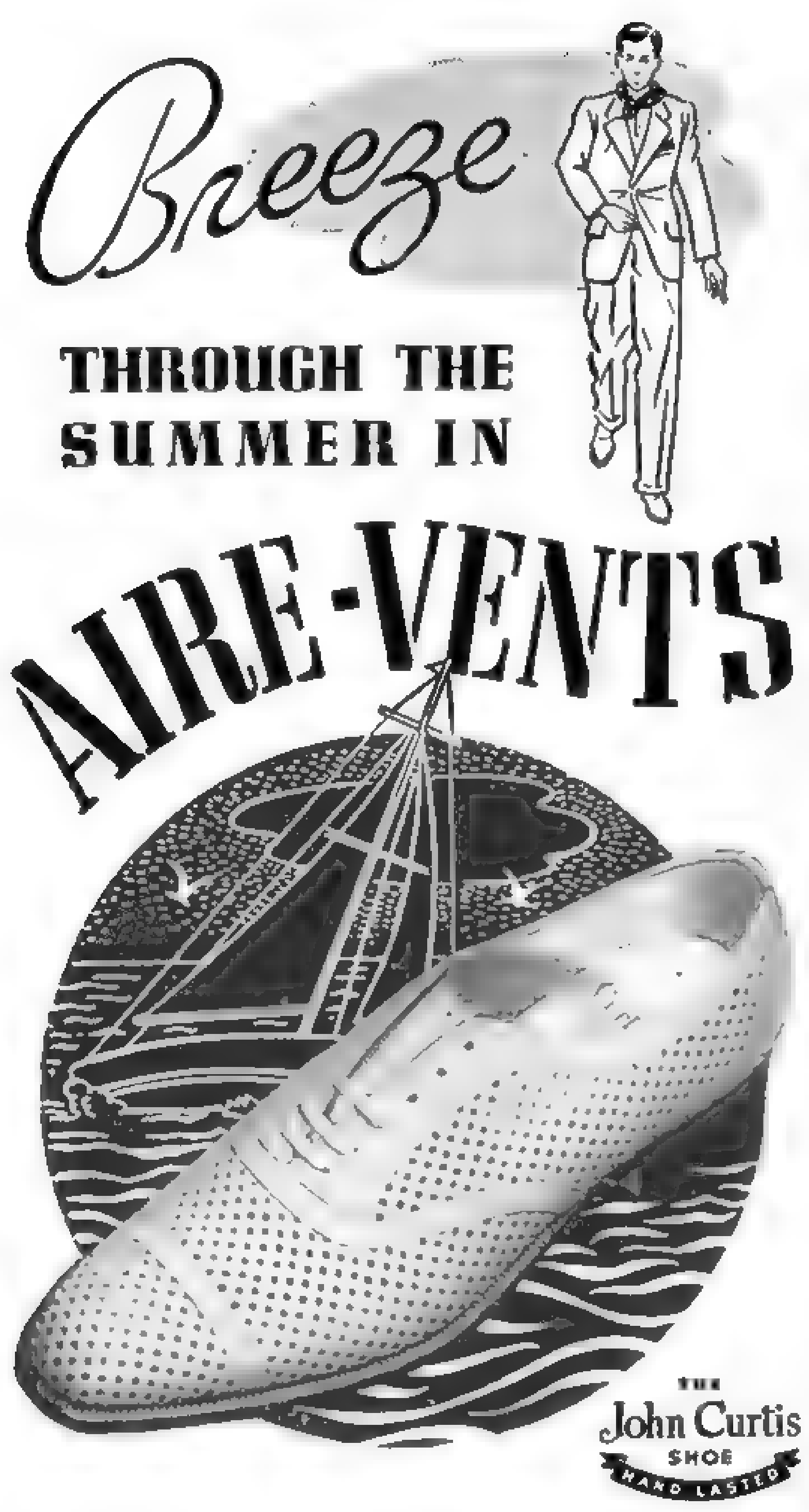
But suddenly, his conscience remembers something.

That girl, that young heroine who had purified herself by fire! . . . This time he rocks with joy, and challenges the darkness with a bitter ecstasy. He suddenly feels as if he has been regenerated, and his whole body and gestures have regained a strange assurance.

A sunny smile spreads over his whole face, and without hurrying, he approaches the table, even though he is continually spitting out glass and blood; he takes the basin in which the ether has spilled, places the footstool right near the door, and then climbs up on it, all the while pouring the contents of the basin drop by drop over his head. Then he carefully takes down the cell lamp, takes off with a sharp little blow the glass case, which quietly falls on the bed, jumps down happily from the stool, and standing up in the middle of the room, facing the spots on the wall, facing the darkness, he says in a very low voice:

"Forgive me . . ." Then, lifting the lamp right over his head, and with a voice that is stronger and more assured, he says: "They will forgive!"

The fire falls on his head as from heaven, and instantaneously envelops him completely. For a second the man hesitates in the midst of the flames, but then, beating



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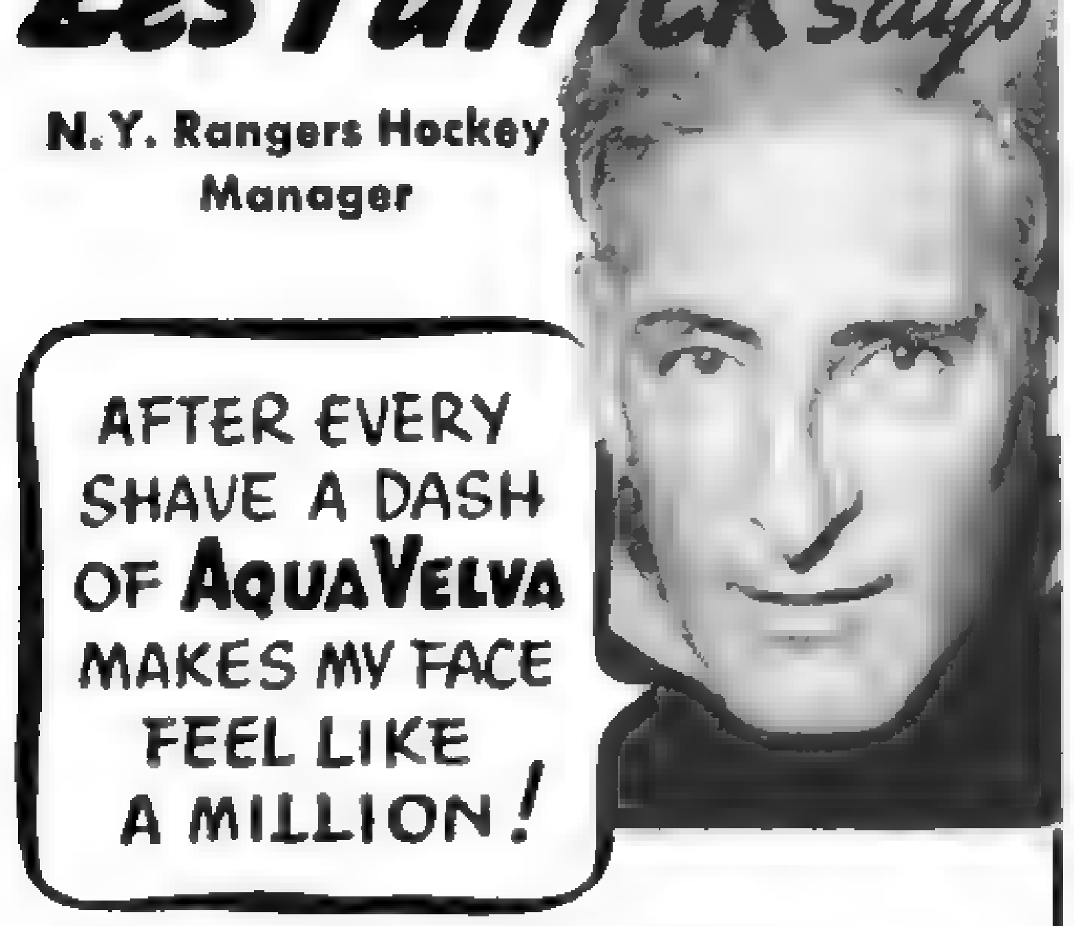
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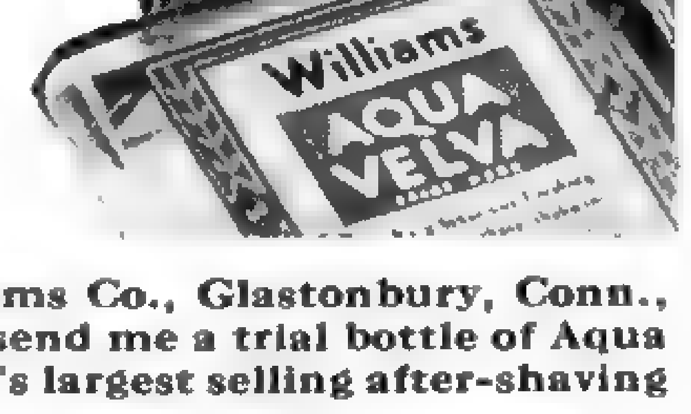

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the air with his two arms, he lets loose a shout of triumph. The blue strips of fire caress him on all sides, flashing through him like serpents, and the cell is as bright as if it were daylight—while the spots on the wall tremble joyously.

* * *

On the outside the irons on the door give way . . .

But when the people penetrated into the cell, there was no longer anything on the ground but a mass of something black and burned, which hardly resembled a human body—though it still moved, and groaned softly, softly.

Thin bits of smoke ascended spirally up to the ceiling, where there was a thick and suffocating mist gathered together in heavy volutes; then the smoke escaped through the window from the prison, as if it didn't want to conceal from the light of dawn either the crime, or the victim. #

Ambassador as Democrat

Continued from page 62

he began to crave a scholar's career. He and another boy decided that the country needed a new magazine, something along the line of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but of better literary standards, containing nothing except from outstanding authors or else by the two editors themselves. They therefore began to send letters to the most famous American authors — William Dean Howells, Walt Whitman, and people like that, asking for contributions. They stated frankly that they would not be able to pay for material used just yet, but planned to pay the highest rates just as soon as profits of the new venture began to pour in. Friends and relatives of the boys who knew of the project laughed heartily over the optimism of expecting outstanding authors to be contributors, without hope of reward. But the joke of it was that nine-tenths of all the authors they wrote to *did* respond with nice letters and said they would be glad to give full co-operation. There must have been something human and appealing about the tone of the boys' letters. Howells, dean of American authors, promptly sent in an essay, and Walt Whitman not only contributed a poem, but offered to come to Indiana and deliver a lecture.

Bowers and his associate editor got a shock, however, when they went to a printer and learned how much it would cost to get out their first issue. As they had no capital at all, they were forced to abandon the idea of a new magazine and let the public get along as well as it could with periodicals already available. They learned later that a famous publishing house in Indianapolis, because of the unusual nature of the undertaking and contributions, would have financed at least one issue and then put it into book form. The boys never thought of seeking that kind of aid. They dutifully returned the contributions to the various authors. That suggestion of Walt Whitman's, however, that he would be willing to make a public appearance in Indianapolis, was not to be passed over lightly. They promptly set a date for his lecture and invited him to come, and then set about trying to hire a hall. In making arrangements to receive so distinguished a poet, they enlisted the help of the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. My impression is that Whitman appeared on the day of his arrival before a joint session of the Indiana legislature and then gave a lecture or reading of his poems before a large audience in the evening. At any rate, the whole affair was a great success. Whitman was presented to the audience by James Whitcomb Riley and Riley's speech of introduction was later used as the preface to what is still the best definitive edition of Whitman's poems.

Only one event marred the occasion from the point of view of Claude Bowers. Claude met Whitman at the train, and having little money in his pocket, suggested that instead of taking a hack, they just walk up from the station. He remarked that the walk would probably do them both good. Whitman had a battered but fairly heavy valise which Claude managed to lug. When they arrived at the hotel, it occurred to Claude that he probably should invite the eminent visitor to have a bite to eat. To this suggestion Whitman readily agreed. Claude aimed to steer him toward a lunch counter. But Whitman absentmindedly walked right into the main dining room of the hotel where food was so costly that even a modest meal would run into more money than the future Ambassador to Spain possessed. There was nothing for Claude to do but excuse himself and find the manager of the hotel to whom he explained the embarrassing situation.

The hotel man bade Claude not to worry—just to send the check to him. Claude recalled that meal with Whitman when years later he ate his first lunch in the American Embassy in Spain. He had rented the most beautiful ducal palace in Madrid. (I have a sneaking notion the rental probably wasn't high, for almost any Spanish duke, even if only moderately farsighted, probably knew a revolution might be brewing and that it would be prudent to have his palace protected from the mob by the American flag.) A corps of experienced servants went with the palace and they provided whatever food they thought an ambassador should have. Claude's first luncheon there consisted of eleven courses! He tried to explain that he usually ate nothing at noon but a little bowl of milk and crackers. But the food kept coming—first a platter of fish, then fowl, then beef.

Continued on page 220

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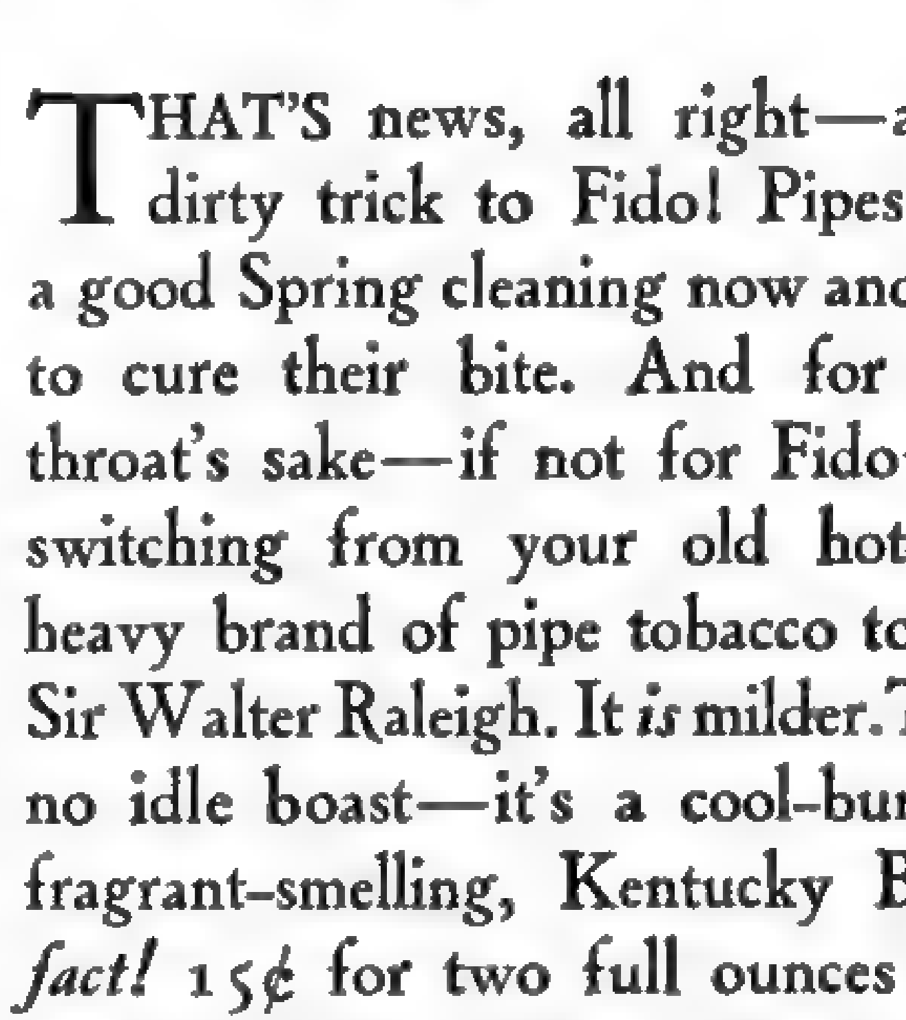
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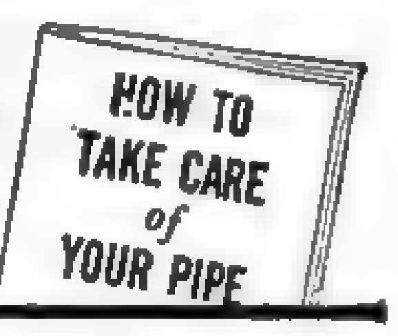
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Ambassador as Democrat

Continued from pages 62-219

Was it surprising if his thoughts reverted to the time when he wondered how he was going to pay for that lunch for the poet Whitman! Incidentally, my spies in Madrid report, after three and a half years of almost daily objecting to so many courses for lunch, and explaining that a ham sandwich would be ample, his servants still do not believe him. The best he has ever been able to get them to do was to hold the meal down to only five courses.

On his arrival in Madrid to take up his ambassadorial duties, Bowers got away to a flying start. He was staying temporarily in a hotel when he received a request to receive some Spanish newspapermen. That sounded like a trifling enough request and he promptly granted it, expecting to meet two or three representatives of the Madrid press. He heard a knock, and being in his room alone, naturally he went to the door, just as he would have done back home in Indiana. A drove of about eighteen Spanish journalists walked in. That was more than he expected, but the whole thing seemed to Bowers no more than a neighborly call. However, when he read the papers the next day he found out that he had made history. Every newspaper in Madrid had a prominently displayed article which began somelike this:

"The new American Ambassador shows true democratic simplicity. To begin with, he is the first American Ambassador ever to receive representatives of the Spanish press. As a sample of his democratic freedom from ceremony, when called upon yesterday by a delegation of journalists, he did not send a servant or secretary to the door, but opened the door in person. He is probably the most democratic foreign official ever to come to Madrid."

Diplomatic requirements have compelled Bowers to maintain strict official neutrality since the outbreak of the Spanish revolution. But being a true democrat at heart, it is not difficult to guess where his personal sympathies probably lie. His whole background would make it well nigh impossible for him not to hope for success of the loyalists in their struggle for democracy against dictatorship by representatives of powerful propertied classes. I am told that he has kept an intimate diary relating to affairs in Spain ever since he went there and presumably he has the makings of a great book.

It is doubtless a great disappointment to Bowers that the fates decreed against his being present to witness history-making events in Madrid. Forces beyond his control prevented that. For many years it has been customary for officials of the Spanish government and for the heads of Embassies and Legations in Madrid to move with certain members of their staffs to the sea shore during the summer months. Last summer Bowers and clerical members of the staff went to San Sebastian. Most of the other chief diplomats accredited to Spain were also at San Sebastian, including the Ambassadors from Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Argentina, and several others. When the Spanish conflict broke out in July, all these foreign diplomats were cut off from Madrid. As there was heavy fighting in San Sebastian, all the diplomats moved across the nearby border into France. Bowers did not leave San Sebastian until after all the other diplomats had done so, and then only after the State Department at Washington, in a transatlantic telephone conversation, urged that he do so. Probably it was considered prudent, as an aid to maintaining strict neutrality, to avoid as much as possible any danger of unpleasant diplomatic "incidents" in the war area. A small staff for routine affairs, including a secretary, a military attaché, and a number of clerks, was still kept at Madrid. But the Ambassador himself was doomed to miss much of the excitement, though he had plenty to do in arranging to get several hundred Americans out of Spain.

Our policy of neutrality regarding the Spanish revolution recalls an episode that I often wonder if Bowers remembers, of the days when the United States was still maintaining neutrality in the World War. I had gone to the Washington office of Senator Kern, to see Bowers, then his secretary. In the office were several of the Senator's constituents from Indiana, representing two points of view. Some were bitterly anti-German and others were equally anti-British and each group desired to make the Senator declare which side he himself favored. Kern smoked a cigar, squinting wisely, while both sides had their say, after which he made this diplomatic comment:

"It beats hell, doesn't it!"

Then Bowers took me to one side and told me another story about his boss. Some months previously, Kern had been in a tight place politically because seemingly compelled to make a choice between two decisions, either one of which would have aroused antagonism and criticism. Bowers had asked him, from time to time, what he intended to do. Kern always replied that he hadn't yet decided. Finally, one morning when Bowers asked him if he wouldn't soon have to make up his mind, Kern replied:

"My boy, my experience has been that when you're compelled to choose between two things neither of which you wish to do, it is wise to delay doing *anything*. Then maybe something will happen to let you out of making so distasteful a choice."

Thus Bowers had good tutoring for a diplomatic career! ╫

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 110

then, with a pundidical shake of the head, admit with just a shade of reluctance that he believes there is a world of deep truth in it. It is all, in this day and age, a bit droll.

Bernstein's weaknesses were in full flow in this most recently divulged play. He was here, as previously, revealed as a man who has often closely observed the emotional eccentricities of his French people and as one who is aware of the rebus that is the human heart. But he was here also, as previously, revealed as one into whose eyes so much grease paint has worked itself that, when he enters the theatre, what he has truly seen outside becomes promptly blurred with artificiality. That he was born with a silver Sardou in his mouth and that he went to school to Pinero is obvious.

Upon this superannuated stuff Mr. Miller wasted an exceptional acting company, although—again surprisingly—his direction disclosed uncustomary lapses. So slow and deliberate was the acting pace that one had the feeling that it was less Mr. Miller who put on the production than Charlie Chan. For another thing, he carelessly allowed his troupe of English actors with their acute British accents to lend to the exhibit that air of the ludicrous that habitually in such cases wafts itself across the footlights when they seek to prove that they are French characters by interrupting their aforesaid acute British accents only in elaborately scrupulous pronunciations of one another's French names. I don't know how the rest of you feel about it, but whenever I go to a play from the French in which a lot of unmistakable Piccadilly voices try to persuade me that they are of a Champs Élysées essence by periodically addressing characters named Thérèse, Catherine and maybe Gilbert Miller as Tayressss, Kahtreen and Jeelbaire Meellaire, I am inspired to shout out "Be yourselves!" or more often something a little stronger.

Cedric Hardwicke, one of the most proficient actors on the English stage, here again indicated his talent in the handling of the rôle of the weak, meek, beset husband; he was the only person on the stage who accurately suggested the Gallic quality of the character he was playing. Except for an unnecessary over-elaboration of detail, which doubly slowed up a stage already slowed up by the director, and save for a periodic tendency to stand stoically immobile with his open palms rigidly down and pressed to his hipbones, for all the world like a Victor Boucher imitation of a statue of Nathan Hale, he demonstrated once more that he is one of the few actors of the English-speaking theatre of today who can give one the impression that the actor and his rôle are inseparably and indissolubly one. Irene Browne as the wife, Frank Lawton as the prospective son-in-law, and Jean Forbes-Robertson as the ugly duckling daughter all contributed, save for their absurdly misplaced accents, a histrionic proficiency to a play that, for all it mattered, might just as well have been entrusted to the old Civic Repertory Company.

* * *

There is generally a temptation to give a play by Maxwell Anderson a better notice than it deserves. He writes with such a feeling for beauty that, whatever the rest of his play may be like, a critic has a time keeping strict criticism from getting out of control, especially in this day when a feeling for beauty is most often confined, in the theatre, to mere settings and costumes and, in public life, to migratory hands under night-club tables. No man writing currently for the American theatre knows better than Anderson the great loveliness that lies in English words and the greater loveliness that may be achieved by weaving them into delicate patterns. And no man is more happy in effectuating, with the loom of his fancy, panels of affecting poetic prose for the adornment of his dramas. The ear is thus so prejudiced in his favor that the critical eye often must keep itself doubly wide-awake lest it neglect to report upon the inner deficiencies of the dramas themselves. As with a bright Armistice parade, the swinging and exhilarating bands are in danger of making the casual spectator overlook the many cripples in line.

Two new exhibits by Anderson have lately been revealed to us, and a third is at this writing imminent. The two are *The Wingless Victory* and *High Tor*. Both again attest to their author's dexterity

Continued on page 222

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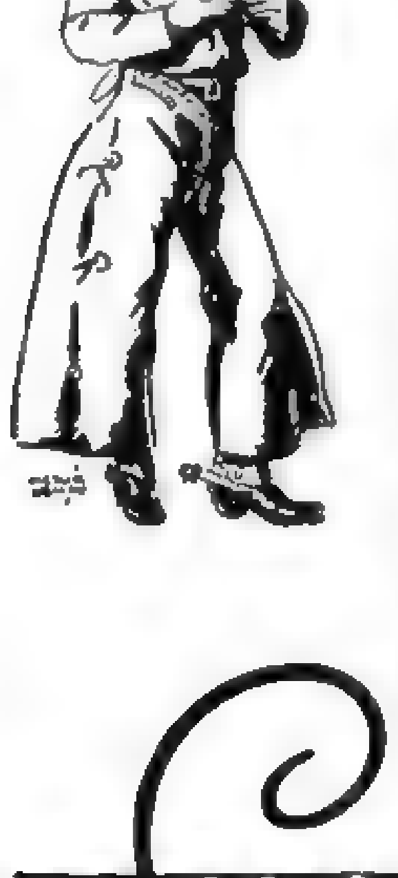

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 110-221

with the language; both aim considerably higher than the plays we commonly encounter; and both—the second in particular—hence jockey with the critical impulse to praise them beyond their just deserts. The truth is that, for all their felicity of expression, both are dramaturgically faulty and that neither gets to its intended goal. *The Wingless Victory*, a plea for religious and racial tolerance spun out of the familiar tale of the New England sea captain who brings back to his bigoted home a wife in the form of a Malay woman, is—aside from the undeniable song of much of its language—a rather poorly dramatized lot of theatrical lumber. And *High Tor*, an attempt to create a fantasy out of a combination of the Rip Van Winkle legend and a modern gangster story, while superior on every count to the other play and at various points close to something that might occupy a place of proud meaning in the American drama, is periodically so confused in its moods and finds its dramaturgy occasionally so misty that it experiences a difficult time balancing itself on its two stools. It is a play, as intimated, above the usual run, but once you have said that in its favor, and said it in a properly loud and grateful voice, it remains criticism's duty to recall that pleasant comparisons do not automatically imply genuine merit.

Katherine Cornell's performance in the first of the two plays worries me a bit. Although she is as effective as, and even more visually spectacular than, she generally is, she makes utterly no gesture toward characterization of the Malay woman; the character is merely the Katherine Cornell of *The Green Hat*, *Alien Corn* or *Dishonored Lady* with her face, arms and bare feet covered with sassafras juice. And the disturbing thought suddenly assails me—after having paid lengthy tribute to her acting talents in my last book of theatrical criticism—that, looking more carefully back upon her many performances, she has too often for the comfort of my assumed critical sagacity done little, if indeed anything, toward characterizing the rôles she has played. Is she, I begin to wonder, quite the actress I have thought her? I shall have to take the matter, methinks, under further advisement. Burgess Meredith is first-rate in the central rôle of *High Tor;* if there is a young actor on our stage with a better future, his name escapes me. Peggy Ashcroft, who has the leading feminine rôle, is one of the really accomplished younger actresses of the London stage (those English girls are beginning to give our local girls lessons!); she is, in addition, possessed of a considerable personal cajolery; but she should not allow us to know that she admires her own voice as much as we do.

Walter Huston's adventure in *Othello*, a theatrical failure, engaged my interest if for no other reason than that it brought to light once again the curious approach of present-day criticism to the acting interpretation of many of the Shakespearean rôles. That Huston was a far from satisfactory Moor, I fully agree with all my colleagues. But my concurrence in certain of their reasons therefor is something less than faint. It was argued, for example, that his Othello was defective because it "was not Shakespeare's idea of the way Othello should be played." I should like to be told just what Shakespeare's idea was, and how and from what source it was gleaned. Having unfortunately been at some prenatal Palm Beach in 1604, when *Othello* was first acted directly under the eye of its author, I personally, unlike some of my reincarnated critical brothers, haven't the slightest notion how Shakespeare thought the rôle should be played, and I pine for education. What passes for "Shakespeare's idea" among my otherwise estimable confrères, I daresay, is their own prejudiced idea based in equal parts upon the way they would play the rôle if they themselves, God forbid, were actors and upon those acting performances they have witnessed which most closely contact their own hypothetical performances. Whether Mr. Huston's Othello was or was not Shakespeare's acting conception of the rôle, I do not, as I have said, know. It was a poor Othello, so far as I am concerned, simply because it wasn't *my* conception. That is exactly what the other boys thought, too, if only they told the truth and didn't seek to make their verdict sound more impersonal and important by putting it up to Shakespeare.

Although berating Mr. Huston for his failure to play Othello as they would have played him, my fellow classicists allowed, paradoxically enough, that "his very intelligence seemed to get in the way of his portrayal of such a man." That it was unquestionably Mr. Huston's very referred-to intelligence that persuaded him sapiently to interpret Othello not as the usual ham combination of bull and matador but as a great general possessed of an intelligence crossed, like Caesar's and Napoleon's, with a corrupting sentiment, seems to have escaped the attention of those who charged his intelligence against his portrayal. His approach to the rôle, in this opinion, was sound, well-reasoned and indubitably intelligent.

The fault lay solely in his unintelligent histrionic projection of his intelligent prefatory interpretation. The really first-rate actor is one who thinks out a rôle to its last logical inch and then acts it with a second-rate emotional mind.

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Moss Hart's and George S. Kaufman's *You Can't Take It With You*, hereinbefore alluded to, contains the joke about being a member of the American Geographic Society and the scene in which an inebriated comediènne comes suddenly upon a live snake and hysterically imagines that she is a victim of the heebie-jeebies, but do not let that discourage you. For most of the rest of the evening offers a lot of fresh and lively fun about a family of lunatics beside which the eccentric families of such previous exhibits as *The Constant Nymph*, *March Hares*, *Hay Fever*, *Three-Cornered Moon* and last year's *Star Spangled* take on an air of high noöscopic virtuosity. In short, a good show and one which allows to peep from under its blanket of hilarious imbecility a quite inviting defense of the philosophy of hedonism.

In *The Women*, Clare Boothe has attempted to distill a little Strindberger Auslese 1936. Permitting nary a male to her stage, she shows us a large assortment of Park Avenue Bertas, Julies, Theklas, Biskras, Mrs. *Fathers* and Madame *The Strongers*, all supreme daughters-of-bitches, and reports the mean and shabby inner maneuverings of their mental processes. In the main, she does an interesting and entertaining, if often stomach-turning, job of it and in only one detail allows her honesty to lapse. That is in the character of the heroine, the solitary exception to the sluttish lot, whom she presents as a saintly cross between a mature Little Eva and Sister Beatrice. There ain't no such animal, and Miss Boothe knows it. She has cheated the integrity of the rest of her play in order to placate and comfort her audiences with a little "relief" hokum. But aside from this one obvious showshop prevarication, she has contrived an exhibit that enjoys the merit of an uncommon candor. Now let her write a sequel in which the men mentioned in her present play but kept off-stage tell what they think of her women!

The Theatre Guild's notion of what constitutes a good play once again—how long is this going to go on?—enjoyed a salvo of clucks in the case of Leopold Atlas' *But For the Grace of God*. An indignant treatise on the woes of the poor, it was of stencils all compact, from the mortally ill child denied proper medical attention because of the family's lack of funds to the desperation which drives the brother of the invalid to crime.

The acting, settings and direction, the last by the much touted Benno Schneider, were all quite as bad as the play, and the entire enterprise was still another testimonial to the Guild's sad fall from grace.

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The College Scab

Continued from page 119

we had ever scabbed before. The thin little man with the close cropped hair said he had never been in jail and everyone knew he was lying. The man in the brown shirt knew the old man already and did not question the kid and me closely. "All right boys," he said, "you're helping industry in this city and we're paying you for it. We haven't sleeping accommodations for you but you'll get police protection." Then he led us through the office to an alley way where there were about twenty-five other men standing around silent. They hardly looked at us or at one another. It was nearly noon now and most of them huddled along the sunny wall to keep out of the cold wind. At first I thought they were pretty much like sheep, but later I felt that this was not so. Sheep huddle together for common safety and because of a natural preference to others of their kind. But these men huddled together because there was not room enough in the small alley to remain apart; and I felt they hated one another worse than they did the strikers.

Pretty soon a truck backed into the alley and everyone got in. When I stood in the center of the truck, the old man pushed me toward the sideboard. "Sit down," he said, "do you want to get your can knocked off?"

The truck started up with a jerk and I laid my head against the sideboard and looked through the space between the boards. As we passed Colton going east on Third, I saw the three union men still watching the employment office but the policeman was no longer there. I turned to the old man.

"We aren't insured?"

The old man spat between his legs. "Why should they insure you? You're a scab now." He held up his three-fingered hand. "When I was a union man I wasn't insured against that either. After it was smashed, I wasn't fast enough for the hiring bosses. So I took scab jobs and lost my union card. The unions finally got compensation"—he dropped his stiff hand to his knee and spat—"but now it's too late."

The truck rumbled along and we wobbled from side to side and stared at the floor boards. At one corner we heard shouting and a brick fell from nowhere hitting a man on the mouth and he fell on a big Negro's lap. He wasn't out and just lay there spluttering blood and teeth onto the Negro's blue serge pants. The Negro moved the hurt man's head a little and gave him a dirty handkerchief, but no one else moved.

"Dirty bastards," I said.

The old man drew his stony

Continued on page 224

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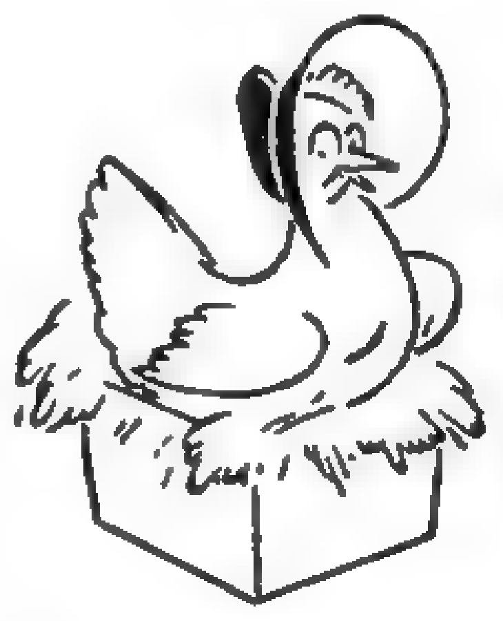

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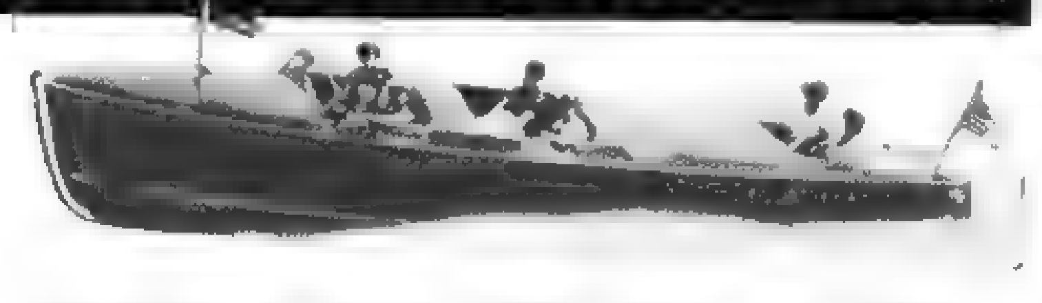

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The College Scab

Continued from pages 119-223

face into a sneer, and his filmy gray eyes sparkled. "Think so?" he said. "You ain't playing football now. You're dealing with men and they've got power, by God, and they'll get us all sooner or later."

I did not like the assurance of his tone and when we turned onto Harbor Street, I began to wish I had never applied for this job. Mounted police walked their horses slowly up and down the wide cobblestone street, and police cars were parked at intersections. The strikers, hundreds of them, stood in little groups or sat in long rows along the curb facing the pier entrances. A few held small clubs but most of them watched our truck silently with their hands in their pockets till we came opposite them. Then they began to shout and curse and shake their fists and the sound of their shouting preceded us down the line of piers and grew to a great roar as we reached Pier 12. Armed guards opened the heavy pier gates and the truck rolled to a stop in the dark shed beyond. We shuffled over the backboard onto the floor one by one, leaving the hurt man in the truck. A chill wind blowing off the harbor raised chaff and paper in little swirls that stung our eyes and made it doubly hard to see after the bright sunlight outside. So we slouched around the truck and watched the scabs who were already working. They worked stolidly and listlessly, carrying crates and cases across the great pier shed on dollies and small motor drays. In a few minutes the boss came over and chose ten men with longshore experience to go aboard ship. He set the rest of us to work moving the cargo after it had been landed. Some of it was stored in the pier shed and the rest of it went into trucks bound for the uptown warehouse. Later in the afternoon the ship was loaded with canned goods taken from freight cars on the dock siding. My job was to carry fruit crates and unlabeled cases on a dolly from the dock through the pier shed to the trucks. The old man could not handle a dolly well and so he loaded the trucks when we brought the cases over. It was hard work on an empty stomach and a hangover. Soon I was sweating in spite of the wind but it was not a free, healthy sweat. The dust dried it on my head and arms and it reminded me of the fear-sweat I used to have before football games.

I must have carried over a hundred loads that long afternoon; sometimes to the shed, sometimes to the trucks; sometimes pushing the dolly till my back ached, sometimes lifting cases till my wrists were chafed raw; but always silence except for the sound of the drays and the creaking tackle, and no recognition except the leering old man, and no thought but the thought of danger in the foggy night to come.

The next time I came out to the dock the fog was sweeping across the harbor beneath the sun. I met the fresh young kid from school just coming from the ship. "I got it," he said. "The ship's got a scab crew and they're short hands. They told me to start work right now because they sail tomorrow." He smiled. "Why don't you try now?"

"No thanks," I said, "you take the adventure and I'll take the money." But I envied him a little; at least he was safe until the ship reached the next port.

The old man spoke to me once. I was leaning on my dolly after bringing up a load. "Fed up?" he said.

"Damn right I'm fed up. I hate this stuff."

The old man leered again. "Can't you take it?"

"I don't know," I said, "I guess I'm hungry." But I did know and I wasn't really hungry. I was getting scared and there was nothing to do but roll crates back and forth like a goddam machine. That's what I was, just another goddam cog in a machine and I was going to get broken again and there was nothing I could do about it. I had been in street fights before and I could recall how several of us had got drunk after the last game of the season and had got in a fight with four Filipinos and a cop. But it would not be like that because even if you beat one striker there would always be more of them.

I had just started back for another load when I heard two pistol shots from the direction of Harbor Street and the gates swung open to let in a truck with a smashed windshield and a dented hood. I dropped my dolly and ran over to the truck as the driver climbed down. His face was bleeding from a long cut and he held his left forearm with his right hand. When the boss came over the driver told him that the strikers had tried to gang him but the police had driven them off and shot one striker. They had broken the driver's arm with a brick and he could not drive the truck any longer. The boss asked the little group that had gathered if anyone could drive a truck. I had driven one the summer before but I kept still and so did everyone else. The boss looked around the crowd again. "There's $25 in it for the man who will drive that truck back to the warehouse. A police car will follow at a distance and give protection." Then I remembered that I had to get home that night some way, and that I might shake the strikers by driving uptown. I asked him if he was kidding about the $25. "Of course not," he said. "We don't aim to make money out of this; all we want is to get a few trucks moving to break the spirit of the strikers."

"O. K.," I said, "fill it up." I went over to the timekeeper and

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checked out. When I came back the driver with the broken arm showed me how to handle the truck. It was a high speed truck and fairly new. Then I sat on the running board and waited for the old man and two others to pile some cases into the back. When they finished I got a monkey wrench from under the seat and put it beside me. As I started the motor the old man laughed and pointed his three-fingered hand toward Harbor Street. "They're waiting for you," he said.

I do not remember that ride clearly. The fog was low and heavy as I turned south on Harbor Street headed for the Civic Industrial Association warehouse two miles uptown. The strikers were all standing on the far sidewalk and in the vacant lots behind, facing the police cordon in front of the pier, and massed so irregularly in the foggy dusk that they looked like one ponderous being. One or two pickets standing closer than the rest threw stones but I was going too fast and they hit only the rear end. Through the rear view mirror I saw a police car following about a hundred and fifty yards back. It was growing darker by this time and sometimes I lost sight of the police car in the fog. When I turned west on Third I lost it completely and its place was taken by a gray touring car which came up fast and followed a few yards back. I could see five men in the car. About three blocks from the warehouse I was forced to a stop by a waiting streetcar and before I could start up again three men jumped out of the gray touring car and ran toward my truck. Just as the streetcar moved on I threw in the clutch and one of the men jumped on the running board and leaning inside, tried to turn the truck to the curb. "Hello fink," he said, "come down out of there." I held the wheel with my left hand and hit the man in the face with the monkey wrench. He let go of the wheel and fell to the pavement as I speeded the car up and rounded the corner without looking back.

When I drove into the warehouse I was shaking all over. A big guard carrying a shotgun opened the door of the truck. "Any trouble?" he asked. "No," I said, "no trouble." "O.K. sonny," he said, "report here at six tomorrow morning. If we use trucks you can drive one."

I don't remember what he said then. I must have sat in the truck a long time as though I were going to stay. Then he told me that no one could stay in the warehouse but the guards. "Somebody's after me," I said. "What's the matter, sonny, lost your nerve?" But I didn't feel like talking about it. "How about my $25 and five hours work?" I said. "You don't get paid here," he said, "now come on, get moving." Then I asked him to let me out the back way, and he said all the other doors were padlocked. "For Christ's sake," I said, "give me a gun or something." But he gave me only a stick and walked me out to the street.

The only person I could see on the street was a little kid on a skate coaster. I ran around the corner to a drugstore and got in a public telephone booth and rang Magill at the apartment. He wasn't there so I rang Carster's home. No answer. The bastard, I'd heard that ugly voice for six months on end and now that I wanted to hear it he wasn't there. Well, to hell with him and his team and his jobs; if I ever got out of here I would get a job where a man can make money without being kicked around for it.

When I walked out to the door I saw the gray touring car parked below the warehouse and three men standing directly opposite me on the far corner. They saw me before I could get back inside the drugstore and there was nothing to do but run. I don't know which way I ran. I looked around once and two of them were chasing me and the other had gone back for the car. They must have had a hard time seeing me because it was dark now and the fog was very heavy. I remember running into a street intersection just as a streetcar came slowly by. I jumped on somehow and gave the conductor a nickel and tried to get inside the car before the men would see me. The only other passenger was a pale young woman in a maid's costume who stared up at the advertisements. I wanted to speak to her but I did not know what to say. Finally I asked her where this car went. She answered without even looking at me.

"It goes to Harbor Street."

"But it can't. There's a strike down there and they've quit running the line. . . ."

"It goes as far as the Emergency Hospital," she said. "It must. It must. It goes to the hospital where they take the strikers. It must. . . ."

I ran back to the conductor and told him to let me off. I jumped to the street as the streetcar slowed down and there was the gray touring car right behind me.

I think I started running again. I can remember seeing nothing but the dim street lamps, hearing nothing but a cough in the gutter and the gray touring car roaring up ahead to block me off. I remember turning off at a side street, running hard, sweating in that fog with a dry throat in all that foggy dampness, running till I saw warm lights and smelled food cooking and heard laughter; and how I went into that little restaurant and ordered something and then realized I had only a nickel; and how I ran through the restaurant and kitchen to a back door and out into a blind alley way; and how the three men were clumping up the alley way; three solid gray figures looking as though they had no faces. I am not sure now but I think I dropped down on my knees and started crying. ⌗

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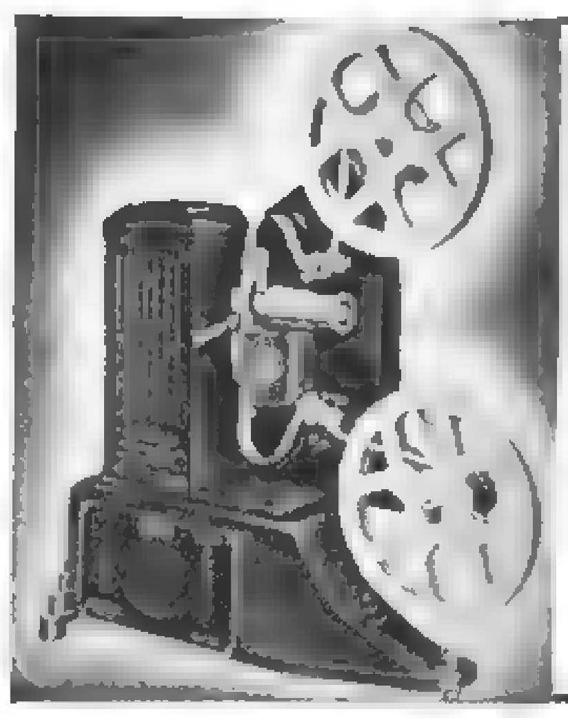

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40,000,000 *Bottles* *can't be wrong in France*

In France, food is a delight and eating is an art. So it is only natural that they should have created Byrrh, the marvelous aperitif wine. For it has a baffling, blended flavor that can bring added zest to the finest food and new cheer to friendly gatherings. Indeed, the fact that as many as 40,000,000 bottles have been consumed in France in one year is quite undeniable evidence of its goodness. 40,000,000 bottles can't be wrong in France! So say "B-r-r-r" to the waiter next time you want a pick-me-up at lunch, a lift before dinner, a drink in the evening. He'll bring you a glass of this cheering, dry, stimulating wine. You'll enjoy the spirited flavor of Byrrh.

BYRRH
J. & S. VIOLET FRÈRES
ESTABLISHED 1866
THUIR
FRANCE
BYRRH
BYRRH
APERITIF WINE
ALCOHOL 18% BY VOLUME
CONTENTS 1 PT. 15 FL. OZ.
MADE AND BOTTLED IN FRANCE

BYRRH, popular throughout Europe for more than 70 years, is a blended wine, dry, pungent, delicious, that seems to contain the very laughter, warmth and wit of France. It is a stimulating aperitif. An excellent cocktail base. Many enjoy it plain with soda. At the better hotels, bars, restaurants and liquor stores.

Byrrh says the Frenchman for his favorite aperitif wine
(Very dry)

Sole Distributors
CHARLES & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

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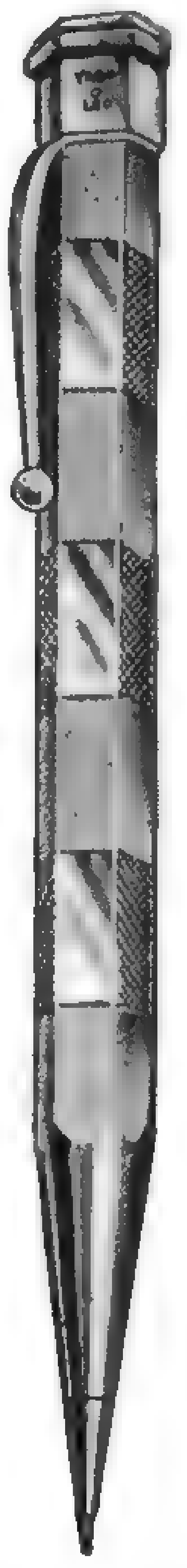

"YARD-O-LED"
and
"YARDOLETTE"

Pencils of distinguished beauty which have the rare attribute of combining mechanical perfection and freedom from trouble. Made in England by master craftsmen and internationally favoured.

"YARD-O-LED"
Carries 36 inches of lead. In Sterling Silver . . . $5.00
In 18 kt. Rolled Gold . . $7.50

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Carries over two feet of lead. In Sterling Silver $4.50
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AT THE RITZ TOWER

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Ritz Tower

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There's a rumor afoot—

THEY SAY EVERYONE IS EXCITED ABOUT THE NEW

RAJAH

SPORT SOLES—FAMOUS SPORTSMEN HAVE WORN RAJAHS FOR MANY YEARS

Quick

LOOK AT YOUR SOLE FOR THE

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TRADE MARK, IF YOU DON'T FIND IT — DASH OFF A LETTER AT ONCE FOR THE NAME OF THE NEAREST DEALER.

ALFRED HALE RUBBER CO. RAJAH REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
EST. 1837

ALFRED HALE RUBBER CO. NO. QUINCY MASS.

NOW! A QUICK PICK-UP

Without Harmful After Effect

Modern high pressure living taxes nerves, burns up energy fast. The busier you are the more you need No-Mal—*the pick-up without a let-down*—to supply extra follow-through power for driving days.

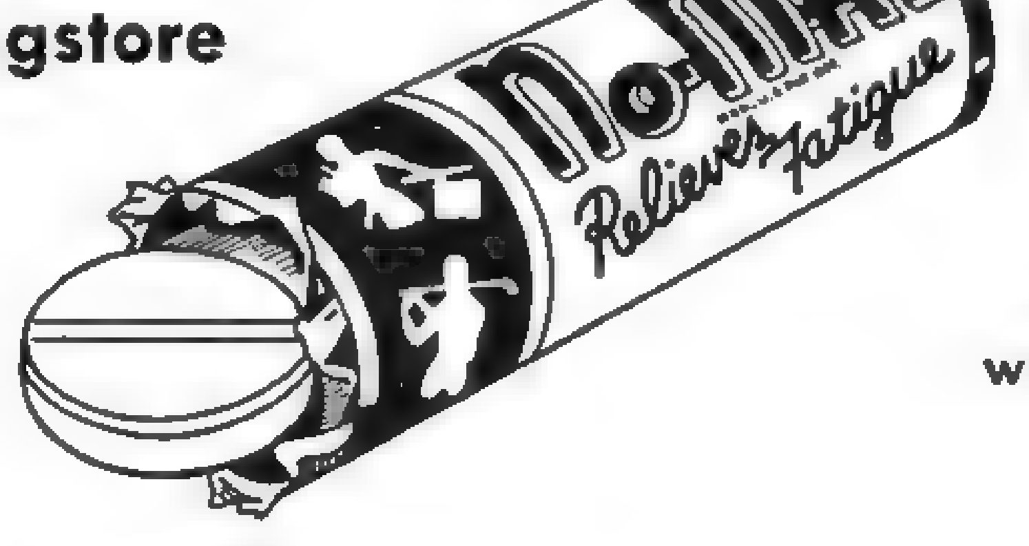
No-Mal is a combination of dextrose (the energy-fuel athletes rely on) and other fatigue-fighting ingredients, in handy mint-flavored tablets.

Non-habit-forming

Absolutely safe

Carry a handy roll of No-Mal in your pocket. Keep a supply in your desk. Eat two or three whenever you begin to feel tired. You'll get a safe, fast pick-up. (N.B.: A "hangover" hasn't got a chance with No-Mal.)

At your drugstore **10 cents**



Write No-Mal
610 Fifth Ave.
for free sample

The Pick-Up
without a let-down

Copr. 1937, Fairfield Pharmacal Corp.

"ON *Second* LOOK and in retrospect—a treat for the eye and ear—the greatest entertainment value in New York today."
MALCOLM JOHNSON, *Sun*

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FRENCH CASINO FOLIES
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY

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AMERICA is fast learning how hearty and agreeable Dagger Rum is. If your desire is liqueur, you'll like the taste, softness and aromatic fragrance of Dagger Rum. If it is mixing, follow your favorite recipes . . . but use Dagger Rum. Different? Decidedly deliciously!

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10 Years Old
Jamaica
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BOTTLED BY
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Dagger
JAMAICA RUM

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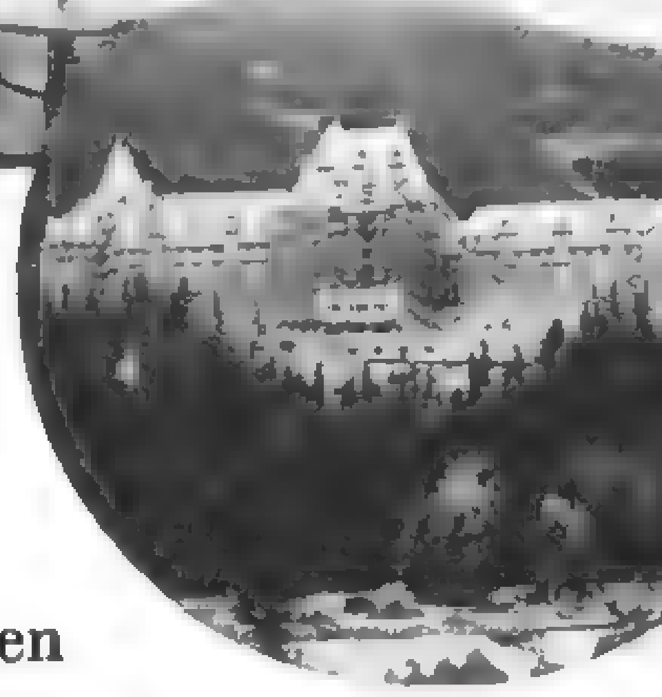
SEE THE WONDERFUL CANADIAN ROCKIES

Banff

LAKE LOUISE EMERALD LAKE

LAKE LOUISE AND VICTORIA GLACIER FROM CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

SET amid the breath-taking beauty of snowy peaks, deep-hued forests, jade-green rivers—and glacial waterfalls! A gorgeous castle at Banff, a charming chateau at Lake Louise; a romantic chalet at Emerald Lake! . . . At *Banff Springs Hotel*, every window frames a thrilling picture. Each long Summer day is all too short—for golf on a mile-high course, swimming in warm sulphur and fresh water pools, riding with cowboy guides; for tennis, climbing, hiking. . . . Lilting dance and concert music, magic moonlight on flower-scented terraces; motoring over smooth roads to Lake Louise and Emerald Lake. Banff Springs Hotel's gracious hospitality and gay social life attracts smart, interesting, world-traveled people. Its appointments are sumptuous, regal. 600 choice rooms with bath. 38 de luxe suites —even the smallest suited for private entertainment.

Special pageants, tournaments and events: *Calgary Stampede*, July 5-10; *Indian Days, Banff*, July 23-25; *Banff Golf Week*, Aug. 23-28 . . . *Banff Springs Hotel, Chateau Lake Louise* and *Emerald Lake Chalet* are open from June 12 to September 13.

TRAVEL in cool, dustless comfort. **AIR-CONDITIONED** standard sleepers, diners and solarium-lounge cars on Canadian Pacific fast transcontinental trains. LOW ROUND TRIP RAIL FARES to Banff, North Pacific Coast, California, Alaska.

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Reduced to $25

Dale's exclusive "2-SUITER" in cowhide at a price designed to stop the show! Its convenient tray holds 2 suits *without creasing*; below it, store your accessories with ease. Also in rawhide, now . **$29.50.**

The "2-SUITER" in air-weight canvas . . . . . **$15.00.**

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ENJOY OUR DELICIOUS FOOD AND SIP DRINKS AT THE **BAMBOO BAR** • SIREN SPOT FOR MANHATTAN'S MERRYMAKERS

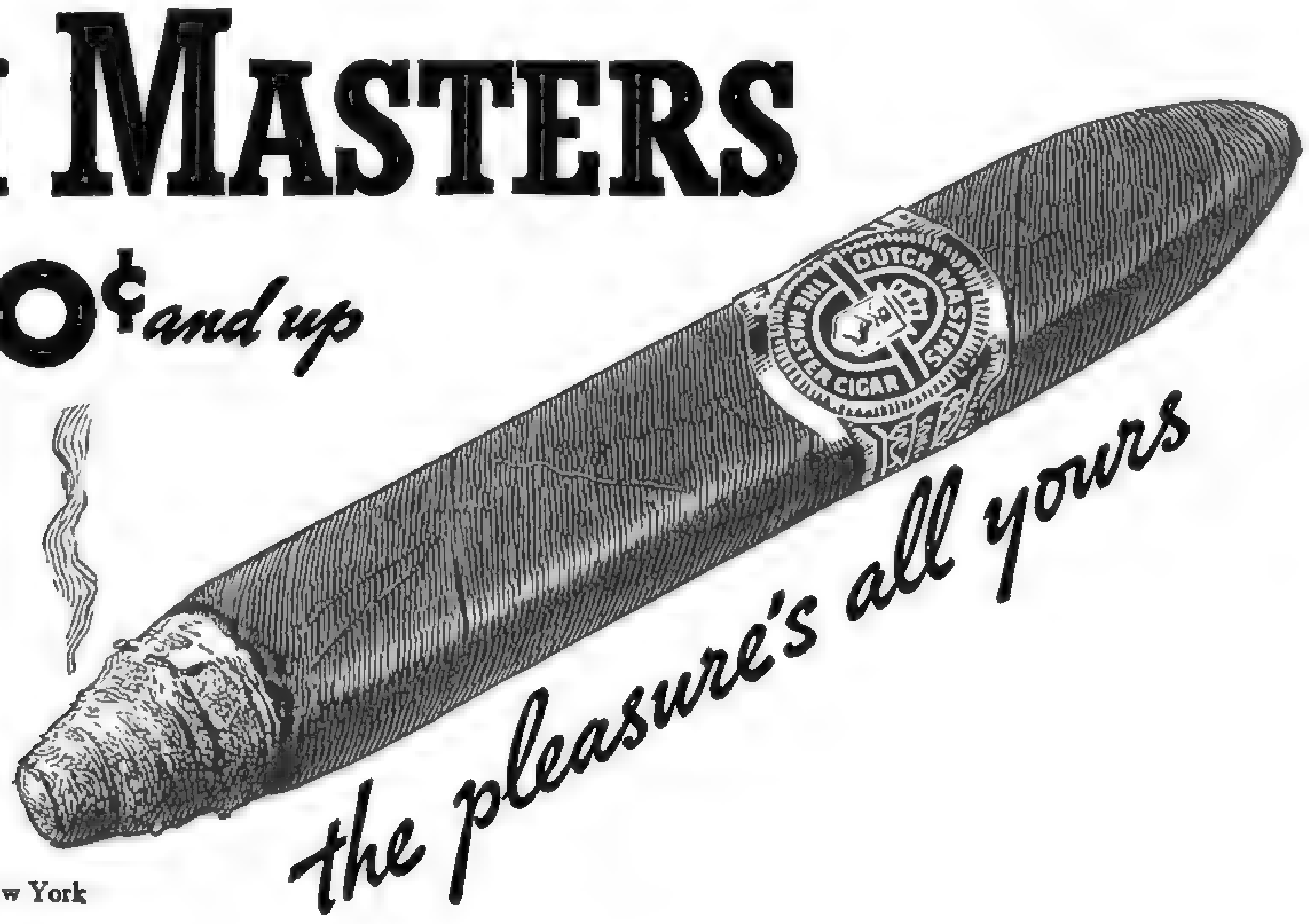
JIM MORIARTY, MANAGING DIRECTOR

AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD

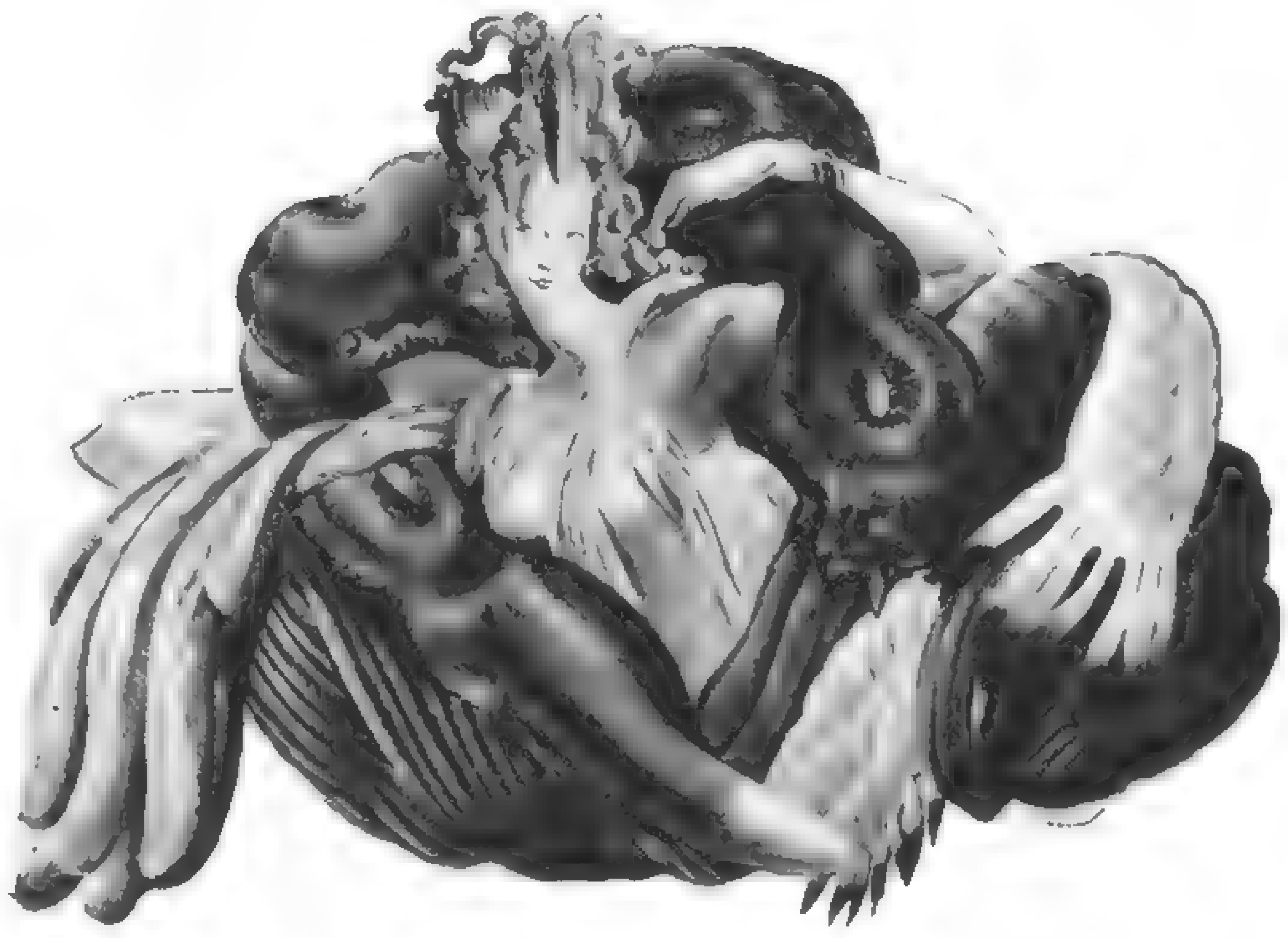
WHEN YOU LEAN BACK in your easy chair at the end of the day, relax and enjoy yourself, light a Dutch Masters cigar. Even though you've not been a regular cigar smoker, you will be at peace with the world with that fragrant curling smoke.

DUTCH MASTERS

10¢ *and up*


DUTCH MASTERS CIGAR
the pleasure's all yours

Copyright 1937, Consolidated Cigar Corp., New York



CLOTH COATS for SPRING

with ***Paris***
in every Line . . .
and a lavish or tiny
touch of one Perfect
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. . . Most women will add SCARFS to their spring suits . . . but only a fortunate few will enjoy the luxuriousness of our present collection . . . all lengths are represented and prices are surprisingly moderate.

Revillon Frères
"FINEST IN FURS FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES"

FIFTH AVENUE AT 54th. STREET

For
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An early inspection of suites at this socially endowed address will afford the widest choice among a group of decorator-designed arrangements, each an individual creation in the best town house tradition.

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111 East 56th Street • New York
JUST OFF PARK AVENUE

The Epicure Observes:

"There's a well-informed opinion that this is New York's most interesting hotel"

Suites of one to six rooms, furnished or unfurnished, leasing now for immediate or Fall occupancy. Daily from $4.

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Emile

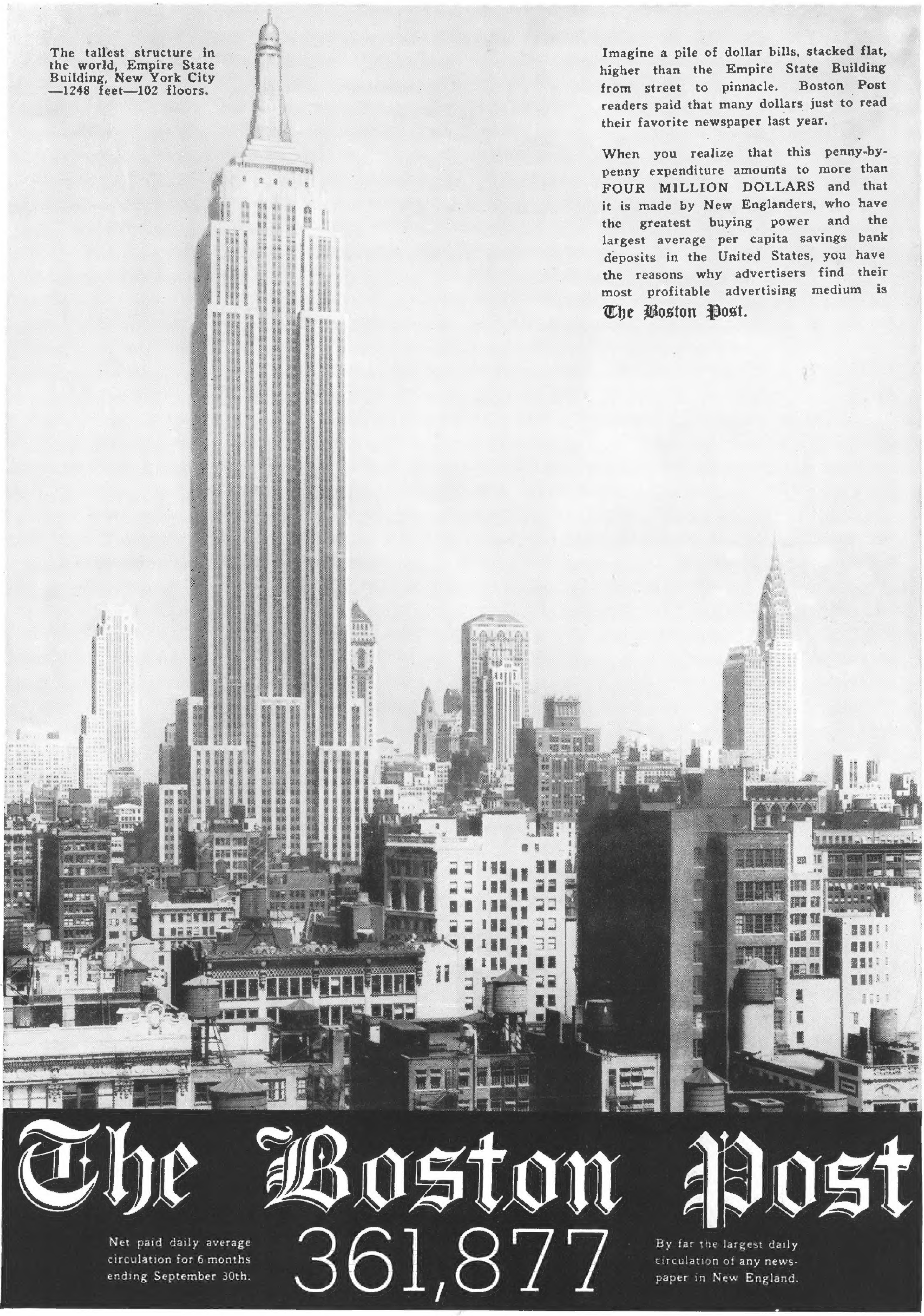
Expert Hands

Expert hands are like human beings. They have senses of their own. And if they have an amazing experience with hair, they can tell instantly, when they lightly touch your hair, how to wave it, or color it, or shampoo it, or re-condition it. In a word, these expert hands know how to make your hair and wave beautiful.

Ask yourself these questions *after* these expert hands have given you a Permanent: "Is my Permanent so perfectly waved that I can dampen and brush the hair as I would naturally curly hair? Is my hair shaped to have perfect lines and style, even if the wind makes it fly around my face? Is there real beauty and sparkle in my hair, and not artificial prettiness glued on for the moment, only to disappear when the hair is disturbed?"

You will be able to answer these questions with a happy smile, for you will know that your Permanent, the style, and the condition of your hair are just perfect. For advice on your hair problems see EMILE.

EMILE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER HAIRDRESSERS
49 W. 49th ST., N. Y. C. R. C. A. BUILDING CIRCLE 7-1995



The tallest structure in the world, Empire State Building, New York City —1248 feet—102 floors.

Imagine a pile of dollar bills, stacked flat, higher than the Empire State Building from street to pinnacle. Boston Post readers paid that many dollars just to read their favorite newspaper last year.

When you realize that this penny-by-penny expenditure amounts to more than FOUR MILLION DOLLARS and that it is made by New Englanders, who have the greatest buying power and the largest average per capita savings bank deposits in the United States, you have the reasons why advertisers find their most profitable advertising medium is **The Boston Post.**

The Boston Post

Net paid daily average circulation for 6 months ending September 30th.

361,877

By far the largest daily circulation of any newspaper in New England.

MEN'S GRILL—556 FIFTH AVENUE

"IT'S THE BEST CORNED BEEF HASH I EVER HAD!"

A royal dish—the way Schrafft's prepare it! Only one man in the country can corn beef to our satisfaction...with just the right amount of corning and just the right color—a nice, rich red. We cook this choice beef until it is tender, trim off the fat around the edges, and chop (not grind) it into just the right size pieces. Then we chop freshly boiled potatoes into the same size pieces, mix them with the corned beef, season deftly and heat in a pan with good, fresh creamery butter to appetizing perfection. Mn!

A man's dish! Typical of the special dishes for men that appear on the menu in Schrafft's Men's Grills—comfortable, club-like rooms where men meet their friends and business associates at midday. No better place to go for luncheon!

15 MEN'S GRILLS IN NEW YORK CITY

SCHRAFFT'S

MEN'S GRILLS

43 RESTAURANTS IN NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, SYRACUSE, NEWARK

"Nu-Top"

REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFFICE

An entirely new and different

SELF-SUPPORTING SOCK

No gadgets, no garters, no binding
and they **DO** *stay up*

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1^{00} the pair 2 pairs 1^{00} 75

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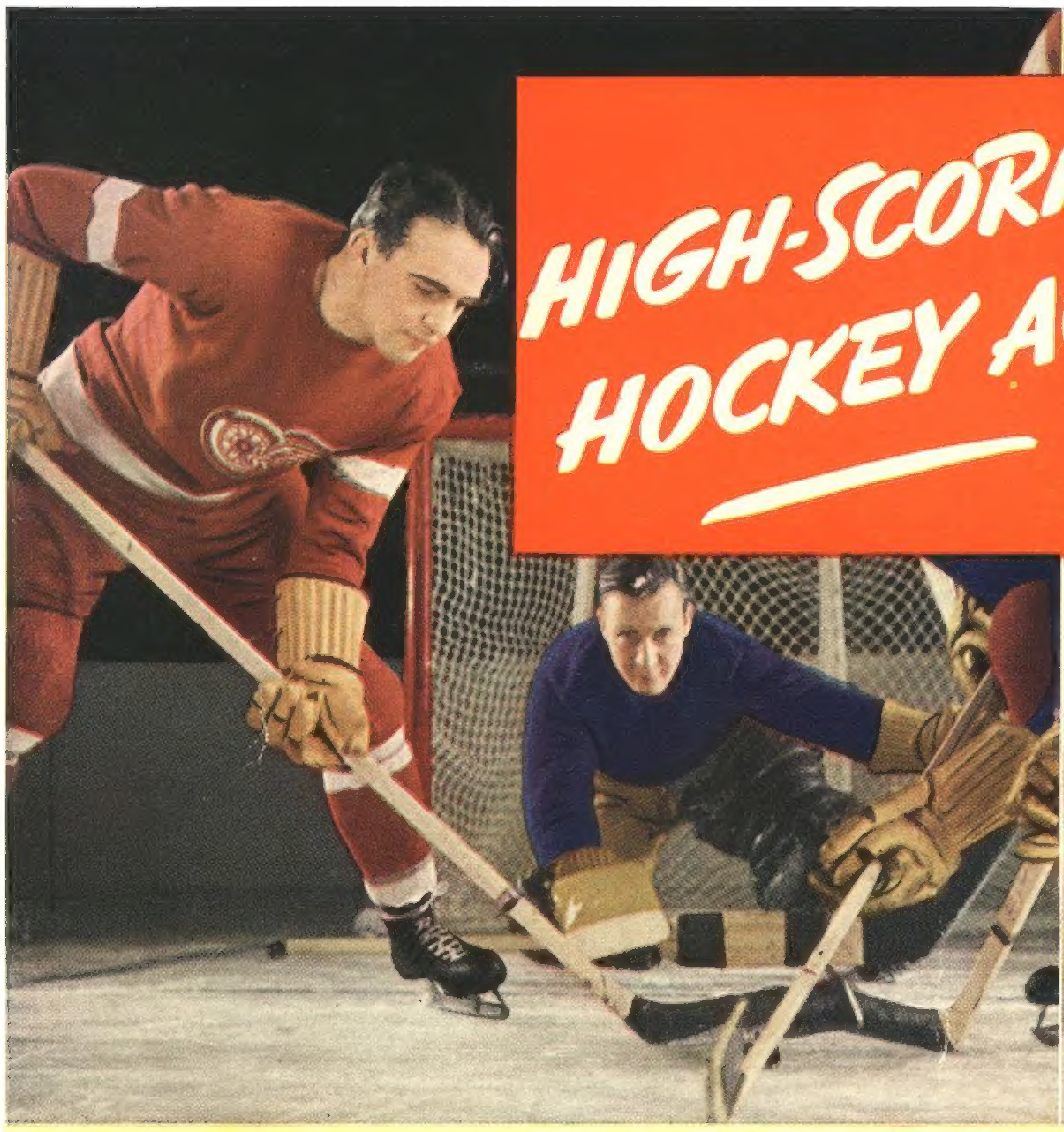
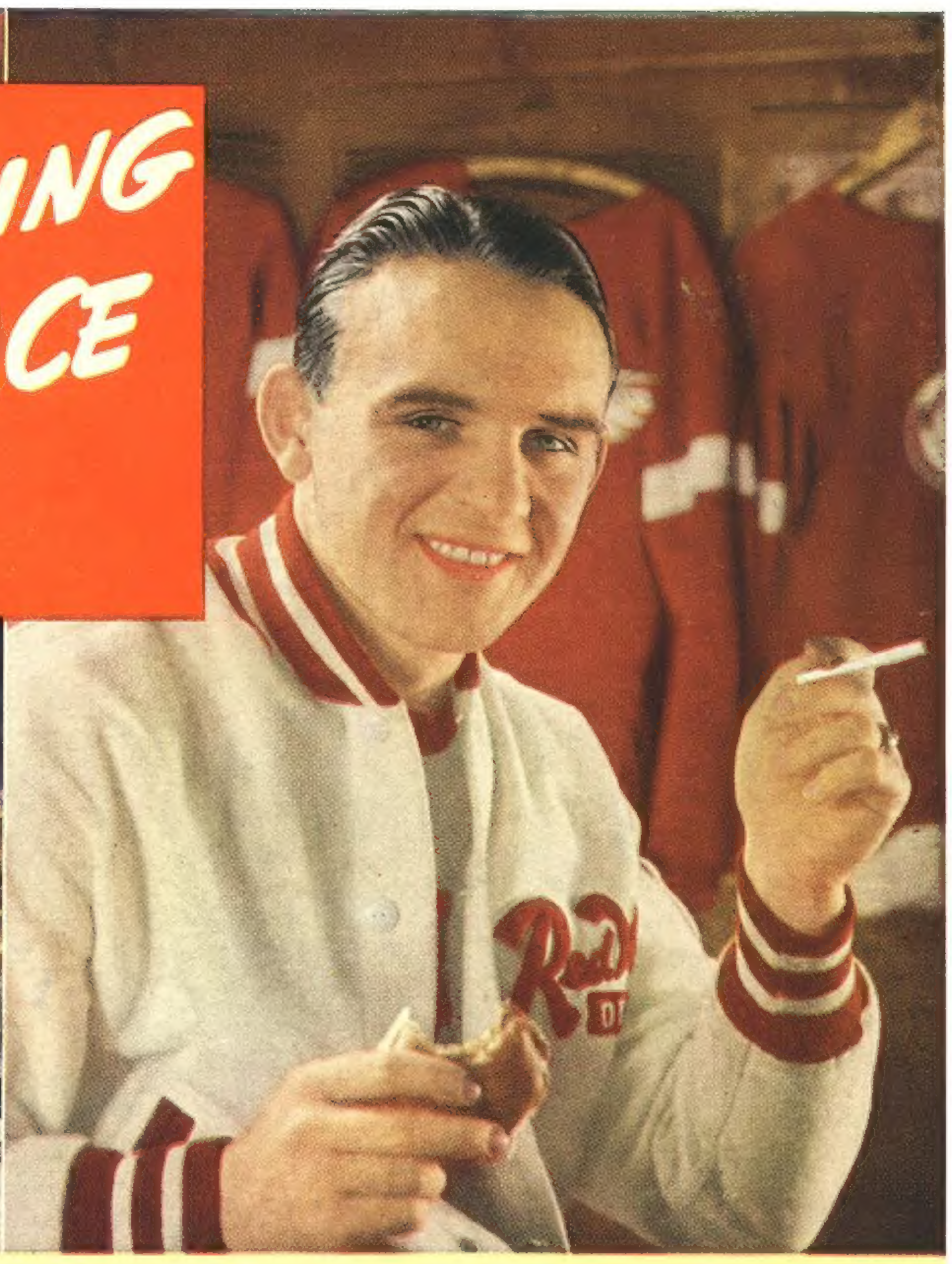
HIGH-SCORING HOCKEY ACE





Herb Lewis, Detroit Red Wing, says: "I go for Camels in a big way!"

THE lightning-quick camera eye caught *Herb Lewis* (*above, left*) in this slashing set-to before the goal. Next split-second he scored! After the game (*right*), Herb said: "You bet I enjoy eating. And I'll give Camels credit for helping me enjoy my food. Smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards eases tension. Camels set me right!"

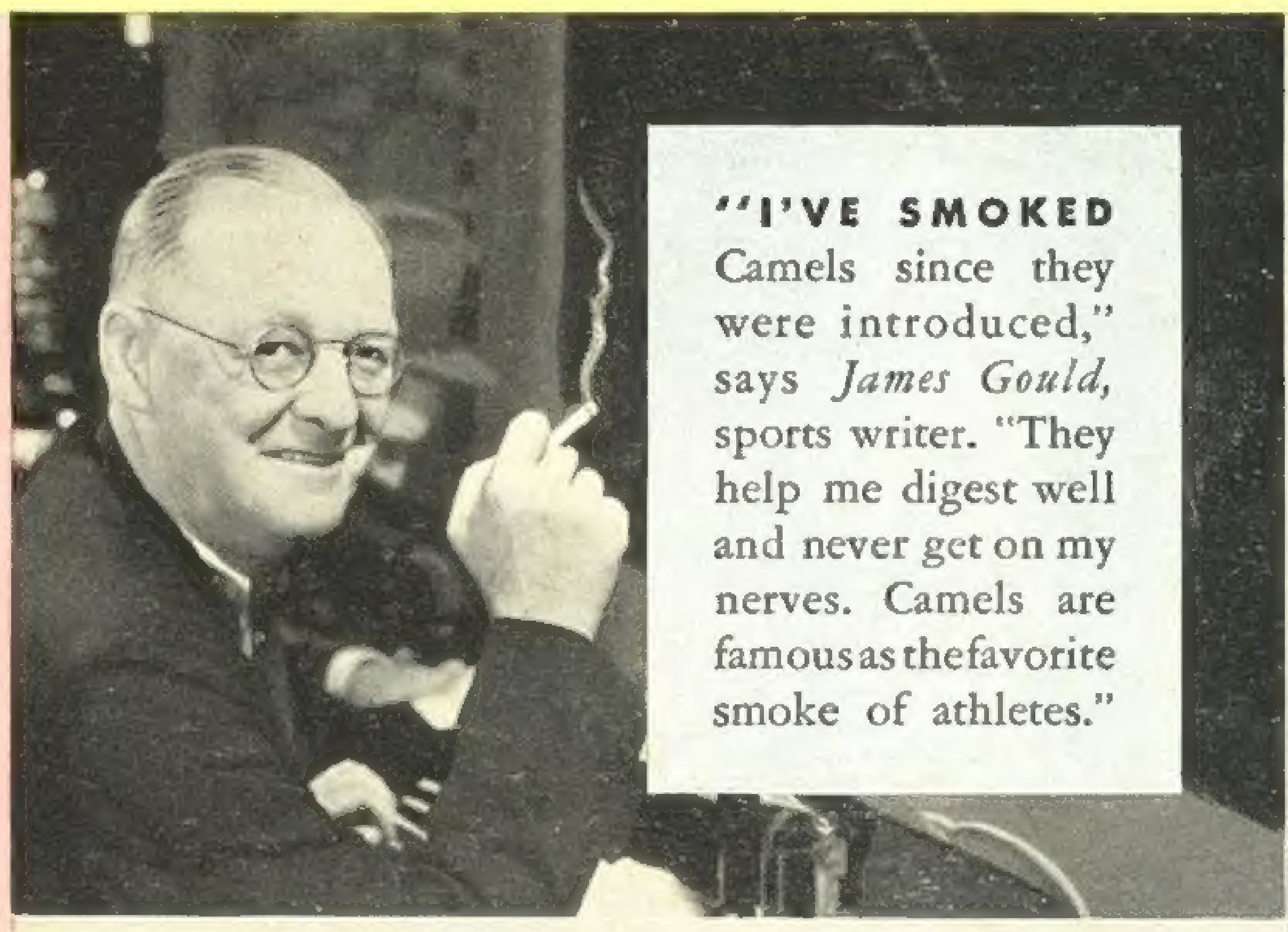
Camel smokers enjoy smoking to the full. It's Camels for an invigorating "lift" in energy. At mealtimes it's Camels again "for digestion's sake." Thanks to Camel's aid, the flow of the digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. A sense of well-being follows. So make it Camels—the live-long day.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

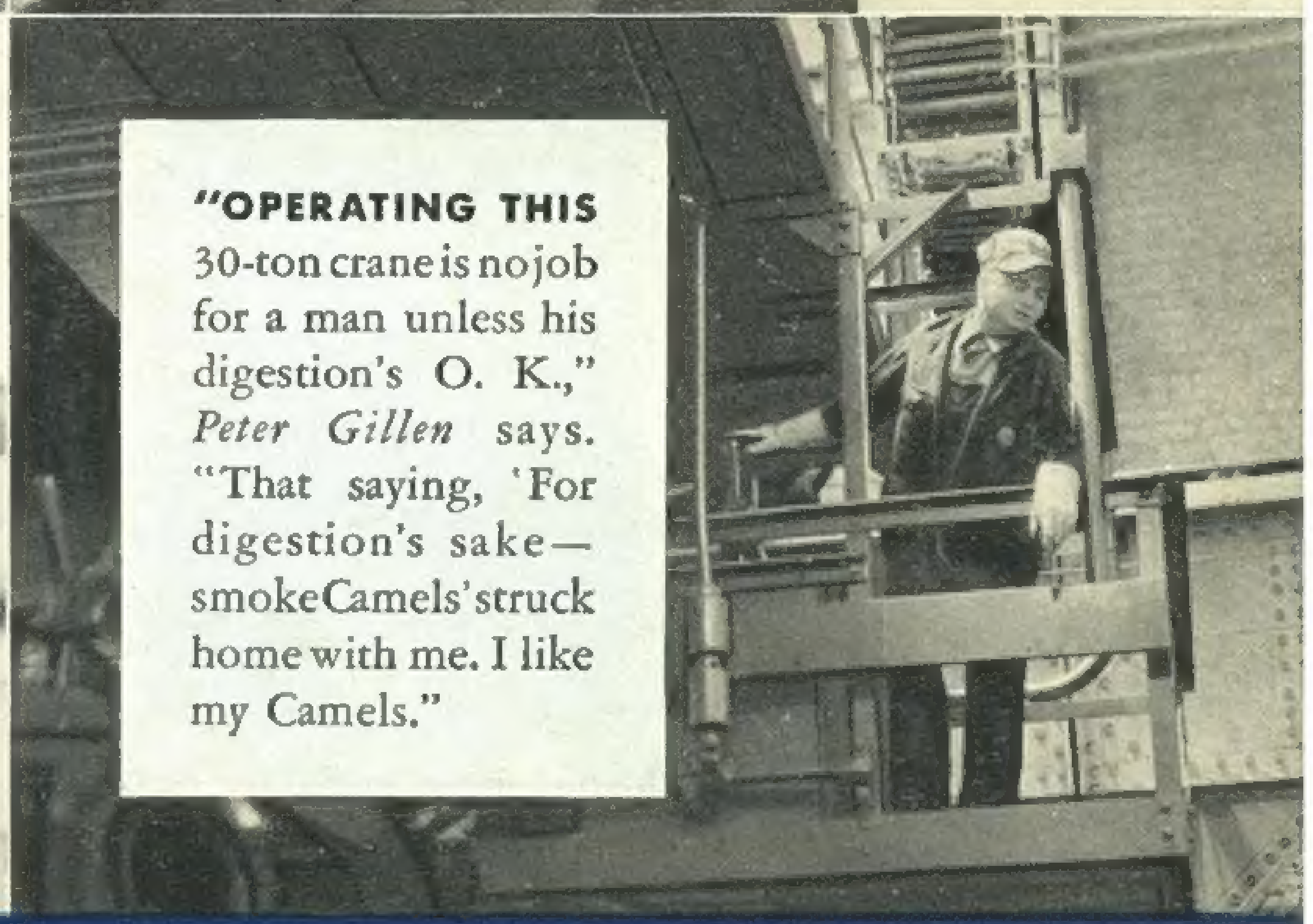
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY



"I'VE SMOKED Camels since they were introduced," says *James Gould,* sports writer. "They help me digest well and never get on my nerves. Camels are famous as the favorite smoke of athletes."

"MY DIGESTION keeps on an even keel," says sea-going Chief Engineer, *George Buckingham.* "Smoking Camels at mealtime and after helps me enjoy my chow and digest it better too."

GLIDER record-holder, *Dorothy Holderman,* says: "Gliding is nerve-shattering at times. Wrought up as I may feel, Camels help keep my digestion running smoothly."



"OPERATING THIS 30-ton crane is no job for a man unless his digestion's O. K.," *Peter Gillen* says. "That saying, 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' struck home with me. I like my Camels."

TUNE IN—Hear "Jack Oakie's College"—gala show with Jack Oakie in person! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! George Stoll's Concert Orchestra! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Special college talent every week! Tuesdays—9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-Columbia Network.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!